Collier's

NOVEMBER 14, 1942 TEN CENTS

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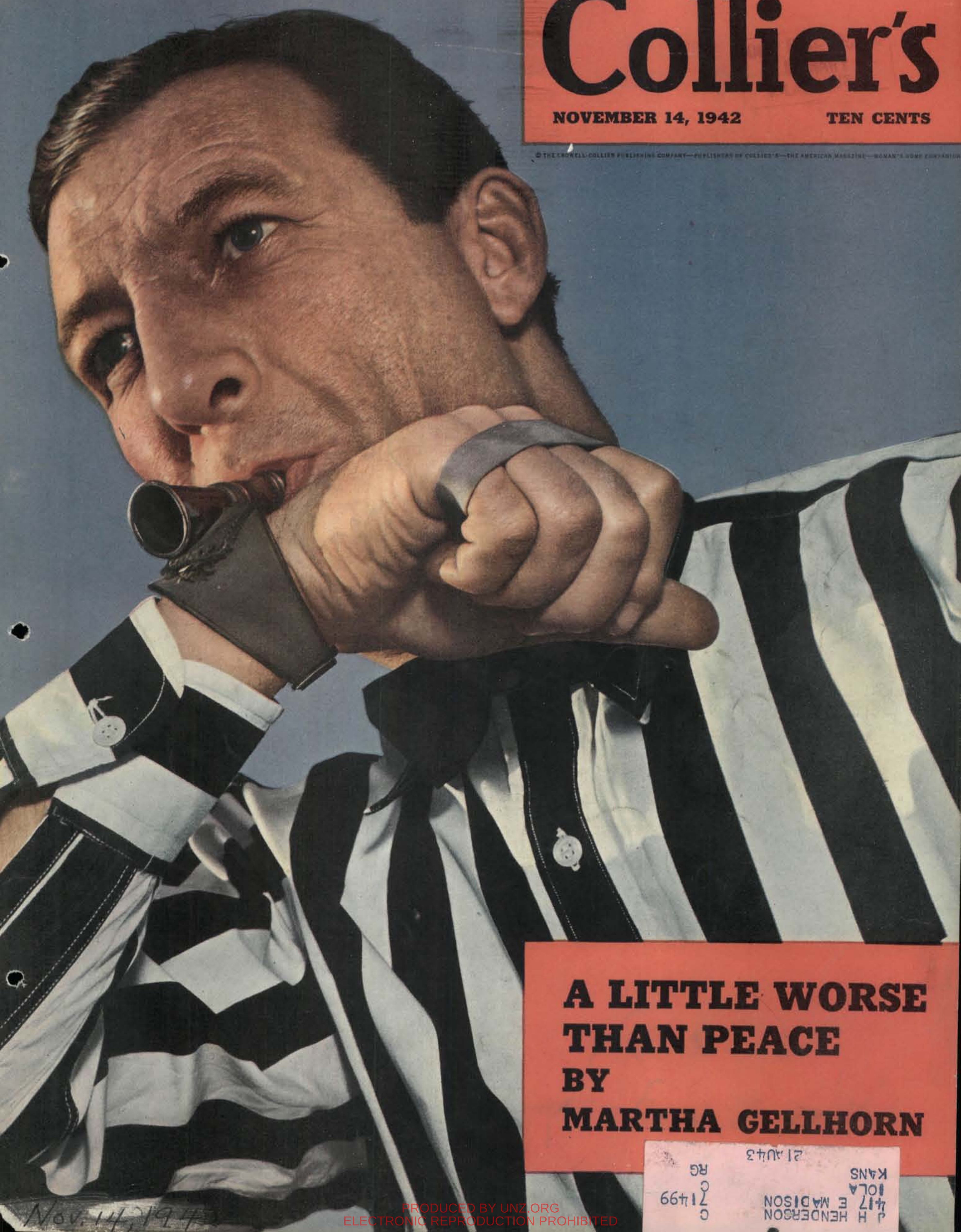

A LITTLE WORSE THAN PEACE

BY

MARTHA GELLHORN

J H HENDERSON
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Nov. 14, 1942

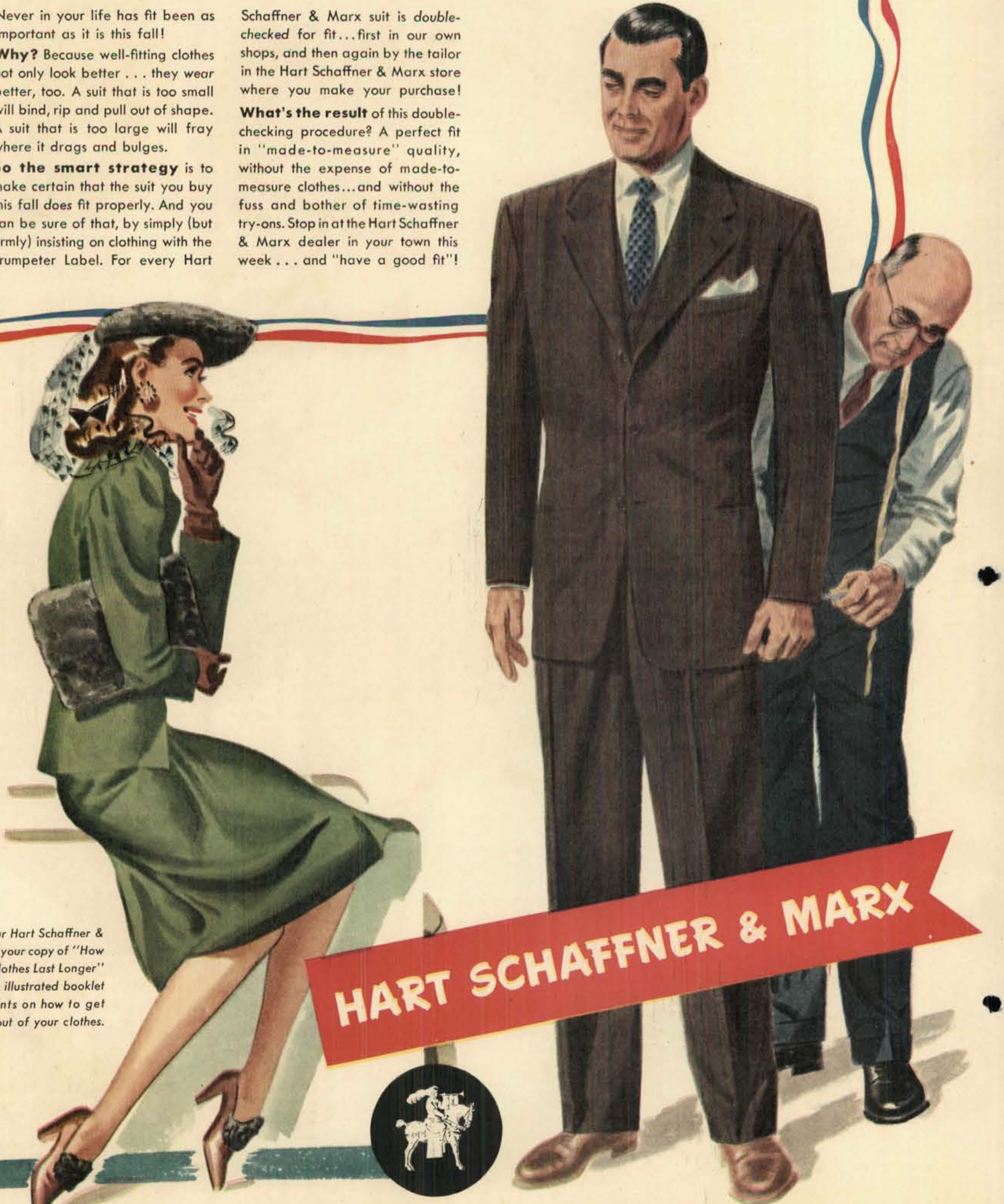
Why you ought to HAVE A GOOD FIT this fall!

Never in your life has fit been as important as it is this fall!

Why? Because well-fitting clothes not only look better . . . they *wear* better, too. A suit that is too small will bind, rip and pull out of shape. A suit that is too large will fray where it drags and bulges.

So the smart strategy is to make certain that the suit you buy this fall *does* fit properly. And you can be sure of that, by simply (but firmly) insisting on clothing with the Trumpeter Label. For every Hart Schaffner & Marx suit is *double-checked* for fit...first in our own shops, and then again by the tailor in the Hart Schaffner & Marx store where you make your purchase!

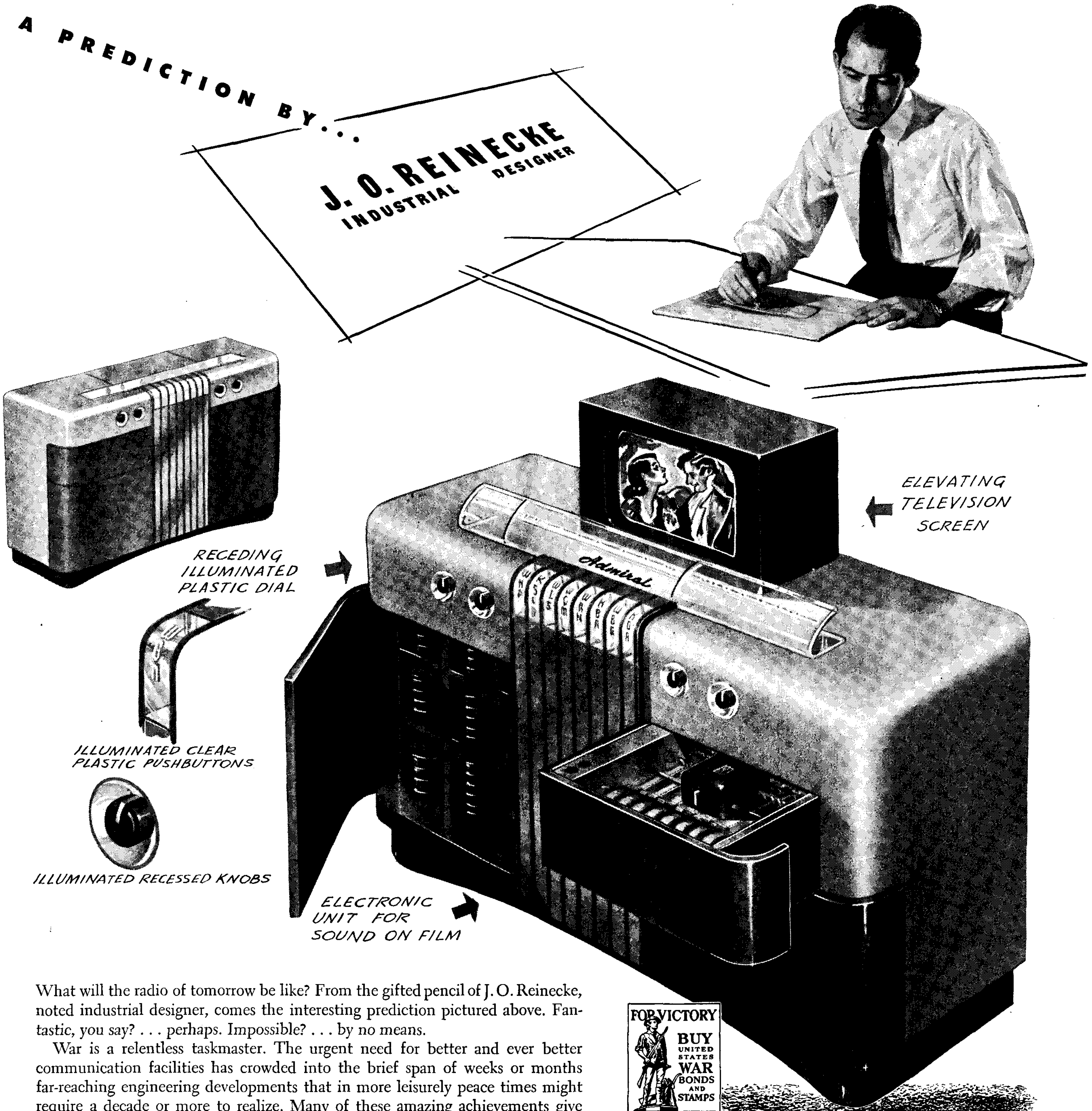
What's the result of this double-checking procedure? A perfect fit in "made-to-measure" quality, without the expense of made-to-measure clothes...and without the fuss and bother of time-wasting try-ons. Stop in at the Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer in *your* town this week . . . and "have a good fit"!



***FREE!** Ask your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer for your copy of "How to Make Your Clothes Last Longer" . . . a complete, illustrated booklet of practical hints on how to get more mileage out of your clothes.*

NOW MORE THAN EVER . . . A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR BUT A BIG THING TO FIND

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME


A PREDICTION BY...
J. O. REINECKE
INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER
ELEVATING TELEVISION SCREEN
RECEDING ILLUMINATED PLASTIC DIAL
ILLUMINATED CLEAR PLASTIC PUSHBUTTONS
ILLUMINATED RECESSED KNOBS
ELECTRONIC UNIT FOR SOUND ON FILM
Admiral

What will the radio of tomorrow be like? From the gifted pencil of J. O. Reinecke, noted industrial designer, comes the interesting prediction pictured above. Fantastic, you say? . . . perhaps. Impossible? . . . by no means.

War is a relentless taskmaster. The urgent need for better and ever better communication facilities has crowded into the brief span of weeks or months far-reaching engineering developments that in more leisurely peace times might require a decade or more to realize. Many of these amazing achievements give promise of revolutionizing completely the radio of the future.

In peace times, Admiral enjoyed the distinction of being the world's largest manufacturers of radio-phonograph combinations with automatic record changers. Today our entire engineering and production facilities are devoted exclusively to the making of radio equipment for the armed services. When victory is won and with it the blessings of peace . . . look again to Admiral, America's Smart Set, for the best in radio entertainment.

TUNE IN... *2:30-2:55 p.m. New York time, Sunday afternoon. Admiral Radio brings you "World News Today" over the Columbia Network . . . with direct short wave reports from the leading news centers of the world.*

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

Admiral
AMERICA'S SMART SET

CONTINENTAL RADIO & TELEVISION CORPORATION ★ CHICAGO, U.S.A.

NEVER NEGLECT BLEEDING GUMS
this may mean
GINGIVITIS

TENDER GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 may get it
Often Leads to Pyorrhea

One of the enemies of healthy, good-looking teeth and firm gums is Gingivitis. Some of the first signs to watch for are tender, bleeding gums.

Although a mild gum inflammation, if neglected it often leads to Pyorrhea with its receding gums and loosening teeth which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home one very best way to help guard against Gingivitis is to massage your gums twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

The *First* and *Original* Toothpaste for Massaging Gums

Forhan's—the formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is unexcelled for *both* massaging gums to be firmer and for cleaning dull, dingy teeth to their natural bright sparkling beauty. Forhan's also helps remove that acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Get Forhan's today. Note the difference! At all drug, department, and 10¢ stores.

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK Publisher
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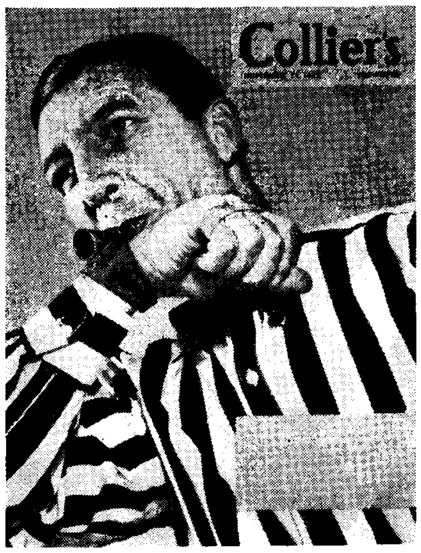
ANY WEEK



THE man on the cover blowing the whistle is W. D. (Dave) Maginnes, Lehigh, 1918, a top-flight referee for more than twenty years. He started playing football at Boston English High, went on to Exeter and then to Lehigh when that college really had teams. He was a smacking halfback and fullback there, went into the war at Pensacola, and later played professional football for Massillon with Rockne, Dorais, Jock Sutherland and Tuss McLaughry. He blows a good, honest, firm whistle.

A LETTER from Mr. Darley McArum arrives from Washington, D. C., where, as we understand it, daily efforts are being made to set proper examples for us who do not, fortunately, live there. Mr. McArum drove over to Arlington, Virginia, bent upon seeing an important colonel in the Army's somewhat incredible new Octagon Building. Although the place is not yet finished, 17,000 men and women (an Army division) labor within its furious walls contributing in various ways to the running of the war. Mr. McArum discovered quite a lot of confusion which he says he was willing to accept as a matter of course. Actually what was wrong, he reports, is that one hundred sheet-metal workers had struck. "These gentlemen were striking," reports Mr. McArum, "for more and better parking space for their automobiles. I am sending this to you claiming any reward or award there might be for the discoverer of the silliest strike on record. I talked to one of the strikers. He was very, very sore. He wanted to know what I would do if I came to work some morning and had to park my car half a mile from my work. Such things were not to be borne, he added, by American workers. I told him to cheer up, remember that all of us must undergo unusual hardships for the duration. But he said that he and his fellow metal-workers ought to have parking precedence over clerks and lieutenants. But I didn't have my heart in the task of assuaging his grief. I was thinking about a few Marines in the Owen Stanley Mountains and the trouble they're having with parking privileges."

WE WERE walking toward downtown Washington, minding our own business. There, we proposed to investigate what had become of the new school of official We-Are-Losing-the-War-Period School of Oratory. But, as usual, we moped off on a detour. We were retarded by a loud altercation in which a small, harried colored man, his large contemptuous wife and a bored cop were engaged. The colored man was contending that "she dun kick me in my stomach when my back wuz turned." She objected: "I ain't kicked him in no stomach when his back wuz turned. I jest kicked him when his back wuz turned." The cop listened, strove for order, then demanded of the colored man: "Let's see your draft card." The kicked one produced it, shouting: "And I aim to cash it in today." Said the cop: "What do you mean, cash it in?" Explained the little man: "I aim to go down to them draft people and tell them if they want me to fight them Japs they gotta take me here and now befo' this here woman kicks me some mo' in the stomach while mah back's turned." She said: "I ain't kicked nobody in the stomach when his back is turned. I jest kicked him when his back was turned." And then it began all over again. We didn't wait because a friend of ours yelled to us from his car. Said he was awfully mad about something and wanted to tell us.

"DO YOU know why the government issued that bulletin advising us taxpayers to condition ourselves to a fuelless winter by taking cold baths?" he demanded. We said we didn't. "It was as cold as a MacArthur communiqué here yesterday," he went on. "I had a date at OPA at ten-thirty. I tried to do a little preliminary work in my hotel room. I wore flannel underwear and a sweater, too. But in that heatless room of that fuelless hotel I had to keep moving around or freeze. So

(Continued on page 55)

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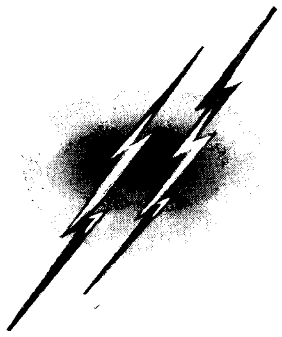
M-H *Miracles* WITH ELECTRONICS



ELECTRONICS bids fair to revolutionize our every day living after the war. When Minneapolis-Honeywell placed its fifty year experience and manufacturing resources at the call of our government, the result of several years of research in electronics was immediately applied to controls and devices for war . . . Extending this peacetime experience to the techniques of war will bear fruit, when Peace comes, in startling new developments in the electronic control of automatic heating and manufacturing processes . . . Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, 2720 Fourth Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota . . . In Canada: Toronto, Ontario. In Europe: London, England, and Stockholm, Sweden.

Listen "Alias JOHN FREEDOM" ★ Blue Network Coast to Coast every Monday, 10:15 to 10:45 P. M., E. W. T.; or see your local newspaper ★ "The Most Dramatic Show on the Air"

Instruments by **BROWN** *and Controls by*
MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL

"It's a different head of hair since I checked dry scalp!"

Dousing didn't work!

I was in the same boat with a lot of other dousers. I found that no matter what—or how much—you douse on, you can't make dry hair behave. When soaked, my hair had a plastered-down look that didn't please anybody. When dry, it went completely haywire. Then I found a preparation that rules out dousing... 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Thanks to it... my hair stays combed, and has that natural look I've always wanted.

Man! what results!

Now all I do is sprinkle a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb of a morning... and my hair stays neat all day. Then from time to time, I use it to check dry scalp and loose dandruff... simply rub a little on my scalp to supplement the natural scalp oils.

And to stimulate scalp circulation and stop that itchy feeling I find a good brisk massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before a hair wash does wonders... After the shampoo I rub a little right on the scalp with my fingertips, and I'm all set with hair that looks good and a scalp that feels good. My advice is... try it!

● FOR DOUBLE CARE... BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

40¢ and 70¢

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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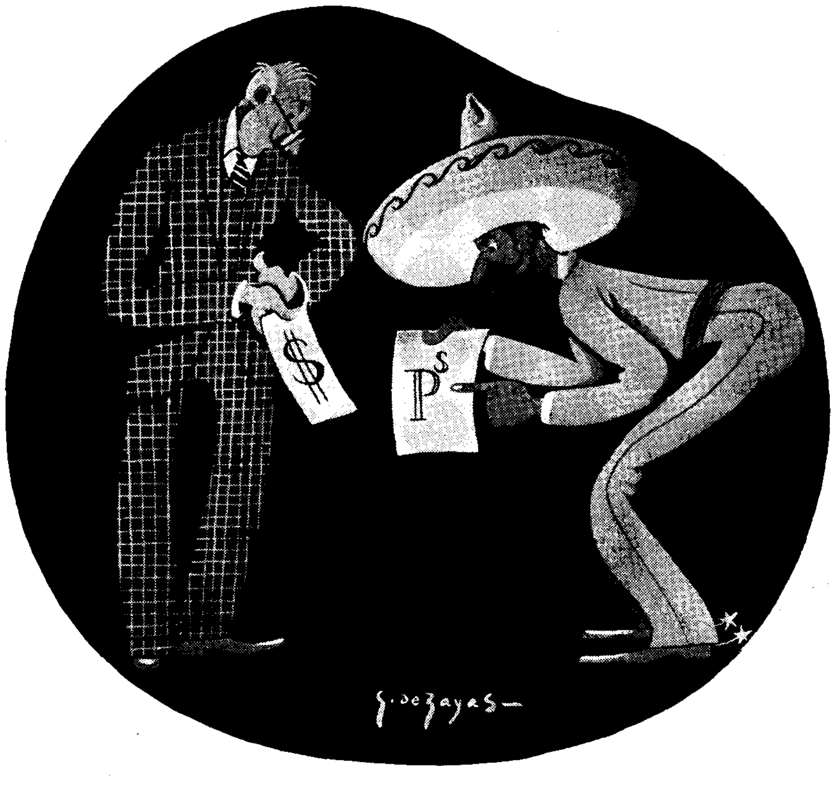

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Not only is our symbol for the dollar ($) employed by about twenty other countries, but it was widely used long before the adoption of the United States dollar in 1785. Originally, it was a modification of P^s, the Mexican abbreviation for pesos or piasters, created by a lowering of the s upon the p.

The Morgan Packing Company, a private intercity trucking firm of Austin, Indiana, holds the American record for the safe driving of commercial vehicles. Recently, its trucks covered more than 4,103,000 miles without an accident causing injury, death or property damage.

America's sixteen major symphony orchestras employ thirty-one women musicians. Eleven are violinists, nine are harpists, five are violoncellists, three are violas, one is an oboist, one is a hornist and one is a celesta player.

In England today, no man or woman can obtain or quit a job in an essential industry without the written permission of the Ministry of Labor. Likewise no firm can employ or discharge a worker without the consent of this government office. Consequently, no one can strike, walk out or be locked out and no plant can lure the employee of another through an offer of higher wages.

After Britain's 9,500,000 taxpayers had paid their income tax this year, only eighty of them had $30,000 or more left of their annual earnings.

A certain orchestra leader in New York City has a special telephone number which may be called by merely dialing his name. The number was given to him gratis but, as the exchange to which he has to be connected to obtain the proper letters does not serve his locality, he is charged about $150 a year for "mileage service."

Probably the only mother and daughter to be made saints were Mrs. Ulf Gudmarson and her fourth child, members of a family living in the province of Ostergötland, Sweden, in the 14th century. The mother was canonized as St. Bridget in 1391 and the daughter as St. Catherine in 1484.

The American Iron and Steel Institute has estimated that the number of possible steel alloys is about 775,000,000 followed by 1,968 zeros. —*By George W. Stuart, Jr., Troy, New York.*

The first intercollegiate football game held in the United States was played between Rutgers and Princeton at New Brunswick, New Jersey, on November 13, 1869. It was in the days when each team consisted of twenty-five men, and the first side to score six goals won the game. Rutgers won, six goals to four.—*By Jesse Crawford, Marquette, Michigan.*

Helium can be passed, under pressure, through heavy quartz glass; a piece of meat, encased in a block of ice, can be thoroughly cooked by short radio waves; and fragrances of flowers can be photographed through an intricate process.

A notorious peacetime atrocity occurred during the sinking of the S.S. William Brown off Cape Race, Newfoundland, in 1841. After a mate had loaded thirty-two men and women into a lifeboat and started to row away from the wreck, he decided that the boat was overloaded and threw sixteen of the passengers overboard.—*By Richard Lockwood, Lagro, Indiana.*

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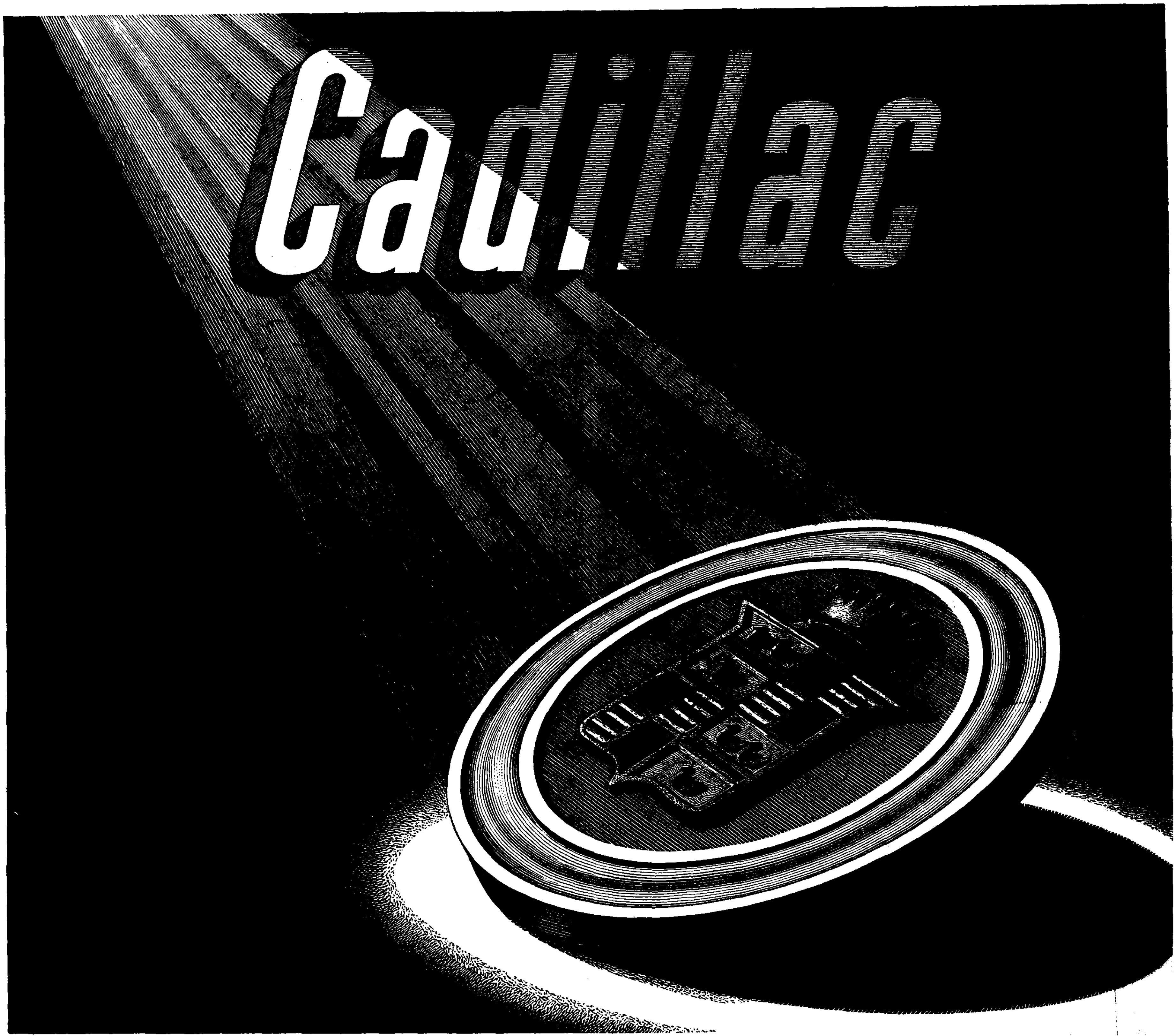

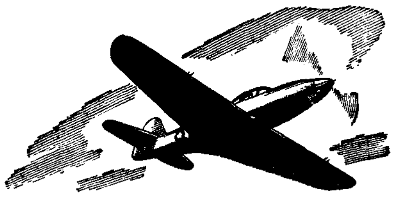

Only the Products Are Different!

We are thankful here at Cadillac that, while helping to arm America, we're still being permitted to work as we have always worked—that is, to the highest existing standards of engineering and craftsmanship. Our whole time and energies, of course, are devoted to the production of armaments. But the specific work we're doing today is *our kind* of work. We're still adapting precision workmanship to the requirements of quantity production—precisely the type of endeavor for which we've *trained for the past forty years.* And this combination of the right job in the right place is producing exactly the results you would expect. On every war project for which we are responsible, we are completely fulfilling the Cadillac pledge to America's fighting men—*"They Shall Not Want."*

IT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY
TO WIN A WAR—*BUY*
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GM ARMS FOR VICTORY GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

More power to you, Sailor!

LIFE or death in War is often decided by engine power. Sealed Power engineers and craftsmen work in constant recognition of this vital fact as they make piston rings, pistons and cylinder sleeves for marine, aviation and tank engines. Gas and oil are precious on the battle front. Sealed Power Piston Rings help to save fuel, yet deliver maximum power in bombers, fighters and pursuit planes, in jeeps, tanks, and Army trucks, in torpedo boats, destroyers and submarines.

While your life may not depend on your engine's power, it is more important than ever to save precious gas and oil and to protect the life of your engine for the duration. If your car is using excessive quantities of oil and gas, have a set of Sealed Power Piston Rings installed. Available in packaged sets, individually engineered for each particular make and type of engine. Ask for them by name! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich., and Windsor, Ont.

Sealed Power Piston Rings, Pistons and Cylinder Sleeves are used in many phases of war effort—in gas and Diesel engines, pumps and compressors for land, sea and air operations.

SEALED POWER Piston Rings

SEALED POWER RING SET

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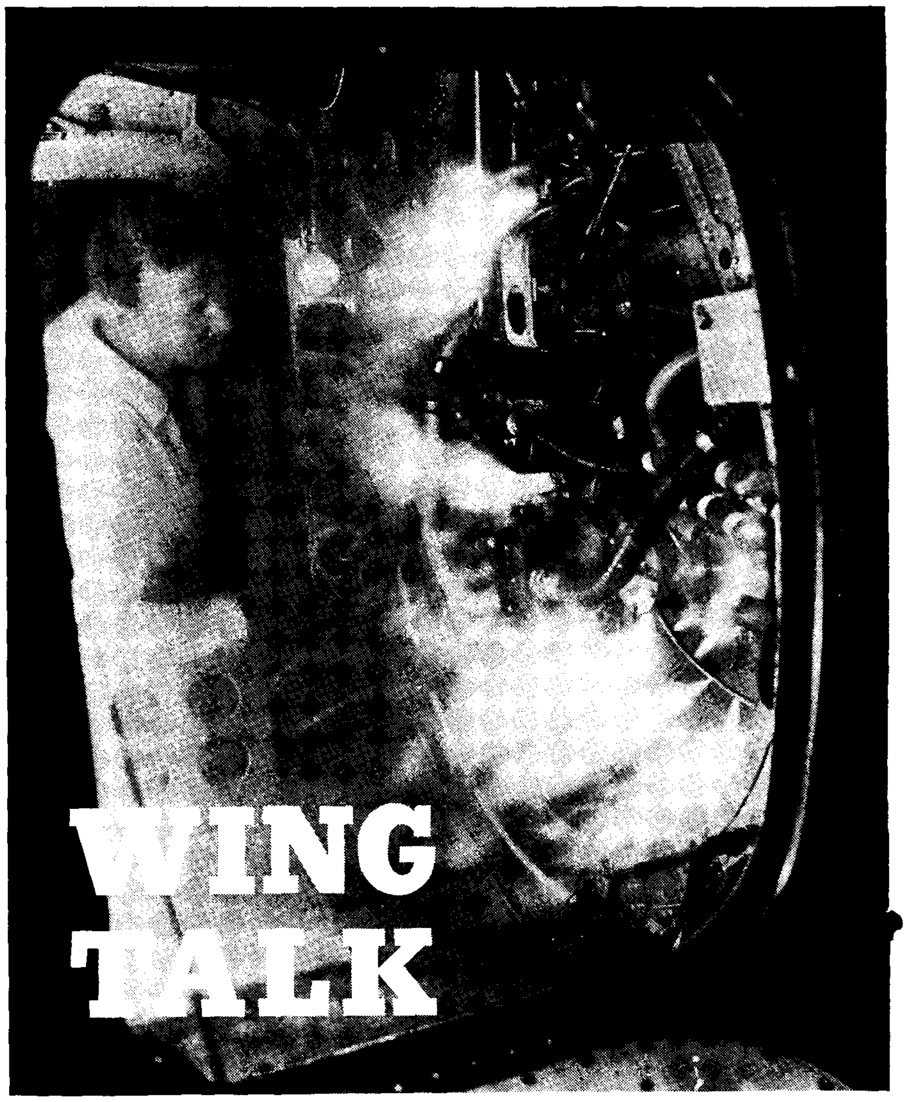


Here is the first successful photograph of carbon-dioxide gas putting out airplane-engine fire. This extinguishing system was developed by engineers of Walter Kidde & Co. It is used on practically all transport and military planes. Liquid carbon dioxide is stored in a cylinder under control from the crew's quarters. It can be directed to any one of the plane's motors. The liquid turns to gas as it blows through a perforated tube surrounding the engine, fills the firewall-enclosed compartment, smothers the flames

WING TALK

THE old-fashioned hitching post may come back after the war, converted to use by airplanes.

Most of the ecstatic gobbling about "the airplane of tomorrow" has had behind it either too much or too little imagination. Many miracles are pending in aircraft laboratories now, and while practically all details are secret, enough is known to make the plane of the future a thrilling thing to think about. Leaving out the Jules Verne hoop-la, which has airplanes capable of burrowing underground at three million miles an hour, scooting beneath water like super-submarines, and taking week-end trips to Mars, here are a few items we can, with a certain smugness, expect to be upon us in a reasonable time:

A flying machine that simply will not come down to earth so long as its engine runs even a little. The parking problem will be relatively simple: You will force the ship to within five to twenty feet of the ground, climb down a rope ladder, tie the reins to a hitching post and leave it hanging in the air with the motor idling. If the aerial curbstone is crowded, and you're young enough to manage a ladder, you can park at any height, going up sufficiently to find a vacant spot. If the engine in the ship conks out entirely, it will land with the crushing force of a leaf drifting down from a tree.

The gasoline burned up by the idling engine won't mean much, because we will have fuels many times as efficient as ordinary gasoline, and the engines themselves will be lighter in weight and more powerful. A gill of the new fuels in the new engines will do what now requires as much as a gallon of regular gasoline in low-performance motors.

All planes will be much quieter, perhaps no noisier than a good car; and the postwar automobile should make even less racket than the slinkiest limousines we have around now. Silencing the planes won't mean they can sneak up on us, however, because devices will be worked out to spot aircraft without bothering about sound waves.

Strange big cargo planes will be common. It's no military secret that the "flying wing"—a ship consisting entirely of wing, engines and tiny balancing tail—shapes up as one of the most promising aircraft for hauling big loads. It will be able to drop parcels wherever they wish, aiming them as they fall, so that they land precisely where they should.

Inexpensive family ships will come in all sizes—even one-man air bicycles on which messengers will hop about from building to building. Some family craft will be automobiles with push-button wings, for road or air. All will be as safe as automobiles; you will deliberately have to run them into the ground to kill yourself, just as you now must, in effect, aim a car at a telegraph pole to do any real damage.

(Continued on page 55)

A WING—AND A GUN —AND AN ENGINE BY NASH!

HERE before your eyes is the swiftest, deadliest weapon man has yet launched into the skies. . .

A flying wing . . . a battery of cannon, and an engine from Nash . . .

The Navy's new *Corsair*—powered to outclimb, overtake and take apart any Jap or Nazi known.

Never before has so much supercharged power been packed into the nose of a fighter. 2,000 horses take it racing up to battle. A new engine designed by Pratt & Whitney for the stratosphere, it is being built in its *entirety* by Nash-Kelvinator—by the very same craftsmen who last year made refrigerators and automobiles for the homes and highways of America.

The sky is their province now—their goal, victory!

From them have come thousands of intricate propellers singing a song of vengeance over the flame-swept Ruhr.

And soon they will be turning over to the Navy great fleets of giant four-engined cargo-carrying flying boats to haul men and freight to battle.

They are fighting a war—these veterans of Nash-Kelvinator. Miles of production lines are their trenches. In their hands the lathes are like barrels of smoking guns—they ply their micrometers with the deadly accuracy of a bombardier. And at the rate they are pushing it out, it's bad news for Berlin and Tokio!

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

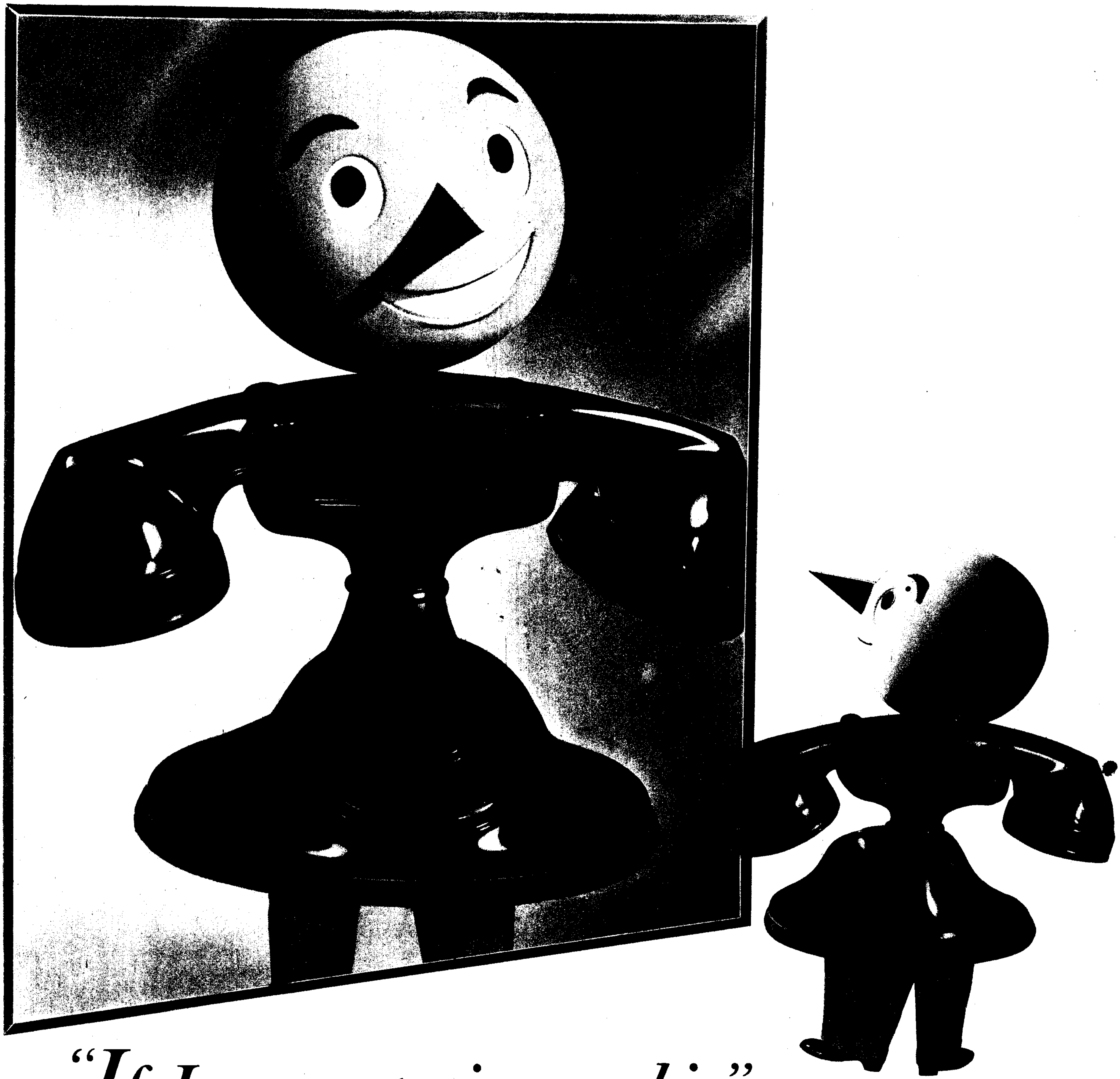
It's everybody's fight! Let's keep the battle rolling with War Bonds and scrap metal!

NASH KELVINATOR

PRATT & WHITNEY
HIGH-ALTITUDE
ENGINES

VOUGHT-SIKORSKY
FLYING BOATS

HAMILTON
STANDARD
PROPELLERS



"*If I were twice as big*"

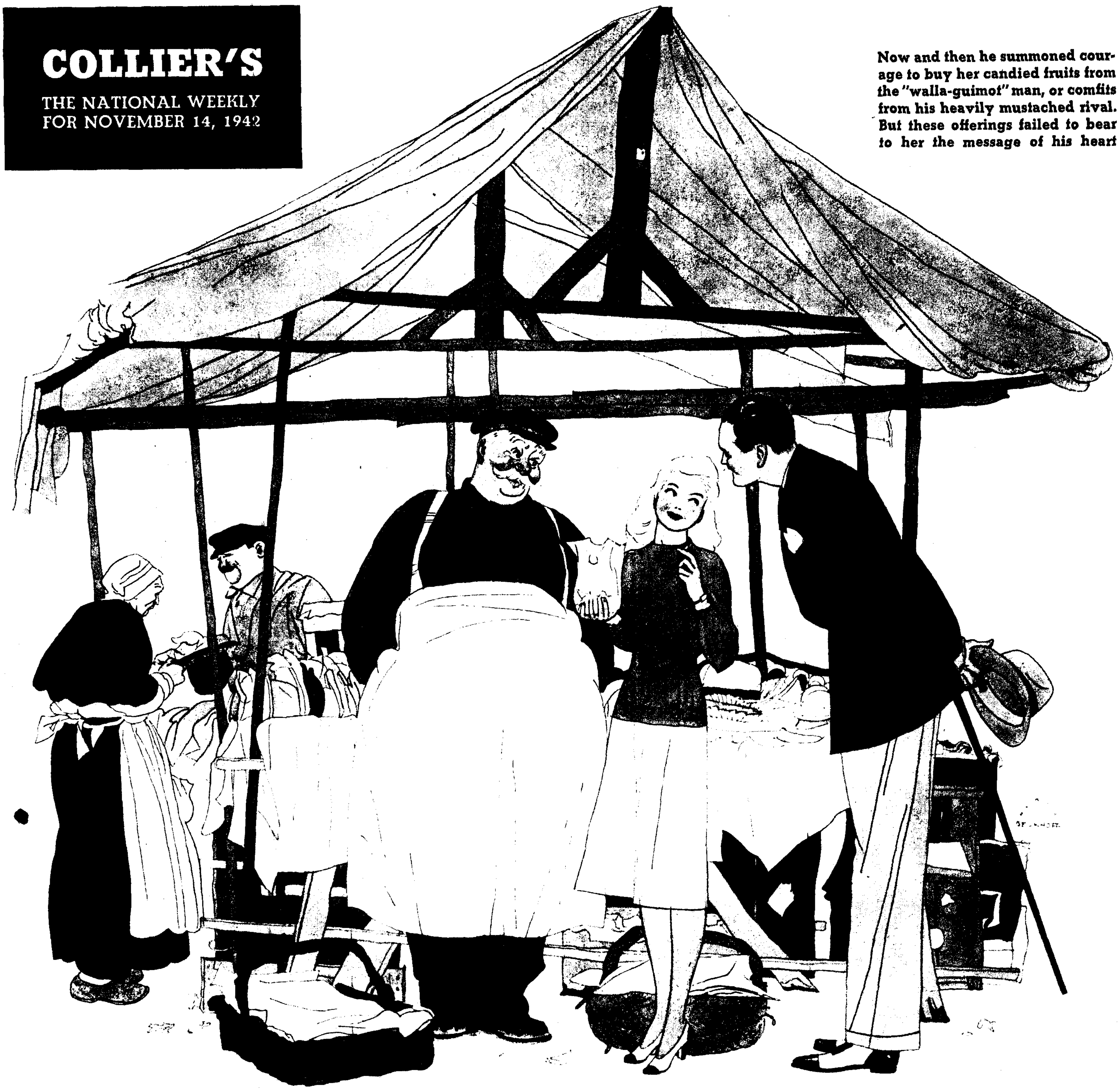
"Then I could give the public all the service it wants and take care of the war on top of that.

"But I can't get bigger now because materials are needed for shooting. So I'm asking your help to make the most of what we have.

"Please don't make Long Distance calls to centers of war activity unless they are vital. Leave the wires clear for war traffic."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR NOVEMBER 14, 1942



Now and then he summoned courage to buy her candied fruits from the "walla-guimot" man, or comfits from his heavily mustached rival. But these offerings failed to bear to her the message of his heart

THE LETTER BOX

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The letter was written in much happier times than when it was read. But the passage of time had not made its message any less explosive—or less welcome

TO DENNIS WAKEFIELD, the commandos' night crossing of the Channel was more like visiting an amusement park than an act of war. It reminded him of the sort of cruise on which he used to spend his sixpences as a boy, huddled in the bows of a Lohengrin boat and gaping at such synthetic mysteries as The Blue Grotto, Aladdin's Cave and The Mount of the Octopus. As a man of action it was not his normal practice to indulge in such fancies, but since every detail of the commando raid *had* been plotted, planned and rehearsed for weeks beforehand it was a pleasant change to think of something else.

The night was so dark that the blackened faces of the troops were indistinguishable. Near Wakefield stood Kenrick, the beach officer, looking at the luminous dial of a stop watch, which cast a greenish glow on the underside of his features. Upon him depended the accurate timing of every detail of the coming action, and Dennis did not envy him the job. Pretty well any fool could shoot up local opposition, dynamite shore batteries and put a radio-location station into the dunkerlite, but you had to be one in a thousand to turn yourself into an animated chronometer and go steadily through the kind of program before them without missing a tick. Why, a job like that was enough to give anyone the willies.

Being young and strong and beefy, Dennis was, himself, enviably immune from the willies. In twenty-four years of life, mainly devoted to violent physical contests, he had never been afraid of anything but women in general and one woman in particular.

He was thinking, nostalgically, of that one woman as the invasion craft drew nearer and nearer to the French coast. This was not surprising, for, by one of those extraordinary acts of fate, he was bound that night for the selfsame place in Normandy, where, in the summer of '38 he and she had met—and parted.

Veules les Pervanches the place was called, and he had thought at the time what an awful name it was, for Dennis was one of that husky breed that cannot see a pansy in a garden without wanting to kick it. It was not a characteristic of which he was particularly proud, but a fellow who has been denied the gift of words is more or less compelled to express his feeling in other ways.

Until he met Joan he had not realized how distressing it was to be inarticulate, for if ever he had longed to be able to speak with the voice of angels it was then.

When first he was told to go and introduce himself, she was stretched in a deck chair on the *plage* near the diving board. She was dressed, save the mark, in rather less than half a yard of single width; one of those crinkly expanding bathing suits which shrink to the size of

(Continued on page 74)

GOING HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

All gags aside, Hollywood is really going to be up against it with gas rationing. Los Angeles is a big town—458 square miles in area. If you live in San Fernando Valley and work at M-G-M, you have a trip of eighteen miles. Some of the makeshift means of transportation may start as jokes and end as actualities. Dick Foran rides his horse two miles to work. Pictures you may have seen of John Payne and Fred MacMurray turning up for work on motorcycles were not press agents' dreams. They do it. Herewith are some actual and prospective examples of the shape of things

If, as reported, little Majorie Lord roller-skates two miles every day to work, she is a brave little girl and also sensible. No transportation, no job, no career

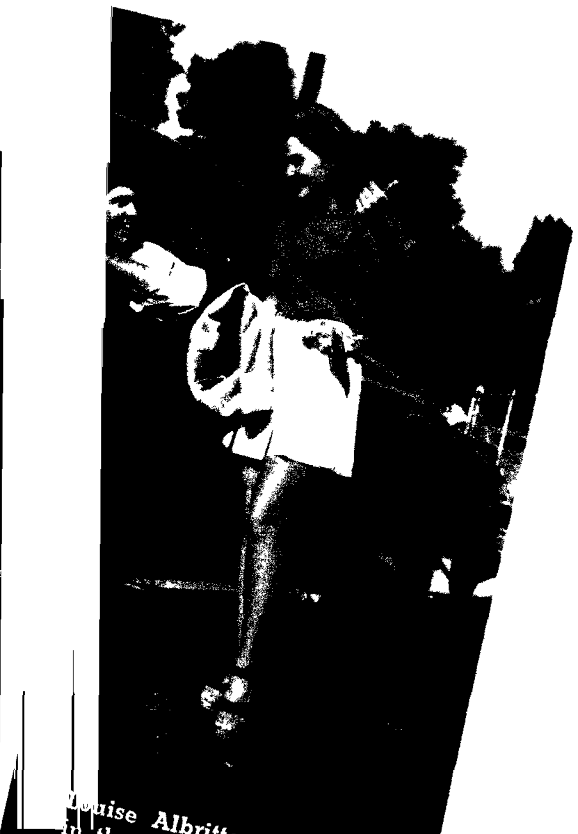
Bundled up in this antique mail-order costume is the great Marlene Dietrich. We can tell her that unless she gets a clip around those zoot suit pants, she's going right smack over the handle bars

PIPE
BACCO
HOPPE
HOES

Left, Señorita Maria Montez very sedately gowned for her chauffeuring of a motor scooter. She uses it on the lot and rides it about Beverly Hills. Motor scooters are great—if you can get one

Above are the fabulous Abbott and Costello about to take off for Universal studios. It started as a gag but they keep it up because their tires are bad. Tandem power supplied by Costello

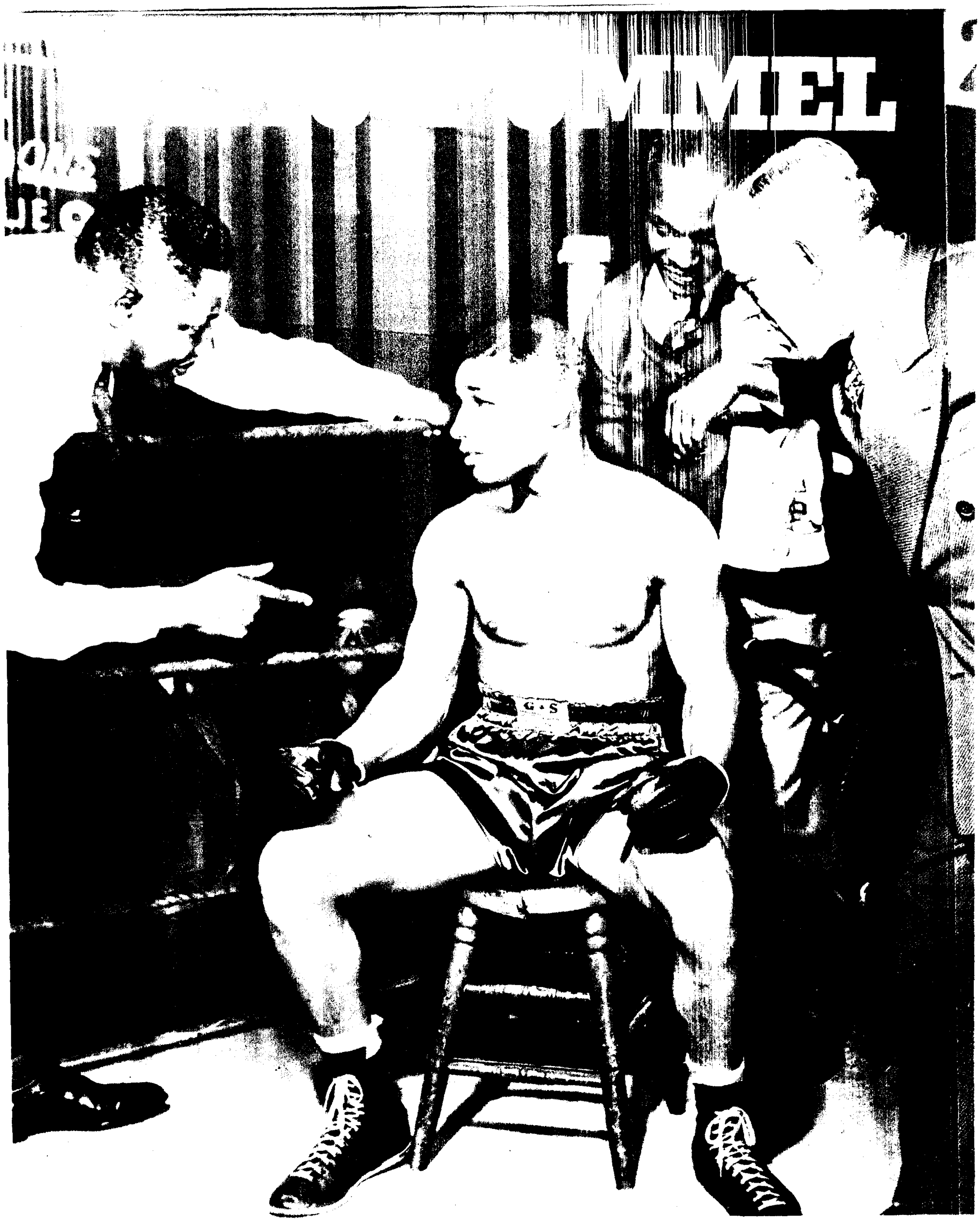
Below: Because Deanna Durbin lives fifteen miles away in Brentwood, she now lives in a bungalow on the Universal lot and goes home for week ends. This saves rubber and gives the young lady a chance to act domestic



Louise Albritton, above, rides a streetcar in the morning, hitchhikes home at night. Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, below, really use this motorcycle sidecar to do their shopping and earning an honest living

Donald O'Connor took his skates apart, placed a board between, added the box, now rides six miles to work at breakneck speed

MMEL



A breathing spell during a gym workout by the sensational boxer Beau Jack. At left, his guardian, Bowman Milligan. At right, Jack's manager, Chick Wergeles; at rear, Sidney Bell, his trainer

By Bob Considine

Shining shoes for a dime or fighting thirty minutes for $1,500 are all the same to this boy, who has fun and more money than he knows about

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY FRITZ HENLÉ

DURING the Masters' Golf Tournament last spring in Augusta, Georgia, a sports writer covering the event was getting a shine in the clubhouse. When he looked down at the contentedly humming shoeshine boy, he almost fell out of the chair, because the last time he had seen him was at Madison Square Garden, where the kid had wowed 'em.

The shoeshine boy was Beau Jack, lesser known as Sidney Walker. Some authorities as shrewd as Henry Armstrong say he's the next lightweight champion of the world. Others say he'll fall just short because of his wildly unorthodox style.

Either is okay with Beau Jack. He's got eleven suits of clothes (including a treasured zoot suit), seven of the loudest sports jackets in the world, and he understands he's got enough money in the bank to buy a hawg farm near Augusta and retire to a life of sticking pigs.

Then, of course, there's always a job for him at the Augusta Club, shining shoes or waiting table. Not bad for a 21-year-old boy who can neither read nor write.

There never was a fighter quite like Beau Jack. He is perhaps the only battle-royal fighter who ever made good. If you've ever been to a men's smoker you know what a battle royal is. The entertainment committee rounds up five or six unscientific Negroes, sticks gloves on their paws and turns them loose in a wild melee.

The rules are simple. He who hits the deck is eliminated, and the survivor of the gross business gets first crack at the shower of small coins that descends on the ring after the battle. Beau Jack began fighting in battle royals when he was fifteen and he never lost one at the Augusta National Club.

Beau Jack is unique in that he had the financial backing and still has the moral support of the most distinguished list of patrons a fighter ever had. It takes money, influence and skill to get as far in boxing as Beau Jack has. He had to be shipped North, had to find a guardian, so that the strict New York Athletic Commission would approve his fighting license, had to have a smart manager and the rudimentary tools of his profession. More than any current fighter, he needed a break.

Much of the early work in this connection was attended to by Bowman Milligan, a young, intelligent Negro, who is chief steward of the Augusta National Club. Milligan is a settled, polite man, who is trusted and heavily depended on by all 140 members of this curious club, whose members come from almost every part of the Union except Augusta. Beau Jack, regarding Milligan as a combination father, mental wizard and best friend, scrupulously calls him Mr. Bowman.

Career Begins at Nine

Milligan gave Beau Jack a job as a shoeshine boy shortly after the club was formed in 1930. Beau was nine then. He had run wild and never gone to school, but Bowman has patiently taught him how to sign his name on contracts and on the backs of checks, whose content he cannot comprehend.

Beau Jack doesn't remember his folks. When he was a baby, there was a little trouble and suddenly there wasn't any father. The mother lit out, leaving the baby to a grandmother who was part Indian and who is respectfully called "Old Lady" by the boy who grew up to be a famous fighter.

Old Lady gave little Sidney his present name. Beau Jack doesn't know why, but Milligan guesses that Old Lady might have known that *beau* can mean pretty, though even when he looks at his charge with the forgiving eye of a foster parent, Milligan is inclined to wonder if Old Lady was confused. For Beau Jack's flat face, high cheekbones, shallow forehead, shiny coiffure and flat head—accentuated by his quiet passion for pork-pie hats—may stop punches well but they won't win any loving cups even at Palmetto Pond, an Augusta juke-box joint where Beau Jack cuts rugs in all his jitterbug glory during triumphant returns. Old Lady died when Beau Jack was three or four years old and, after that, he was a Tobacco Road maverick.

"Uncle Jesse took me in sometime after Old Lady die," Beau Jack told us, as he flicked a bit of lint off his expensive sports jacket, in the Rockefeller Center office of his manager. "I guess I begun fightin' sometime around then. Uncle Jesse had hawgs and I hadda get me a little wagon and push it fo'-five mile to town to find vittles for the hawgs."

Milligan smiled indulgently. "I took a liking to Beau Jack because he's a faithful sort of kind," he explained. "I noticed it first when he'd stay around the club late at night, shining shoes and helping me along after the other boys had gone home. One of my jobs at the club is to close things for the night, and

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Ring Twice for Laura

By Vera Caspary

The Story Thus Far:

THE body of a woman, who has been shot to death—mutilated so that she cannot be positively identified—is found in the apartment of Laura Hunt, a notable figure in New York City's advertising world.

Like Bessie Clark, Laura's maid (who finds the body), everyone assumes that Laura—who is missing—has been murdered. Shortly after the body is cremated, however, Mark McPherson, a police official who is assigned to the case, goes to the "dead" girl's apartment and finds—*Laura Hunt!*

Laura is very much alive. Astounded when Mark informs her of her "murder," she says that she had gone to Connecticut shortly before the tragedy, and had lent her suite to Diane Redfern, a model with very little money.

Assuming that the murdered girl had been Diane, a model whose real name had been Jennie Swobodo, Mark starts all over again. There are no obvious suspects; nevertheless, the police official believes that Shelby Carpenter (Laura's fiancé); Waldo Lydecker, a temperamental newspaper columnist; and Laura (who he feels sure knows more than she cares to reveal) should be carefully watched. Sparing her nothing, in spite of his growing affection for Laura, Mark pursues his investigation.

In the course of one interview, Laura (who appears to be desperately in love with Shelby Carpenter) admits to Mark that Diane had been far more interested in Shelby than she should have been; she admits that, overcome by jealousy on one occasion, she had publicly clashed with the girl in her own house. She asserts, though, that she had later apologized to Diane; and, taking pity on her, had lent her the apartment.

Mark finds Lydecker to be an unusually "difficult" person; the columnist—unpredictable, brilliant, utterly selfish—at times fills him with loathing. But, hoping to elicit something of value from the fellow, he sees as much of him as he can. . . .

Mark goes to Diane's rooming house, searches her shabby little room. There he finds Diane's pocketbook. He opens it. In it, among other things, is a cigarette case. The case is made of gold; *it is initialed* "S. J. C."

Mark puts the cigarette case in his pocket, and continues with the story.

V

TWENTY minutes later I was sitting in Laura's living room. The cigarette case was in my pocket.

Laura and Shelby were together on the couch. She had been crying. They had been together since Waldo and I left them at five o'clock. It was about ten. Bessie had gone home.

I wondered what they had been talking about for five hours.

I was businesslike. I was crisp and efficient. I sounded like a detective in a detective story. "I am going to be direct," I said. "There are several facts in this case which need explaining. If you two will help me clear away these contradictions, I'll know you're as anxious as I am to solve this murder. Otherwise, I'll be forced to believe you have some private reason for not wanting the murderer to be found."

Laura sat with her hands folded in her lap like a schoolgirl in the principal's office. I was the principal. She was afraid of me. Shelby wore a death mask.

The clock ticked like a man's heart beating. I took out the gold cigarette case.

The muscles tightened around Shelby's eyes. Nobody spoke.

I held it toward Laura. "You knew where this was, didn't you? She had the green pocketbook with her at lunch Friday, didn't she? Tell me, Laura, did you invite her to use your apartment before or after you discovered the cigarette case?"

The tears began to roll down Laura's cheeks.

Shelby said, "Why don't you tell him what you just told me, Laura. It was *before!*"

She nodded like a Sunday-school kid. "Yes, it was before."

They didn't look at each other but I felt a swift interchange of some sort. Shelby had begun to whistle out of tune. Laura took off her gold earrings and rested her head against the back of the couch.

I said, "Laura was feeling bad because she had been rude to Diane on Wednesday. So she invited her to lunch and then, because Diane complained about her uncomfortable room, Laura offered her the use of this apartment. Later, probably when they were having coffee, Diane pulled out this cigarette case. Forgetting who she was with, maybe. . . ."

Laura said, "How did you know?"

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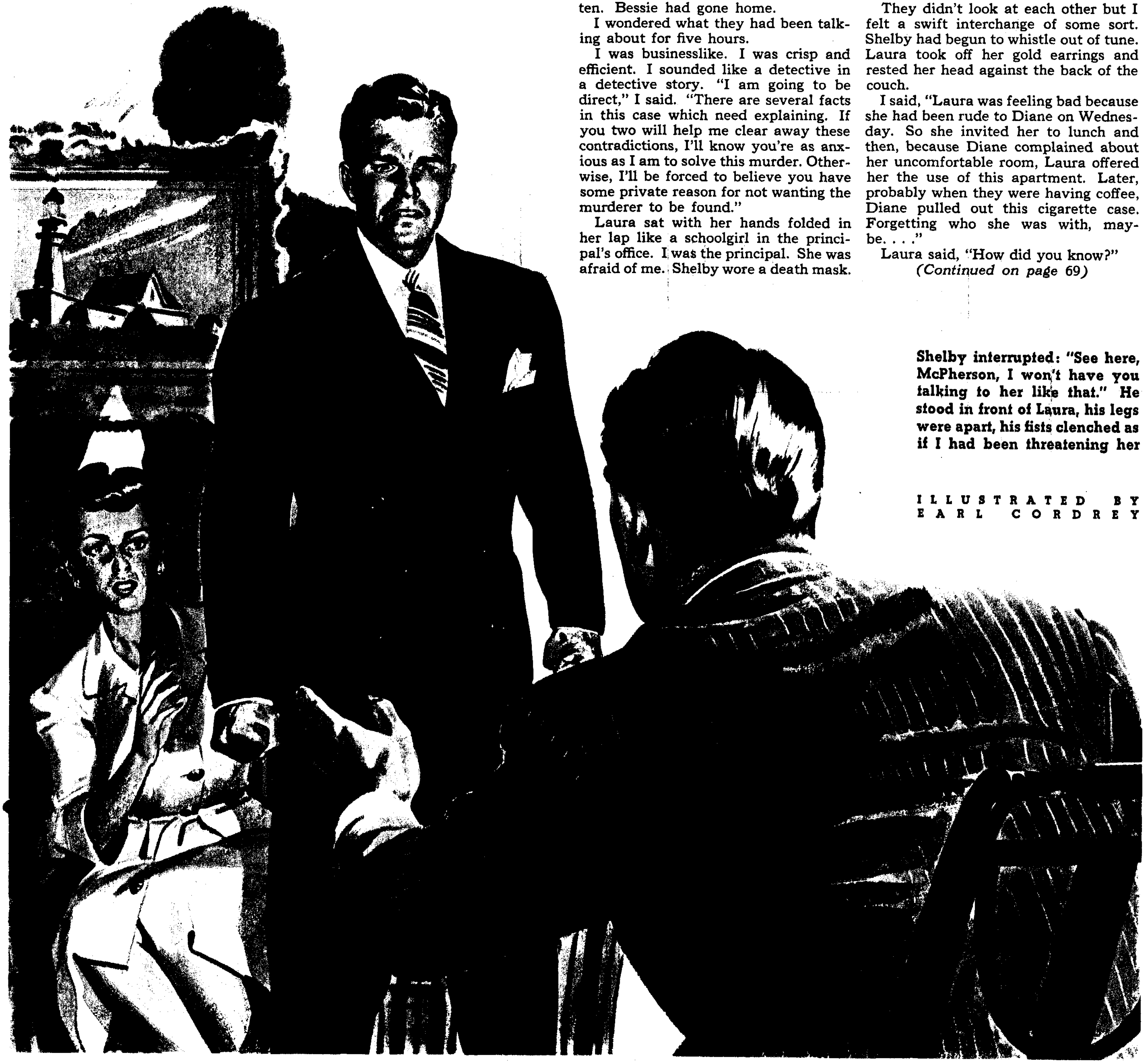

Shelby interrupted: "See here, McPherson, I won't have you talking to her like that." He stood in front of Laura, his legs were apart, his fists clenched as if I had been threatening her

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL CORDREY

War in the Heart of Kansas

By Denver Lindley

If you want to know what "mobilize" means literally, take a look at the machine shops of Kansas. They've got their machines moving twenty-four hours a day. Not spectacular, maybe, but very important. Here we go for a tour

IT WAS like prohibition days. We had been speeding from one spot to another since early in the evening. Some were right in the city; behind painted-out shop fronts on Broadway; others were planted away out on the Kansas prairie. Now it was after midnight and we were searching for a special place up an alley on the other side of the tracks. We spotted it by the cluster of cars outside; when we got out we could read the big sign painted over the front doors: Chicken Hatchery. The building was of concrete and looked as if it might once have been a garage.

We walked around to a side door and rang. Presently the guard came, and we identified ourselves and were admitted to a sort of dim vestibule and then into the place itself. There the lights were bright enough, especially over the machines, and the place was crowded with machines, all whirring. The one they had told us about was at the far side of the room and looked like an ordinary lathe, nothing at all fancy. As a matter of fact we knew it had been bought secondhand (perhaps it was tenth-hand) for $175, which is very small potatoes when you are buying lathes.

Mr. Ward was operating this lathe with an effortless efficiency that fascinated us. When we remarked that the machine seemed to run smoothly he said yes, it did, and he added that he had been operating such machines for twenty-three years and he liked them to run nice.

So that was it, the machine we had heard about, "the stud-producingest machine in the State of Kansas." A stud, as we found out that evening is a short rod of alloy steel with a thread cut into either end. These particular studs that Mr. Ward was turning out with such finished ease were being machined to a tolerance of one one-thousandth of an inch. "A Class Three fit," they told us proudly. That means that when nuts are fitted to these studs, the interlocked threads will snuggle together so cozily that the stud and nut bear the same strain as if they were all one solid block of metal.

Yes, this was precision work, as fine as is required in watches, for instance, or in the finest of cameras. There was no reason at all to believe it could be done in an abandoned chicken hatchery on a lathe that cost $175. To do a variety of jobs with tolerances of one one-thousandth of an inch, as this shop was doing, calls for at least $50,000 worth of tools. Ask anyone.

But here was Mr. Ward benignly and adroitly turning the trick. How fast he was doing it we are not permitted to say, but the boys were right about that lathe when they called it "the stud-producingest machine in the State of Kansas"—by which of course they meant in the whole world. It was phenomenal. But so was everything else in that most unusual chicken hatchery. We asked about the age of some of the other machines.

"We don't rightly know," one of the owners told us. "We bought them from the Blank Company that moved here in 1885 and they brought them along when they came."

We came across more spectacular scenes in the course of our tour of inspection of night life among the subcontractors of Wichita, but the chicken hatchery sticks in our mind because there, in terms that we could understand, we saw a bottleneck being eliminated. Lack of such a small item as studs can hold up a program involving millions of dollars and that was just what had been threatened—the program in question being the United States Army's plan for the production of gliders. Now the situation is well in hand, thanks not to any prodigal expenditure of government funds but to the brains and skill of men like Mr. Ward and his fellow machinists.

And so when we get to talking about the business of subcontracting, which is what we set out to do, it's just as well to remember that imponderables like ingenuity and personal initiative are involved. These qualities are brought out in the individual subcontractor by the very fact of being thrown on his own responsibility. You couldn't get the same result by hiring him and putting him to work in a factory—even supposing he'd be willing to work that way. And this holds true whether the business is big or small. It holds true for Loftin Schmucker with whom subcontracting is a side line carried on in his garage after hours when he's through with his regular job; and for Mac MacCollough, who started out as a machinist and now runs a company doing several million dollars' worth of business a year.

Let's be clear, before we get back to studs and wing sections, about just what is being produced here in the heart of

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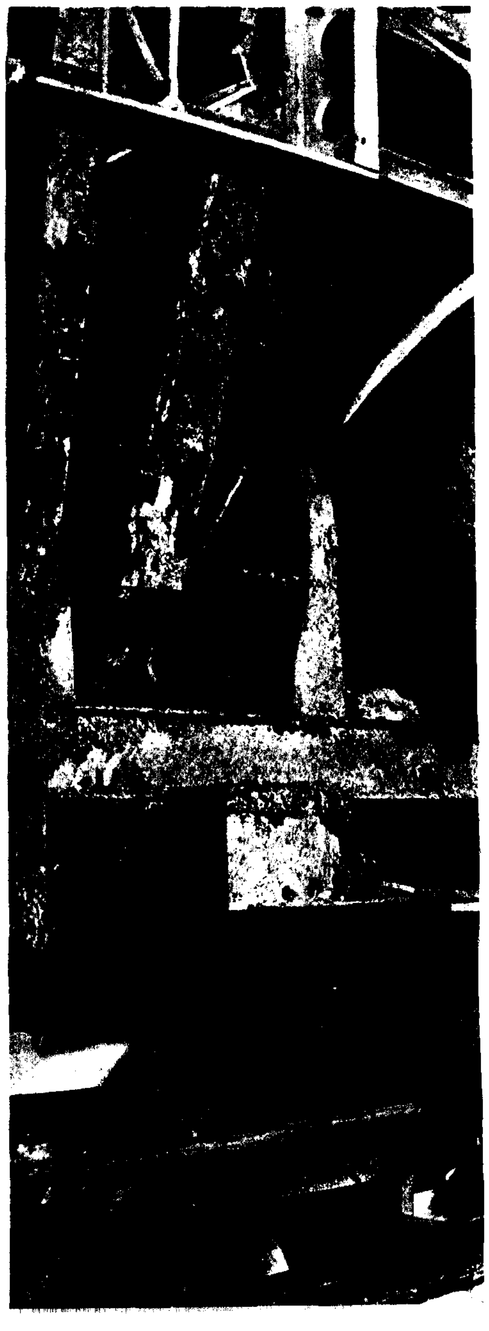
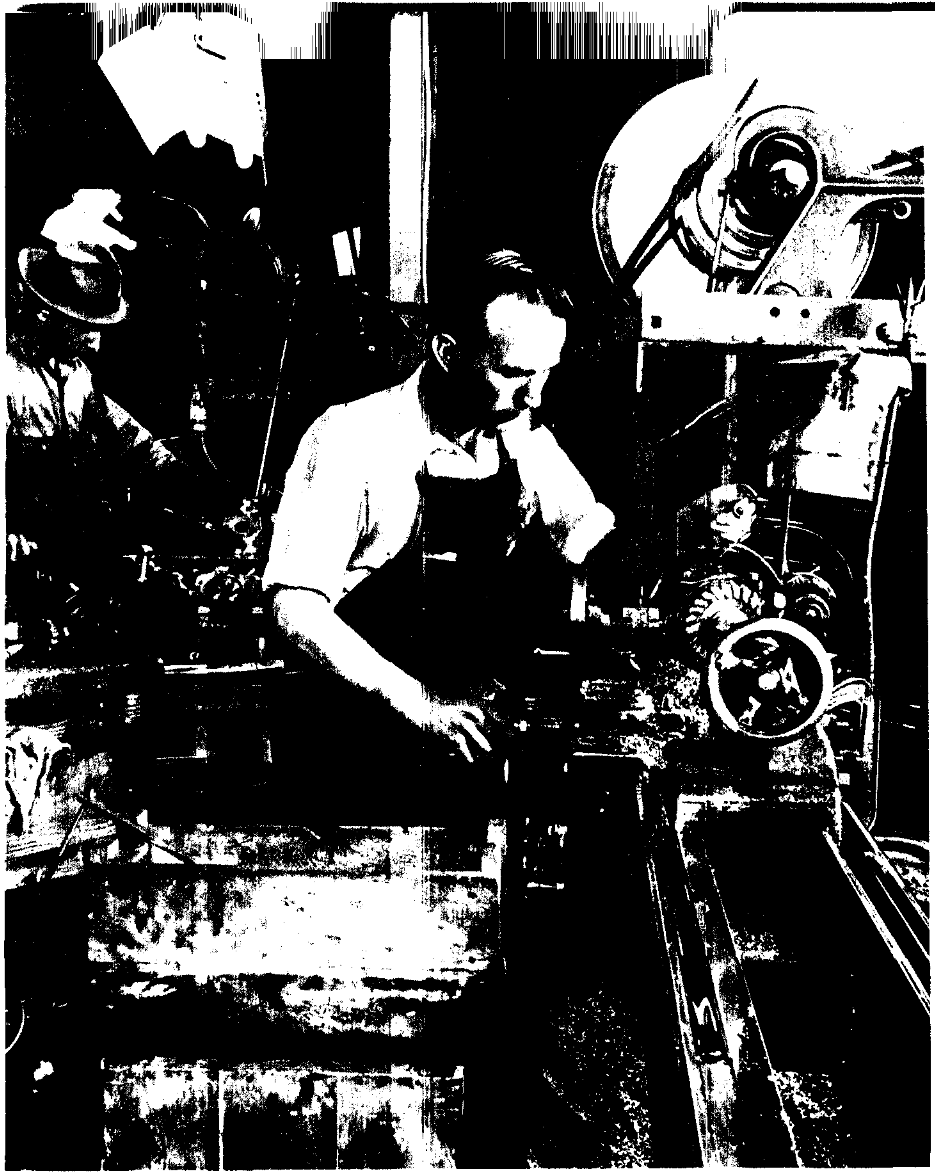
Henry Lungstrom (left) is an inventive precision toolmaker who is very proud of the stuff he turns out. Here he is shown gauging an air scoop for a carburetor while his lone helper looks on



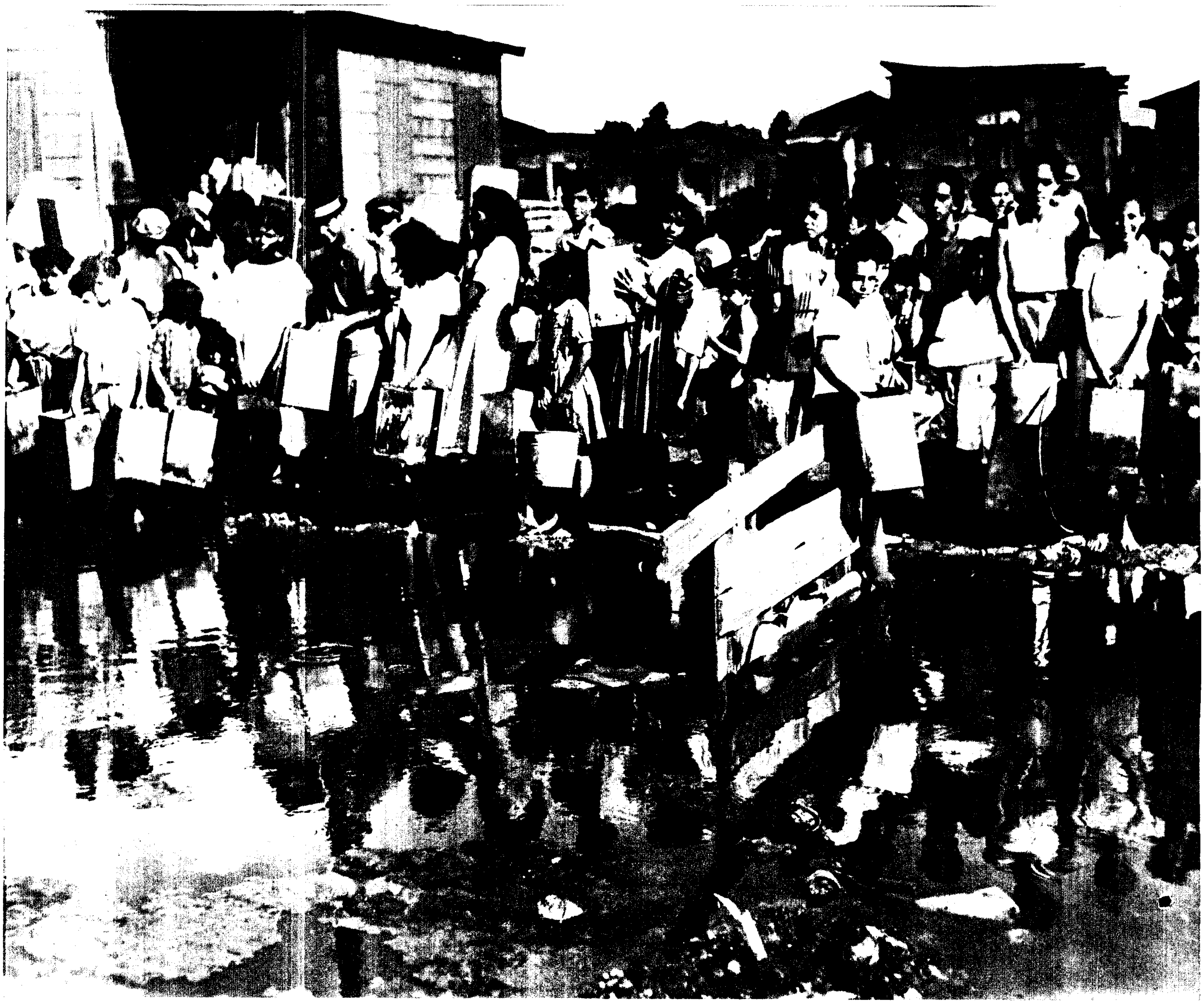
B. F. Krehbiel of Wichita believes that there's no reason why the best damn' bricklayer alive can't do other things as well. To prove his point he went from concrete blocks to making airplane parts



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOFMAN-PIX

Above: Walter Groves of Patterson & Groves is no swivel-chair executive. Here he is shown operating a lathe that machines parts for Beech Aircraft in an old chicken hatchery in Wichita

Above: Charles Davis (left) checks an exhaust stack with inspector Gene Lupton. Below: Mr. and Mrs. Schmucker turn out bushings to a thousandth-inch tolerance on an old lathe in what was their garage



Puerto Ricans line up at the community spigot which supplies one of the slums called ironically The Pearl

A LITTLE WORSE THAN PEACE

By Martha Gellhorn

Bristling Puerto Rico prepares for a war which its people cannot comprehend

THE Caribbean is a beautiful sea and full of trouble. The islands are lovely hills rising from blue water. Small pale-colored houses grow up the sides of the soft hills. The land looks green and quiet.

From the sea and from the air, Puerto Rico looks peaceful, too, but Puerto Rico is an enormous air terminal—a crossroads where bombers refuel and take off again, shining against the blue sky, to cross the Atlantic; where Air Transport planes, dark brown marked with the white star on the blue circle, make their first stop on the long hops that will land them finally wherever the war is being fought; where patrol planes, which have been escorting or identifying ships, or answering S O S calls, or inspecting their area of thick blue impenetrable water, return.

It is a naval base where convoys come silently through the guarded harbor entrance and unload, or re-form and move on. It is an outpost where training camps are full, and the face of the earth has been remodeled with new roads and airfields, gun emplacements, ammunition dumps, warehouses, barracks—all the endless construction necessary to house and supply an army; where all the Armed Forces are on a 24-hour alert. This island, which looks from a distance as peaceful as the others, is a huge anchored aircraft carrier and a potential base as great as Pearl Harbor.

The Americans—Army, Navy, Marines, Air Forces, Coast Guard—who are stationed here, know what Puerto Rico means in this war. They know it is the center of the defense chain that guards the Canal from the east, and the Venezuelan oil fields and the Gulf ports. They know they are here on a long watch.

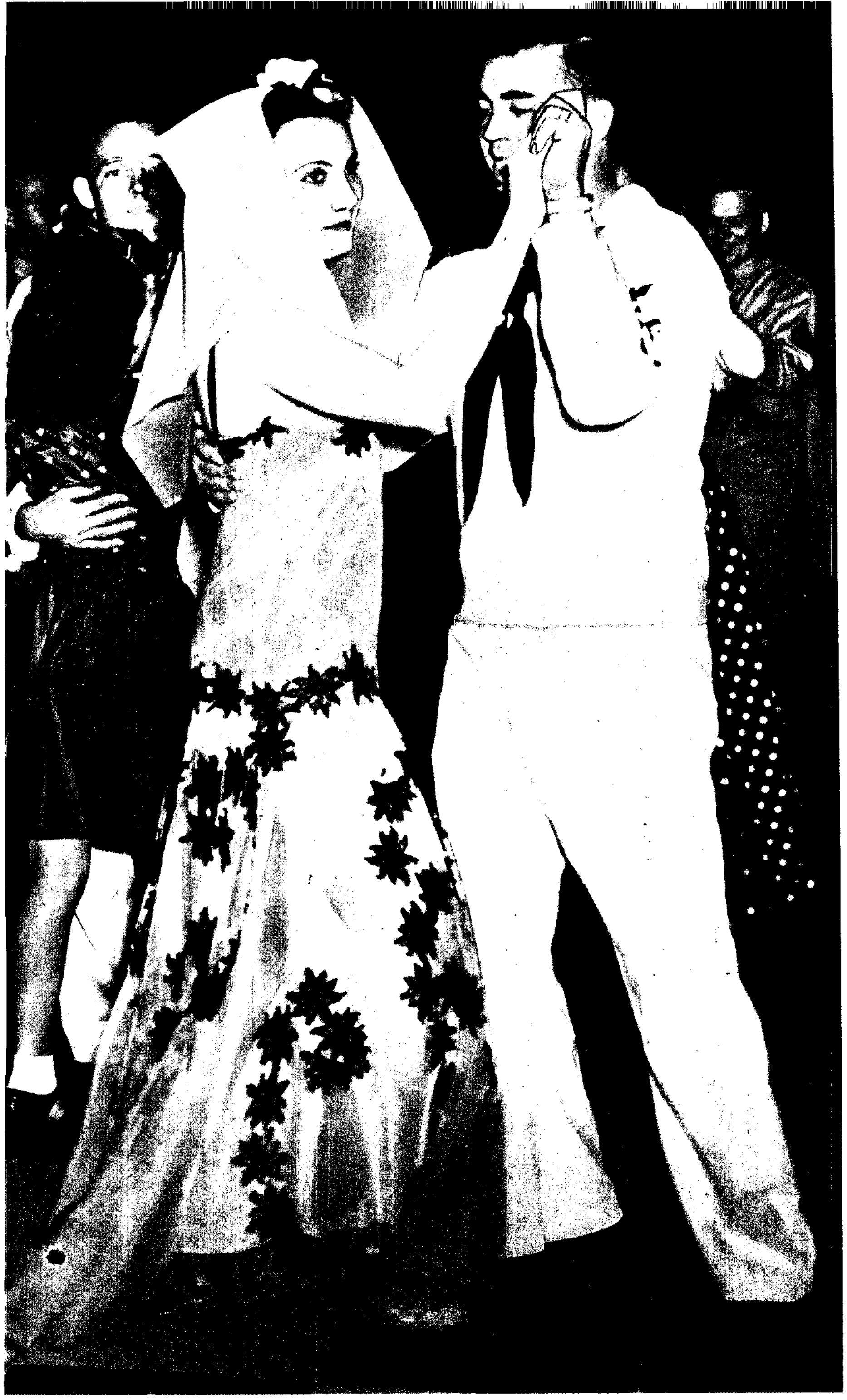
But to most of the people of Puerto Rico, this war is a strange and mysterious trouble, like a hurricane destroying far-off places you have never heard of. They do not know where the path of the wind is, or if it will ever blow this way. All they know is what they can feel themselves.

The All-Important Ships

Then, war is just a little worse than peace. It is just a hungrier time. It is a thing which happens and they accept it—without question or complaint—and tighten their belts (which have been terribly tight these many years) and prepare to survive. War, they know, has to do with ships. Fewer ships take away what the island has to sell; fewer ships bring what the island must buy. They can smell the sugar waiting, piled up on the docks; they can see the warehouses, waiting, empty, for food. Even if the war itself is mysterious the ships mean something to them every day of their lives.

The stevedores are lined up outside the pier, waiting to be paid. It is always a good thing to be paid and they look very cheerful, standing in the hot sun. The freighter they have unloaded has moved out to anchor in the harbor, and the loud juke-box night life of Skid Row has not started. The stevedores idle in front of the closed doors of the Carioca, the Gato Negro, the other smaller nameless bars on the water front, and are happy because they had work, and wonder when the next ship will be in. Those who did not get work (since, these days, there are many more stevedores than ships to unload) came to look at the lucky ones. Now, having no money for beer, they drift apart and go home, back to the famous slums where stevedores can afford to live.

The slums have names like The Pearl, Little Mud—trying to make a joke of horror. The Pearl has a fine location; it starts at the edge of (practically in) the sea and mounts up the steep side of the coast. There is a good cemetery on one side and a good bathing beach farther down, and the magnificent capitol is only five minutes' walk away. You cannot see The Pearl from the coast



Puerto Rico doesn't offer much in entertainment and the USO there does its best to keep the Armed Forces happy. Here, a sailor and a señorita dance at the inaugural party for the USO center

road. The houses have been built of odds and ends of wood; tottering and damp and rotted, they seem to stick to one another. Over them all is the close hot smell of dirt—dirty bodies, dirty walls, stale refuse, open sewers. You walk down paths in which rain stands, and the garbage from the houses. All kinds of people live here.

There is one house (it is a windowless room) in which a woman lives with four monstrous children, all with sad, swollen heads and twisted arms and legs, who earn the family's living by begging. An old woman and her niece and granddaughter live in an apartment of three rooms, in one of which the floor is rotted away.

The youngest granddaughter who lived here died of tuberculosis a few months ago. It seems to be the most natural thing in the world. Her grandmother says she had a pain and went to the hospital and later they were told she had died. The wage earner is the niece, a woman of forty-five, who has been working for thirty-eight years in a hat factory. She is earning $9 a week. They have managed to live all right, but now with the war and all, it is difficult to export hats, so she may lose her job. "It is as God wills," the grandmother says.

There is a woman cooking lunch in a tin can for her two small children and her husband; they have one room facing the deep wide hole where garbage is dumped. She carries her water from a spigot two doors down; in most of these houses there are not even the crudest plumbing facilities. She does washing, and her husband will go out again, in the afternoon as in the morning, to see what sort of job he can pick up. He used to work for the WPA but since the war they have cut down WPA jobs. Yes, of course, they are a little hungry (very hungry, you would think, looking at her cheeks and the children's legs). But it is the war, she says, smiling and shrugging. We must hope it will soon pass, is all. For pleasure, she says, she can always step out of her door and look at the sea—over the roofs of the other hovels.

A stevedore who had come home from the piers without money, an unneeded stevedore, lived across the garbage dump.

"Poor man," she said, speaking of him, "he worries a great deal. His wife has rheumatism. Their home is lower than mine."

The stevedore is a strong black man, with—as she said—a worrying face. He

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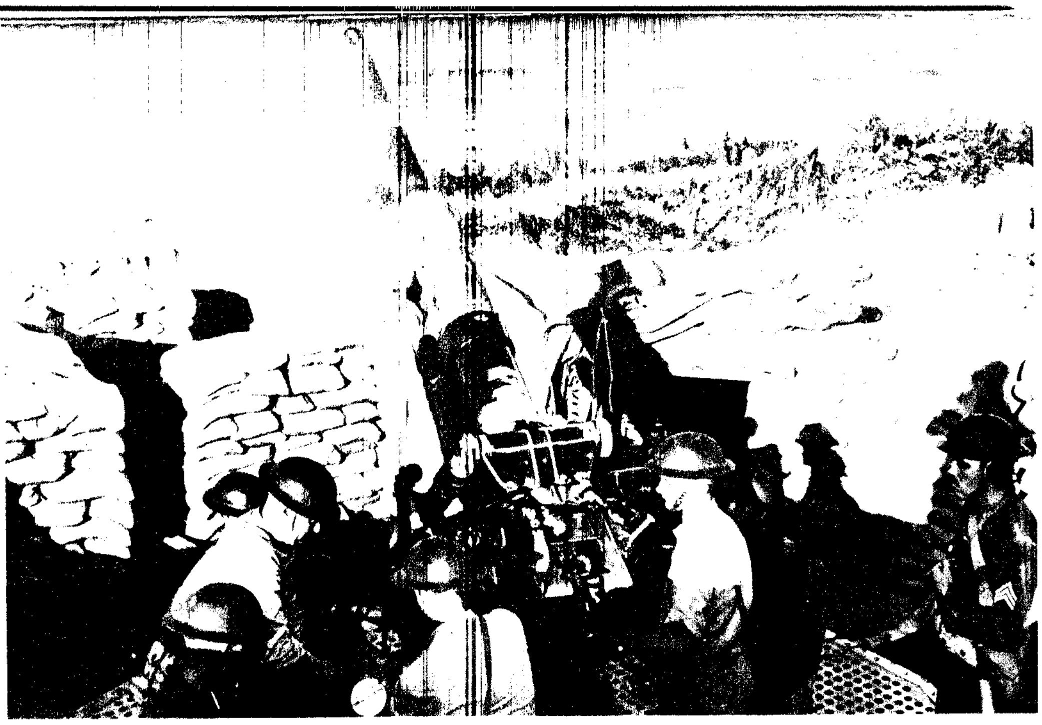


Puerto Rico, center of a vast defense chain guarding the canal, the Venezuelan oil fields and gulf ports, bristles with gun emplacements. Battery C, 66th Coast Artillery, is stationed near San Juan

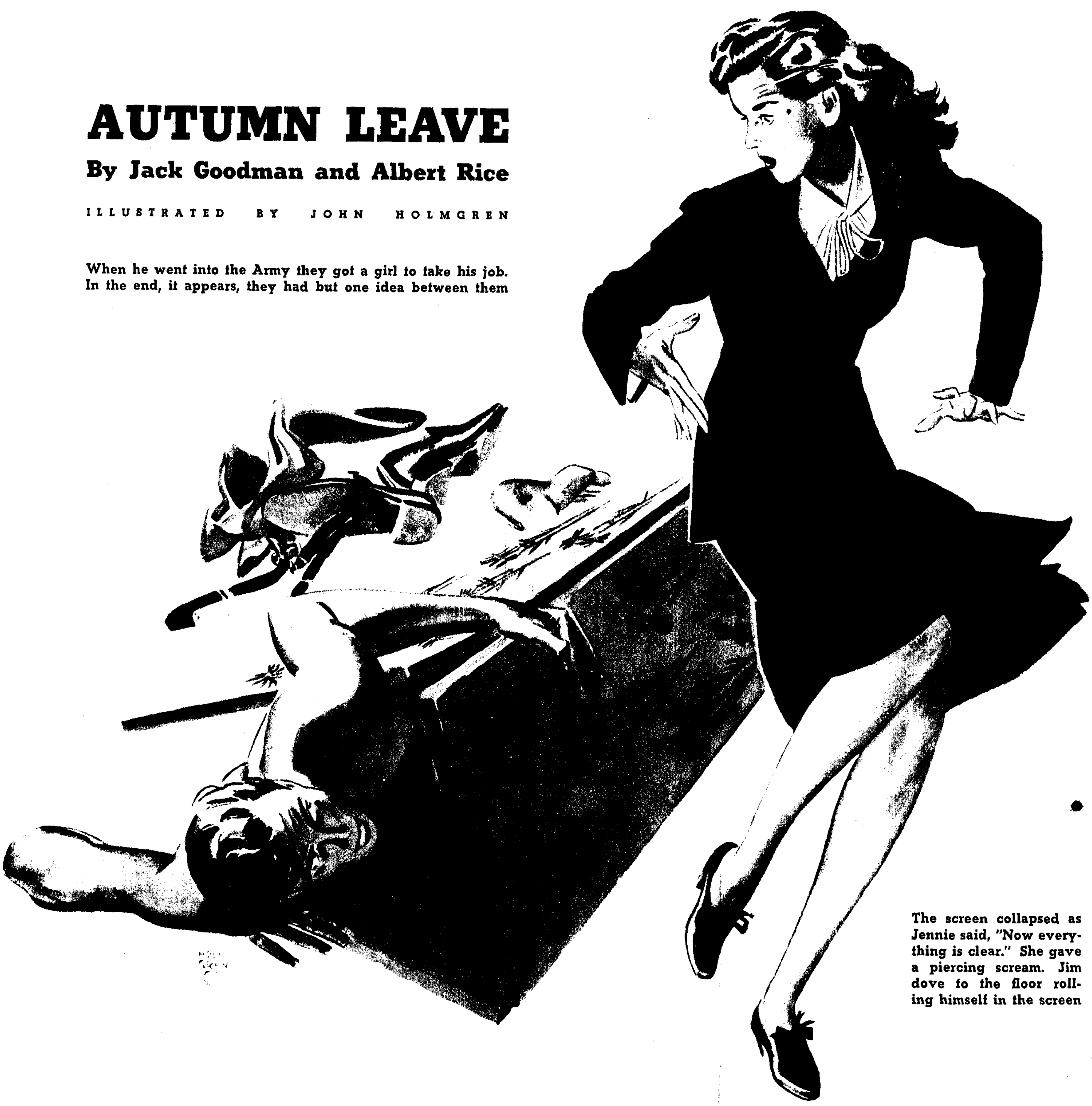
The Ponce de León project, which surrounds a playground, is one of the too-few solutions of the island's pitiful housing situation. Below, land that is not in sugar is hard and sterile. Here Puerto Ricans are planting a hillside, hoping to eke out of it a banana crop

AUTUMN LEAVE

By Jack Goodman and Albert Rice

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

When he went into the Army they got a girl to take his job. In the end, it appears, they had but one idea between them



The screen collapsed as Jennie said, "Now everything is clear." She gave a piercing scream. Jim dove to the floor rolling himself in the screen

SECOND LIEUTENANT JAMES D. SLOAN, of the Field Artillery Reserve Corps, arrived in New York from Fort Bragg at 11:30 on a tropical autumn night. He checked in at a midtown hotel at 11:42. He was in bed and asleep at 11:44.

At 7:00 A. M. the phone on the little table next to his ear began to jangle. Violently.

Jim opened an eye and groped for the receiver.

"Jim, my boy, how are you?" a voice said heartily. It belonged to Jim's ex-employer, Clement Bigelow, of Bigelow & Bowers, Book Publishers.

"Mmmphf," said Jim.

"Thought I'd call you early," said Mr. Bigelow. "I wasn't worried about waking you—I see by the papers you Army boys are early risers."

Jim just grunted—bitterly.

"I must see you right away," Mr. Bigelow said briskly. "Important—concerns the firm. Can you stop in around nine-thirty?"

"Mmmphf," said Jim again, this time resignedly, and hung up.

He tried to go back to sleep again and only partially succeeded. He kept hearing bugles that sounded like phones, and vice versa. . . .

WHEN Jim got to the office, all his former colleagues clustered around to tell him how husky and tanned he looked.

All except Mr. Bigelow. Jim found his employer reading next Sunday's book-review sections. Clement Bigelow was a shortish, stoutish, pinkish gentleman who strongly resembled an eight-months-old baby whose small amount of hair had turned prematurely gray from worry. The greetings out of the way, Mr. Bigelow promptly got down to cases.

"Jim, I must have your immediate help," he said. "Things around the office are going to pot. Jennie Bishop's fault."

Jim looked and was surprised. Miss Bishop was the young woman who had taken over his job after he'd entered the Army—part of his job, at any rate. He had been head editor, she had been made an associate editor. And although Jim had never met her, he knew she had done a good job over at Gaylord Press.

"What's the trouble?" he said.

Mr. Bigelow lit a cigar and champed at it vigorously. "Jim," he said, "that young maniac is putting on a display of patriotic fervor that is rapidly pushing this firm to the very brink of bankruptcy."

Jim raised one eyebrow. "Well," he said, "what's wrong with patriotic fervor?"

"I'm crazy about it," said Mr. Bigelow. "Don't be an ass. Twenty per cent of my income goes into War Bonds. We're co-operating to the hilt with the Co-ordinator of Information. I'm not kicking because Jennie Bishop does war work. What I object to is the fact that she is maneuvering practically every one of our authors into the armed services."

"But why shouldn't young authors go into the Army?" said Jim. "After all . . ."

"Young authors, hah! Since when would you call Ellen Almendinger a young author?"

"I would never even call her an author," said Jim. The lady in question, a novelist of uncertain age, was the possessor of one plot. She tacked new names onto its characters every year or two and gave it a new title, under which it invariably sold between a hundred and a hundred and twenty-five thousand copies.

"She and Jennie had a conference on

(Continued on page 61)

Sneers for Mr. Sanders

By Nord Riley

He's sassy, but he's classy. That's Mr. Sanders, the consummate cad

The expression of supercilious arrogance revealed in this picture of Mr. George Sanders is his most valuable stock-in-trade as a screen actor. It makes him detested

[illegible] FOR COLLIER'S BY MICHAEL ANGUTI

MR. GEORGE SANDERS is flirting with a clout on the whiskers. He was looking about his studio dressing room the other day and he decided it needed fixing up. He told a studio official what he wanted.

"A pleasure, Mr. Sanders," this guy said. "But first a little favor for us, maybe?"

"Like what?"

"Like kindly stop calling the head of the studio those vulgar names."

Sanders pondered the deal. "It is not worth while," said he with dignity. And his dressing room continues to disintegrate.

That is Mr. Sanders, all right, a gent with a talent for getting under Hollywood's skin. The Sanders attitude toward Hollywood is a low sneer and a yawn. "The only thing that keeps me from killing most of the people I meet in Hollywood," states this gentleman, "is the fear of being jailed."

What keeps the people from killing Mr. Sanders is not clear. Studio press agents mutter darkly of doing away with him some night. This is because they are frustrated and outwitted. He refuses to be interviewed. He yawns in their faces and teases them with contradictions. They think up a bright scheme to get him in the public eye and what happens? Sanders goes to sleep.

Then there are the ladies. Of those who have met him there are two groups: the ones who want to gouge him and the ones who still do not believe what has happened to them. The former outfit is the female fan-magazine writers, who are rendered homicidal by his tendency to snore when spoken to. The others are the starlets who have lunched with him at the studio. "On the way to the commissary," reports a benumbed pretty, "he bought an armful of magazines and lugged them to the table. Then he ordered his lunch. That was the last word I heard him speak. He never even looked at me. He just read those silly magazines."

His slurs gripe the profession of Thespis more than somewhat, yet the cruelest dig is his opinion on movies themselves. "If Gone With the Wind was worth fifty cents of a citizen's money," he declares pitilessly, "the Keystone cops were worth a dollar."

An actor carrying on like that in Hollywood, a city noted for its sensitiveness to insult, should be a dead pigeon the first time his option came up. But few actors are in greater demand than he. He treats the industry as a backward child, yet frequently he is so busy he works in two pictures at once. On loan from 20th Century-Fox, he journeys from studio to studio harassing the hero, and trifling with the heroine to the tune of nearly 1,500 clams a week.

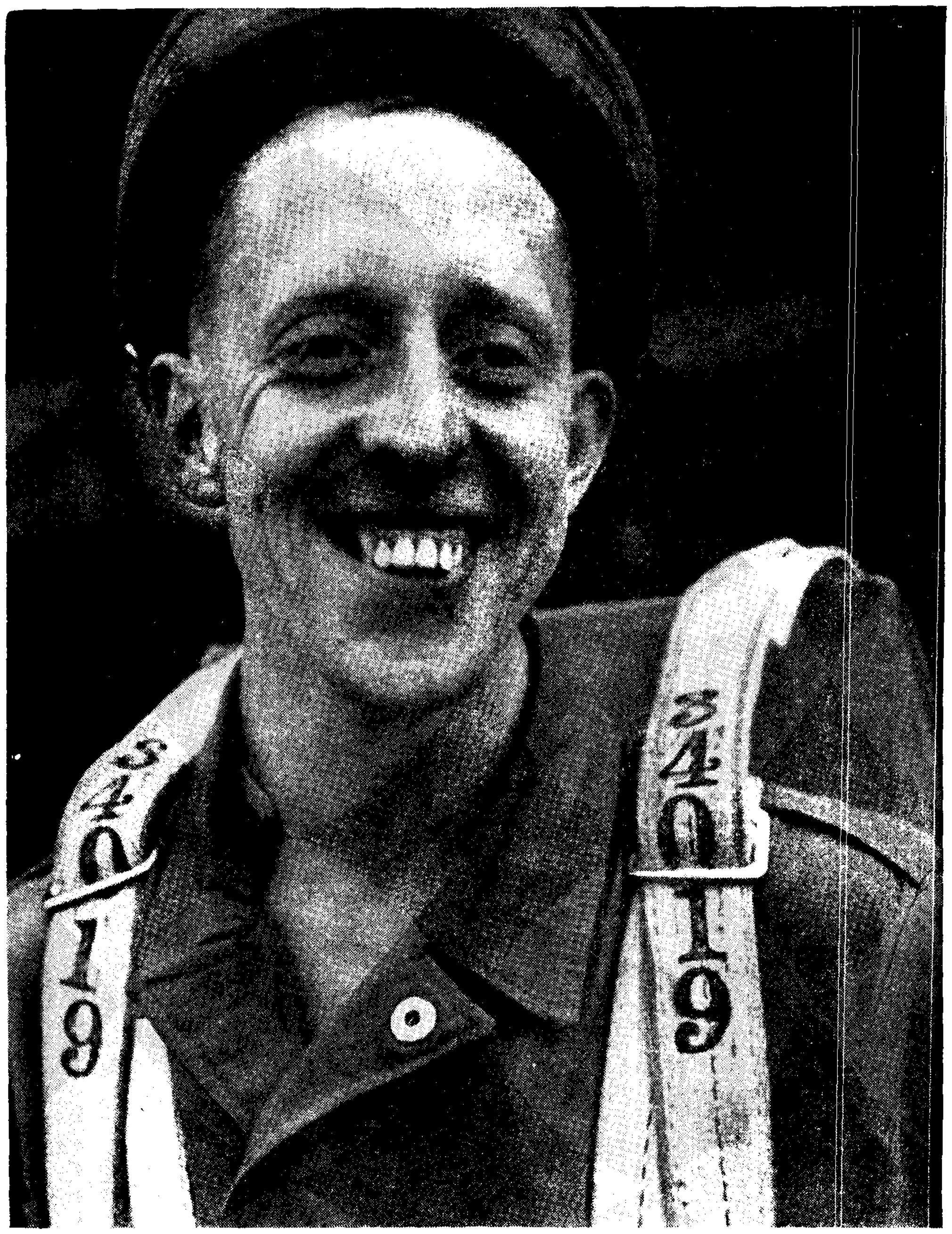
It is a matter of awe and bitterness to Hollywood that anybody as lazy and sassy as Sanders should make so much money and be loved by so many females. He is a fine actor, to be sure, but, even more, the ladies of the land are dippy about him. Even the cuties of Hollywood, cynical creatures calloused by Apollos on every side, let out a whoop at the sight of him. They do, that is, if they have never met him personally; if they have met him the noise is more in the nature of a snarl. The Sanders tummy does not sag, he is tall and reasonably beautiful, but otherwise it is a wonder that the dames go for him. In his pictures he treats them like dirt, maims or swindles the hero and is himself exterminated. They love him anyway. Some say they like the way he sneers at them.

The soft touch of acting for a living did not occur to Sanders until a few years ago, but he has been the ruggedest sort of a nonconformist since his beginning, an event that took place in Russia in 1906. The Sanders clan is English. His father was a capitalist who manufactured rope in St. Petersburg; his mother was a horticulturist. George talked Russian and went to Russian schools until October, 1917, when the Bolsheviks took to shooting holes in capitalists. The Sanders family escaped across the Baltic ice to Scandinavia, thence to England.

George was buttoned up in a school called Bedales. Here he began to show signs of growing up to be a sore thumb. Take the roller-skate rebellion, for example. The skates were not George's; they belonged to another boy. George just wanted them. His brother Tom, a straightforward child, suggested stealing them. Not George; George has style. "I got the fellow to bet his skates I didn't dare run away from school." This was cunning, Sanders admits. He not only got the skates, he had an honorable excuse for running away from school.

Only he and his brother were to make

(Continued on page 44)



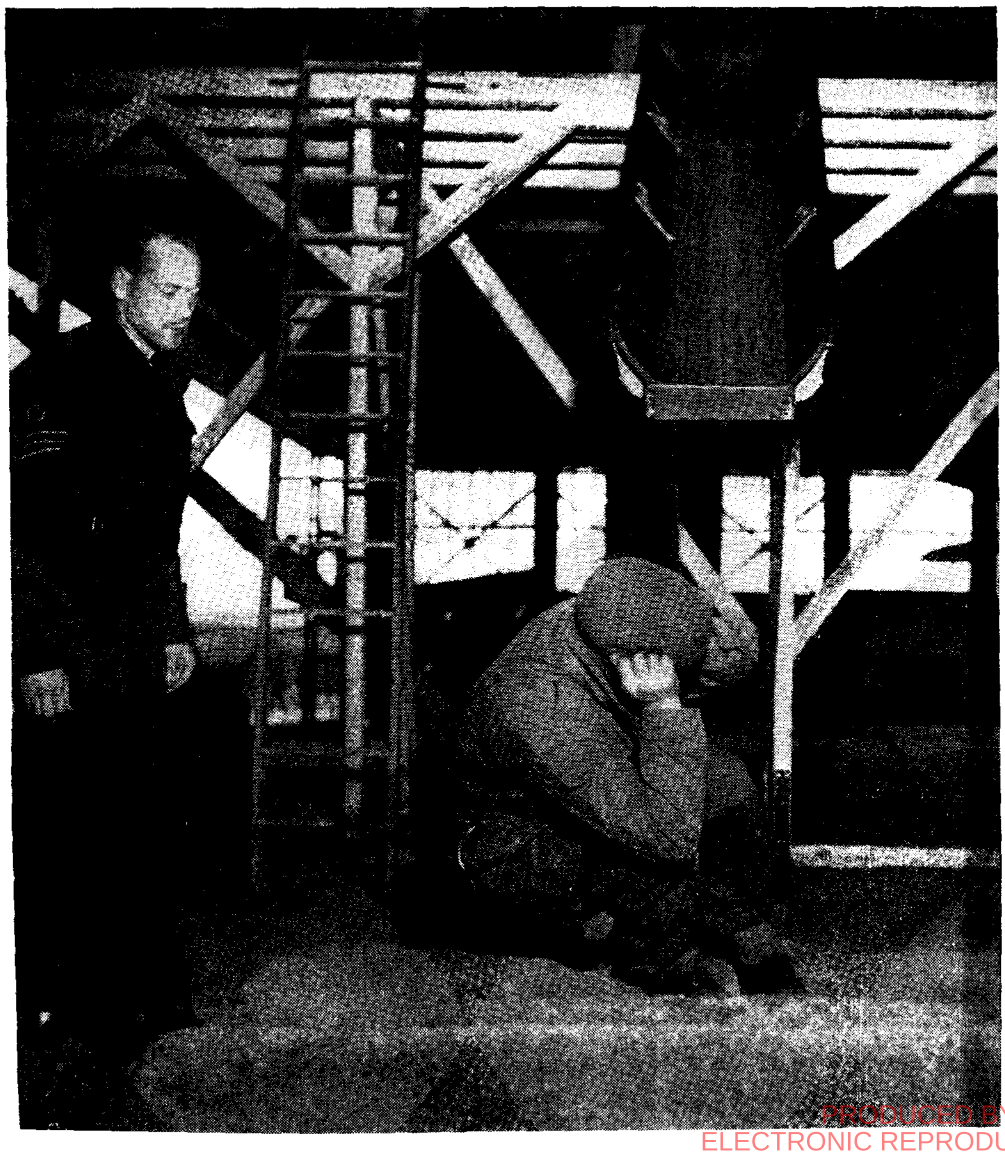
Paratroopers, all volunteers, are a gay laughing lot who come from every part of the Empire. This one's from Wales, has a girl at home named Sadie

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT CAPA

There is no levity in the shed where the parachutes are packed. Overhead a sign says, "Remember That a Man's Life Depends Upon Every Chute You Pack"

"Relax when you fall," *an instructor shouts.* Paratroops like the *toboggan* slide which teaches them to land without getting their brains knocked out

"Be sure your *straps are* fastened" *is good* advice—*whether you're going to* make a real jump or, like the daring young man, swing on a practice trapeze



They Float Through the Air

3y Quentin Reynolds

Iuddled in the dark fuselage of a British roop carrier, Collier's correspondent vatches ten husky paratroopers make heir first jump—in preparation for the Jay when their chutes will open over 'rance, Norway, Belgium or Germany

THERE were fourteen of us inside the big Whitley, and the motors were roaring. An instructor stuck his head in the door of the plane and yelled, Have you blokes any last words?" Ten voices comng from ten men who, within five minutes, were oing to leap from the airplane, putting their trust a thin silk parachutes, showed very plainly that they ad some last—and very inflammable—words, but he instructor put an end to their yells of derision by lamming the door, and the big Whitley began to ump along the runway.

The only light inside the plane was that which ame up through the round hole in the bottom of the uselage, out of which the ten boys would drop. The ilot managed to pull the heavily loaded plane into he air and turn it toward the plain where the jump r "drop," as the parachute troops call it, would be nade.

The parachutists looked weird in their heavy haress and their round helmets, reinforced inside with ponge rubber. Most of them, with macabre humor, ad inscribed on their helmets such comforting words s "Don't Push Me—I'll Go," and others had drawn ombstones on the brown cloth. Several had the ames of girls emblazoned on the helmets, and one ad [illegible]inted "Mabel, I'll be seeing you—maybe." They were kidding one another and talking loudly and aughing shrilly, the way men do when they're very ervous. Then they began to harmonize and their young voices rose above the settled hum of the notors. They sang their theme song which is, quite appropriately, The Man on the Flying Trapeze, and hey shouted the pertinent line, "He floats through he air with the greatest of ease." Then they sang an old doleful sentimental song, much like our Old Kentucky Home. It was called My Old Homestead.

We were all huddled in the fuselage, close to the gaping hole. There were no seats inside this troop-carrying plane. There were two instructors with the ten who were to make their first jump, but they didn't bother with last-minute instructions. They had trained these troops and there was nothing that could be done now. Meanwhile they sang:

I saw the old homestead and faces that I love,
I saw England's valleys and dells.

The voice of the man next to me broke, and I said: "Nervous, kid?"

"No," he said, licking his lips and giving me a quick, sliding glance, "though you get a funny feeling in your belly—especially on your first drop."

"You never get over that," a young blond instructor laughed. "I still get it, and I've had fifty drops."

I listened with joy, as I did when a boy,
To the sound of the old village bells.

Their voices rang out and reverberated against the metal sides of the big bomber. We were all nervous.

"Ought to be there in a minute," the blond instructor said. He was 24-year-old Flight Sergeant Erroll Mintor, and in prewar time he had been a clerk.

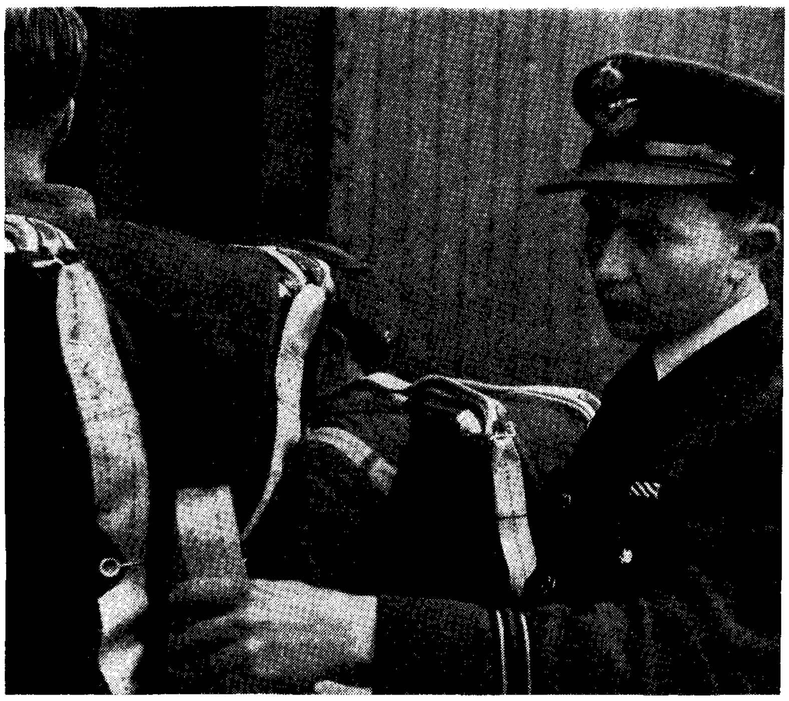
The voices died away, and the kidding stopped. Looking at the throats of the boys, you could see that they were swallowing hard. Their lips were dry. They were well trained and they knew that at these particular training headquarters there had been only a few casualties, but still . . .

There were two small bulbs above the round opening, and Sergeant Mintor kept his eyes on them. The pilot would decide when the time was approaching to drop, and he'd switch on a green light. That meant "Get Ready." Then,

(Continued on page 26)

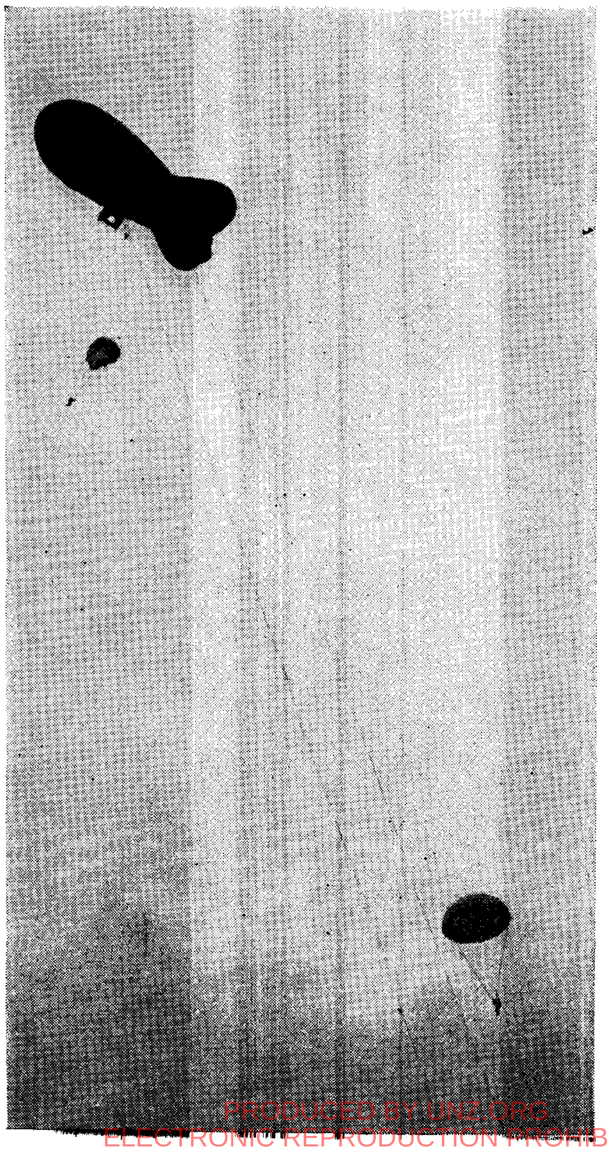
Inscribed on their helmets are such comforting words as "Don't push me—I'll go"

The pound it will cost him at the mess hurts this instructor (third left) more than his injury sustained in landing



The Birdman is their name for Flight Lt. Ward, chief instructor. He's made 1,500 jumps—more than any other man alive

That first jump, made from a balloon, is bad, but the second is always the worst



"No. 1—you're coming down nicely," says this Polish instructor, and his voice is audible to a man 800 feet above

LOST SEPTEMBER

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

There comes a time in a man's life when he must put first things first. And the first thing in Barton's life was no longer football

THE dust that blew over that field of sun-dried turf was more bitter than he remembered it. It was on his lips in a curious and acrid film, ready to his tongue as he came the short way from the junction that went across the old practice field and up a little drive to where the towers of the university rose in some sort of vague aspiration. He carried a battered suitcase in his hand and the heat made the clothes stick to his big body.

There was no one on the big field now and he guessed he was between the morning and the afternoon sessions of practice. They would be eating now in the big refectory, the four or five training tables lost in the great emptiness of the hall, the chatter and laughter of the players sounding and echoing in that hall made for a hundred tables and a thousand men. The big silvery pitchers of milk and iced tea would be cool there, with beads of moisture on them and there would be chunks of cold chicken and great bowls of romaine salad. So that, just thinking of these things, he moved toward the refectory although he did not consciously will himself to do so.

The drive was white crushed stone and curved up to the Georgian buildings. He felt awkward and remembered what Evelyn Leonard had said last year about how they had made him a great football player but they still hadn't shown him how to wear clothes. Or was it Ruth Cabot? He couldn't remember. But whoever had said it had still been nice to him, as all the girls were, so he was not bothered in memory. Or maybe it was that the present was more urgent than the things he remembered. He didn't know. All he knew was that he was angry—not cursing, hitting angry; that anger had passed; this was more quiet, insidious, even sly, its taste the taste of the dust on his lips.

He had not expected Minnihan to be there in front of the refectory and if he could have had his way Minnihan would not have been the first man he would see coming back here where he was not sure he belonged. Through the strong yellow sun of the Midwest in September, the stocky man squinted, his shoulders hunched, the head slightly turned. When he spoke he was first profane in an undertone and his proffered hand seemed an afterthought. Louder, he said, "What are *you* doing back here?"

THE big young man put the bag down and took Minnihan's hand. He said, "They turn me down when I try to volunteer and then they turn me down when the draft catches me."

"You?" Minnihan said. Then, "What they think was wrong?"

"First the eyes, when I went to the Navy. Then in the draft the trick knee," Al Barton said.

"You can still run on the knee with the brace?"

"I think I can run without it, even," the young man said sullenly. "You'd think I asked them to do it, the way you talk. I thought you maybe might be glad—"

"Oh, I know you didn't ask them," Minnihan said, more kindly. "And I'm glad you're back, Al. Why, man, you'll make the season for us. Go inside and get something to eat with the kids."

But Al Barton didn't move. He said, "I guess they'll think it's funny seeing me back here and them not knowing why."

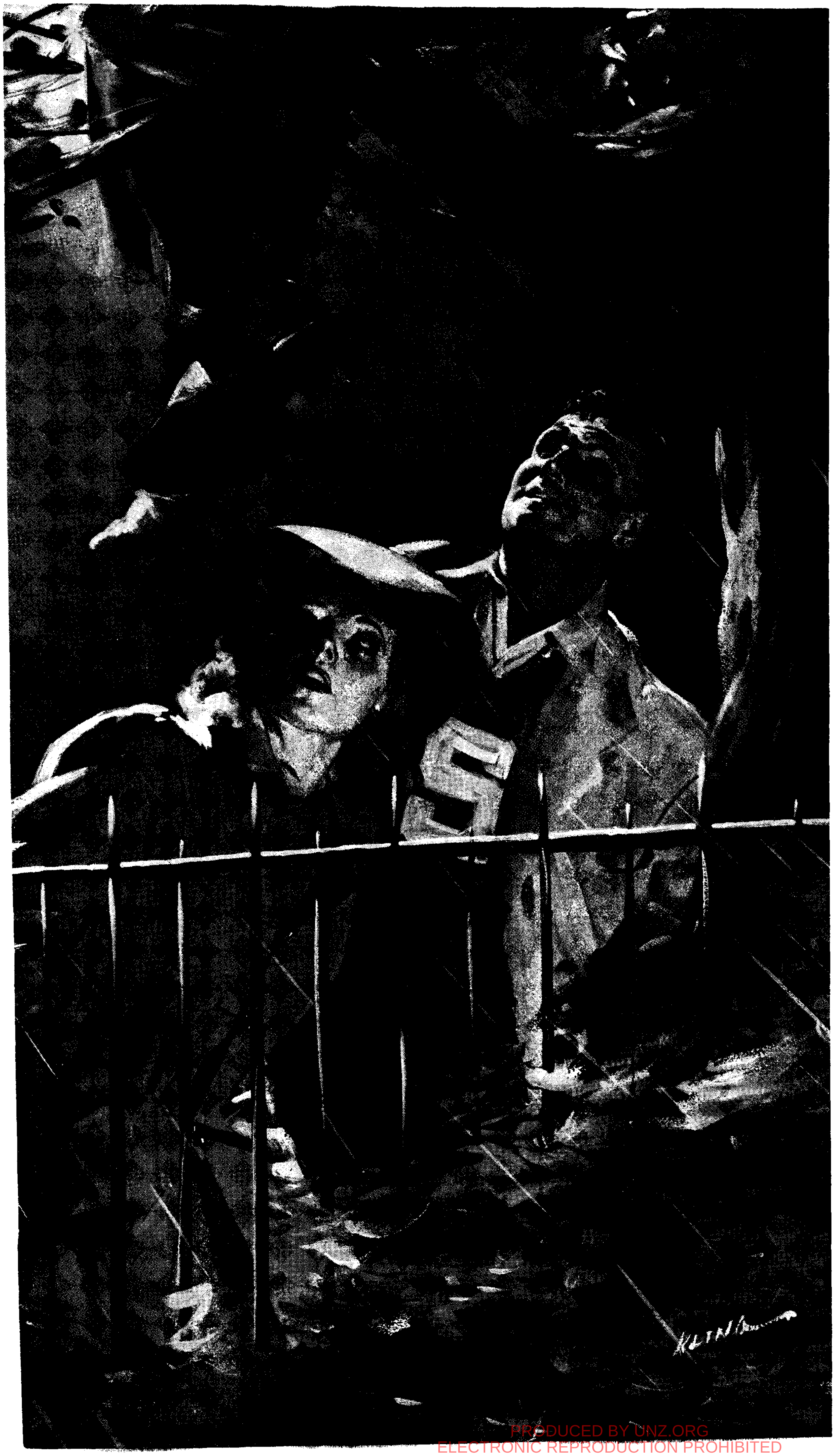
"Forget it," Minnihan said. "The world will know why in about four hours—as soon as the reporters get hold of this. How come they didn't find out back home?"

"It was only yesterday," Al Barton said. "I got out of town quick. I been riding all night. It wasn't something I was going to do a dance about."

"No," Minnihan said. "Not now." He paused. "Go in and eat. I'll get over to the office and see about a room for you. If you been up all night on a coach you probably won't want to come to practice this afternoon."

"I'll be there," Barton said. He turned to go into the big dining hall, seeing in his mind's eye and with a clarity new to him how they would look up from the tables in surprise at his big figure coming down the length of the room. And the explanations. He wasn't going to like it.

(Continued on page 48)



They looked up and saw a pale face looking down at them—Dee Handley's. Dee said, "I'm a kite"

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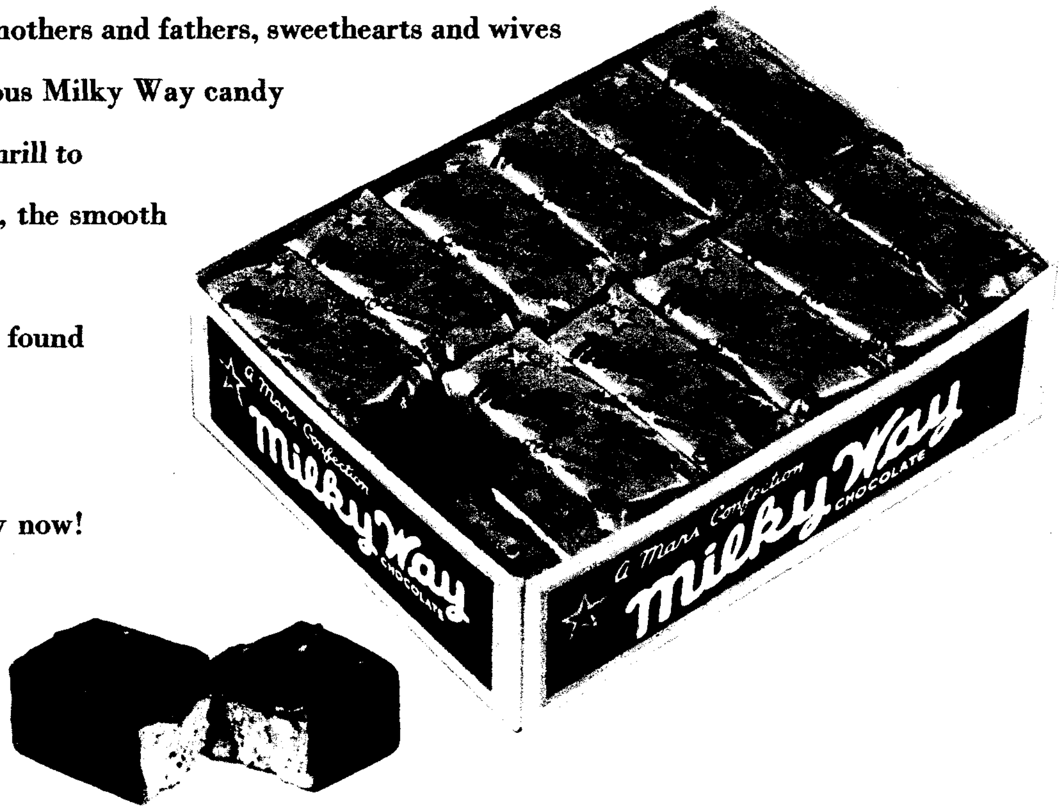
A Mars Confection
Milky Way
CHOCOLATE

HEY JOE, LOOK WHAT AUNT MARY SENT ME...

AND DO I LOVE MILKY WAYS!

Yes, aunts and uncles, mothers and fathers, sweethearts and wives all over the country are sending delicious Milky Way candy bars. They know their boys will thrill to the taste of the delightful pure milk chocolate coating, the smooth creamy caramel and the luscious chocolate nougat center flavored with real malted milk . . . a taste treat found only in a Milky Way. Just think what a whole box of delicious Milky Ways would mean to your boy now!


A Mars Confection
Milky Way
CHOCOLATE
A Mars Confection
Milky Way
CHOCOLATE

Mrs. Tom lags in War-Relief Drive

MRS. TOM NEEDS A LAXATIVE. But she's heading a war-relief meeting this morning. "No time for interruptions," she decides. "I'll wait till tonight." She doesn't know about quick-acting laxatives.

FUND-RAISING GOES SLOWLY for Mrs. Tom because she doesn't feel right. "In these times a person ought to keep fit," others say, while discouraged Mrs. Tom adds up the small total.

Mrs. Dan leads War-Relief Drive

MRS. DAN NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's conducting a relief rally today, too.

But Mrs. Dan takes Sal Hepatica, knowing it usually acts within an hour. "Don't wait till tonight for the laxative you need this morning," says she.

MONEY ROLLS UP to a grand total after Mrs. Dan's enthusiastic speech. She's able to throw herself into the drive with all her energy.

Sal Hepatica's gentle, speedy action brought prompt relief.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

KEEP EXTRA FIT, these days. Don't put off till tonight taking the laxative you need this morning. Take gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica acts by attracting

needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. You feel no discomfort or griping. This refreshing saline helps counteract excess gastric acidity, as well . . . helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Three out of five doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica.* Try it, next time *you* need a laxative. Remember, it's up to you to keep fit!

**Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.*

"TIME TO SMILE"—Tune in Eddie Cantor Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E W T

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

They Float Through the Air

Continued from page 23

when he was over the field selected, he'd switch on a red light. That meant "Drop." We, inside the airplane, were completely blacked out except for the light which came up through the opening and we had no idea of the kind of country which was below us.

"Action stations!" young Mintor snapped, as the green light showed.

The man who was to drop first dangled his feet into space, sat on the very edge of the opening and looked straight up with his head bent a bit backward. They are trained to drop absolutely straight and stiff. When they drop, they assume a position of attention with their arms at their sides. If you look down, you unconsciously bend your body and that makes you somersault, which is bad because you are apt to get a bit entangled in the shrouds of your chute. These ten men were to drop in two groups of five—or, to use parachute language, in "two fast sticks."

The light flashed red; Mintor shouted, "Number one!" and the face and upper body which had been peering up at us disappeared. As he dropped, the second man swung quickly into position. "Number two," Mintor called, and the second parachutist too dropped from sight. Numbers three, four and five followed, and I noticed that I was sweating. The other five men lounged there, not saying anything. How had their five pals made out? We couldn't tell, blacked out as we were.

One by one the remaining five men dropped out, and I leaned back, exhausted. Why? I don't know but somehow the emotional intensity of the ten boys who jumped had communicated itself to me.

Mintor and young Sergeant Pat Charlesworth, the other instructor, who was a professional football player two years ago before he joined the Royal Air Force, sat on the floor of the aircraft beside me. It was strangely, unnaturally quiet now, and lonely too.

"They'll be all right," Mintor said casually. "I've been dropping these lads for months now and haven't lost one."

Trained to Take the Bumps

It was good to find out a few minutes later, when we landed, that Mintor had been right. Not one of the ten had received even a scratch.

It is lamentably true that neither Britain nor America paid much attention to the training of parachutists until successive German victories were scored by her men who jumped from the sky.

German parachutists have contributed largely to every important British defeat. After taking Holland and Belgium with parachutists in major roles, the Germans used them at Dunkirk and in Crete and Greece; and they helped take Tobruk. Now, belatedly, both America and Britain are doing what the resourceful Russians did so many years ago: they are finally thinking of parachutists as an attacking force.

The training of a parachutist is an interesting affair—to the spectator. At this one airdrome I visited, a hangar had been converted into what looked like a huge gymnasium. About three hundred men were swinging back and forth on trapezes; doing tumbling acts on heavy mats; dropping through an opening to the floor, ten feet below; sliding down chutes. Instructors kept barking at them.

"Relax when you fall," an instructor shouted, just as football coaches have shouted for years. That is the first lesson a paratrooper learns—how to fall without getting his brains knocked out. Then on the swings he learns to turn his body while in the air. One slight man in the uniform of the R.A.F., with the stripes of a flight lieutenant on his sleeve, was all over the place, snapping out orders.

"He seems to know his business," I said to the commanding officer who stood with me.

"He should," the C. O. said dryly. "He's made more jumps than any other man alive. That's Harry Ward, whom they called the Birdman. Made more than 1,500 jumps."

Ward came over and admitted the indictment. Actually he'd made a great many more than 1,500 drops but he only counted the ones he'd been paid for. He talked about the qualities that go to make a good paratrooper.

Ready, Willing and Able

"The Guardsmen are by far the best," he said. "They haven't much imagination and they are very susceptible to discipline. Why, if you told those chaps to drop without wearing a chute they'd do it—their confidence in their officers and their sense of discipline are so great."

A few days of this land training at the airdrome (in Britain the so-called "airborne" troops come under the R.A.F.), and the future paratrooper is ready for his first test. Ward has invented a novel scheme. He found that the huge jumping towers used by the American Army cost about $120,000 each. Ward took an ordinary barrage balloon, built a platform that would hold five men, cut a hole in the middle of it, and there was his jumping tower. The balloon is raised to the height of 800 feet, and the men make their first jump from there. That first jump is a nasty one but the second jump is always the worst.

"The lads hate that second one," Ward chuckled. "They know what they're in for then."

Two jumps from the balloon and they're ready for real business—that is, dropping from an airplane. The American and British methods differ widely at present. Our American troops usually jump from well over a thousand feet. In training, the British troops jump from 800 feet. The chute itself opens after the man has fallen 70 feet. He then comes down at the rate of 19 feet per second. In actual operations, the drops are made from 500 feet or lower.

It takes a man about 23 seconds to make that downhill trip. During that brief time he is, of course, a clay pigeon for an enemy marksman, but in combat a great many men are dropped simultaneously and there is a reasonable chance that most will reach the ground alive.

The use of the ripcord has been abolished in Britain's parachute circles. A belt is fastened to the fuselage of the plane, and its other end is hooked on to the parachute cover. As he drops, the belt jerks the cover off and the parachute opens.

I watched men drop from the skies one whole afternoon and part of one night, and of the five hundred or so jumps made, there was only one casualty—and that only a bump on the head. An instructor stands in the middle of the plain where the men are to land. In his hand is a microphone, and a large loudspeaker is beside him. He talks to the men as they float down. The men drop in "sticks" of two, five or ten. They drop (if they obey orders) straight and stiffly, although the slip stream from the aircraft sometimes grabs them and whirls them about. Then the parachute jerks open and they hear the voice of the instructor.

"Number one—you're coming down nicely," he'll say, and his voice is clearly audible 800 feet above. "Number two—you must turn around. Reach up . . . grab the straps . . . that's it. Always land with the wind drift. Number three—bend those knees a little but keep your feet together . . . Now watch the ground . . . Number one—you're going to land nicely . . . Bend your knees . . . relax . . . Nicely done!"

As the men land, they invariably fall, but they fall as a football player falls, with elbows well in, feet together, and the whole body relaxed. One of the troopers didn't fall. He landed on his feet, ran a few quick steps and stopped. He was bawled out by an instructor. If you try to keep your feet, you are fighting against several laws of motion and gravity, you are not relaxed, and you are apt to take a nasty spill. A trained parachutist seldom gets more than a bump on his head.

The Thing That Hurts

It was an instructor, young Flight Lieutenant John Kilkenny, who came a cropper as I watched. He had jumped with a stick of ten. He landed nicely and fell in the approved manner but he didn't get up. We rushed to where he had fallen and found that he was unconscious. As he fell, his head had hit a stone, a contingency not provided for in the rule book. He was out only for a few minutes and when he got shakily to his feet he wore a rueful expression.

"That'll cost me drinks for the whole squad," Lieutenant Kilkenny said. "A bad show, that!"

"Does it hurt much?" I asked him, looking at the egg that had sprouted on his forehead.

"The only thing that hurts is the fact that it'll cost me a pound at the mess. That's the rule," he added. "If someone gets hurt he has to treat his squad to all they want to drink."

After a man has made seven jumps he tries it at night. There is no actual difference in the technique. The commanding officer put on a night show for me. Four big Whitleys came over, dark black against a moonlit sky. Then, almost simultaneously, ten men dropped from each aircraft. This as closely as possible approximated the conditions they'll face when they are dropped in France or Norway or Belgium or Germany one of these days. Night parachuting is the most effective of all because the element of surprise is, to some extent, with you. Even on such a moon-bathed night as this, it would be difficult for enemy marksmen to kill men floating down unless they expected them at the right moment.

When the men landed, they ran toward the colored parachutes which carry guns, ammunition, food and medical supplies. In an incredibly short time they had opened the containers and had set up the guns and were ready for action.

The paratroops are a gay, laughing lot who come from every part of the Empire. All are volunteers and when they receive the parachute insignia to put on their arms they are very proud. It tells the world that they've made twenty jumps and lived.

Drinking in their mess with them, hearing their boisterous horseplay as they learn their craft, it is easy to forget that they are preparing for a very grim business in which there is only one rule: Kill or be killed.

There is no such levity in the long shed where the parachutes are packed by Waafs (Women's Auxiliary Air Force). A dozen girls were packing the parachutes that had been used that afternoon, when I walked in to watch them. Five of the girls had been laundresses in civil life. They make the best packers.

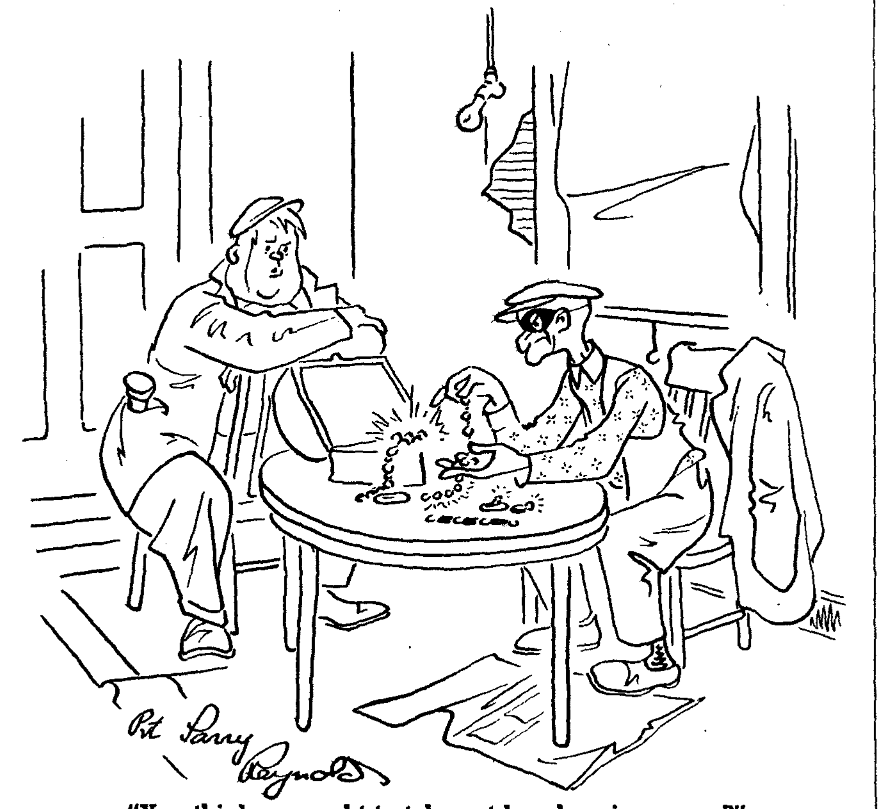
"Don't you find the work monotonous?" I asked a girl who was untangling a mess of silken shrouds.

She smiled. "No. Now and then we get a bit fed up but then we look up and see that sign and we realize that we're doing pretty important work."

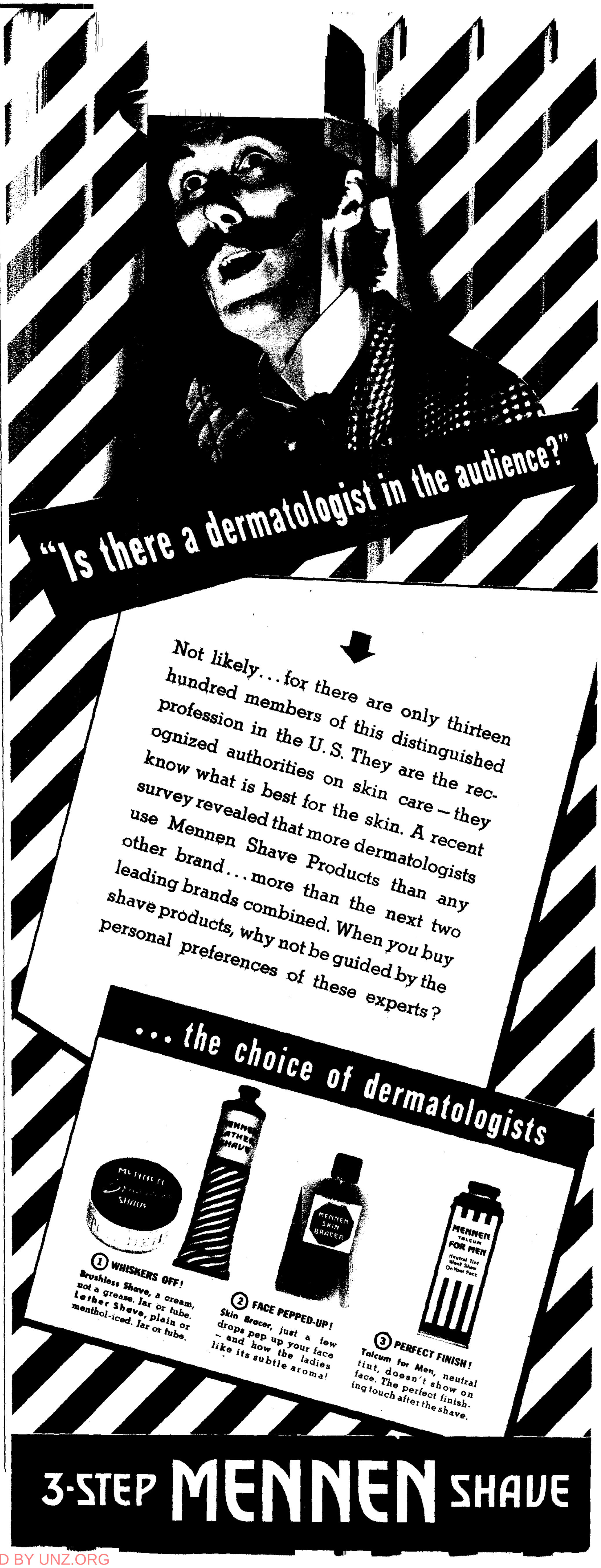
I understood when I read the large printed sign she pointed out. It read: "Remember That a Man's Life Depends Upon Every Chute You Pack."

THE END

BUTCH **By Pvt. Larry Reynolds**



COLLIER'S "You think we ought to take out burglary insurance?"


"Is there a dermatologist in the audience?"

Not likely...for there are only thirteen hundred members of this distinguished profession in the U. S. They are the recognized authorities on skin care—they know what is best for the skin. A recent survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand...more than the next two leading brands combined. When you buy shave products, why not be guided by the personal preferences of these experts?

...the choice of dermatologists

① WHISKERS OFF! Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. Lather Shave, plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.

② FACE PEPPED-UP! Skin Bracer, just a few drops pep up your face —and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!

③ PERFECT FINISH! Talcum for Men, neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

How __American__ it is... to want something better!

IT'S PRETTY GRAND, you know, to live in a country that's forever hunting "something better." A more efficient locomotive is hardly through its tests till someone's working on a better one. A new record in turning out ships is topped the next week.

But this hunt by energetic America for *something better* doesn't stop with the *big* things. A better recipe, for instance, or a better screw-driver, or a better movie "packs 'em in." That's part of what *makes* America!

AMONG the many "better things," and one not to be overlooked . . . is a moderate beverage, an ale in fact, that has been discovered and *approved* by many. *So* many, that in this land where the question "Is it *better?*" is on every tongue, it has become . . .

PURITY BODY FLAVOR *America's largest selling Ale*

BALLANTINE'S
XXX
ALE

P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.

YEAR OF WRATH

By Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

NICHOLAS ("NICK") GRIGGS, an American journalist, is working for a news service in Tokyo when he is notified, by cable, that he is to be replaced by another man. A few hours later, at the American Club, he encounters Al Carpenter, *another newspaperman, who* introduces him to his companion—Betty Gaspard, whose father is an ardent De Gaullist in Shanghai; then, called away unexpectedly, leaves Nick and the girl together.

Nick likes Betty Gaspard. He is therefore delighted when, a short time later, Gregory Ward Cogswell, a noted news broadcaster, gives him a job—in Shanghai. As the reader *is aware* (unlike Nick) Cogswell *is in the pay* of the Japanese; he has been hired by Bunshiro Yagi, a violently anti-American secret agent. . . .

Nick flies to Shanghai with Cogswell, who is preparing to go to Manila and report, in code, what the Americans are doing there. In the great Chinese city, Nick sees quite a bit of Betty and her courageous father: Henri Gaspard; *and he meets many fascinating people,* notable among whom is the brilliant and beautiful Indo-European, Madame Manis Vooren —with whom Cogswell (a man of many "affairs") is supposed to be in love. . . .

Realizing that Henri Gaspard is a dangerous man—to the Vichy element in the Far East—the Vichyites kidnap him, put him on a destroyer, spirit him away. Learning of this, a *short time after Gaspard has disappeared,* Nick telephones Cogswell, tells him of the great story. To his amazement, Cogswell is only mildly interested; he says that the young man has found "a capital *local* item!" . . .

At the Argentina, a popular night spot, Nick and Madame Vooren try their luck at roulette. After losing steadily (while Madame Vooren is winning), Nick leaves the table, and *encounters Dixon, an English businessman.* Dixon, almost in tears, informs him that his Chinese partner has been arrested by the Wang people (who correspond, in China, with the Vichy people in France) and taken to their headquarters, at 76 Jessfield Road.

Nick says that he will go to 76, and investigate the matter. Then he rejoins Madame Vooren. She is still playing roulette; and she *is still winning. But she is ready to cash her* chips and leave.

IV

WHEN Nick got back to the Metropole, the customs clock struck once, so he knew it was two in the morning and he had no business inquiring for Betty. Nevertheless, he asked the desk clerk and tried to appear bored when he learned that Miss Gaspard had not returned.

When he turned on the lights in his room, he saw the enormous basket of flowers on the table beside the closet door. For one despondent moment, he feared that Betty had even returned his sickroom offerings. *I am returning all your letters, your gifts; kindly do not try to communicate with me.* Then he laughed at himself. He had never selected a basket like that, or carnations that looked artificial, with painfully wired stems. He touched one with his finger; they were real all right. There was no card attached to the handle and although he poked in the dry mossy bed of the basket, he could find no clue as to the sender.

Maybe Al had sent them, he thought drearily, for a consolation prize. He turned on the rented fan, adjusted the ventilation blinds, drank a glass of the boiled water in the thermos bottle and could not stop brooding about Betty.

Presently he sat down before his typewriter and began to compose a note. The first words were easy: "Dearest Betty." It was imprinted in his mind; he had said all this to her a dozen times, when she wasn't with him and he was lying awake in bed.

"I can't understand," he started to type, "why there should be this rift between us and why you shrink from closing it up. I do." He Xed out the last sentence and substituted: "You know how I feel about you." He stopped, cocking his head; he thought he had heard a knock on his door. Then he knew he heard another timid rap, and he jumped up.

Betty stood in the hallway, looking very tall and grown-up, with her long hair swept up high and a cluster of white flowers set like a crown. Inside the room, she said rapidly:

"I heard your typewriter, and so I knew you were up. Listen, I have been so cross with myself for being so unreasonable and idiotic to you. If I had thought you weren't in or were asleep, I couldn't have gone to bed without writing to you to tell you."

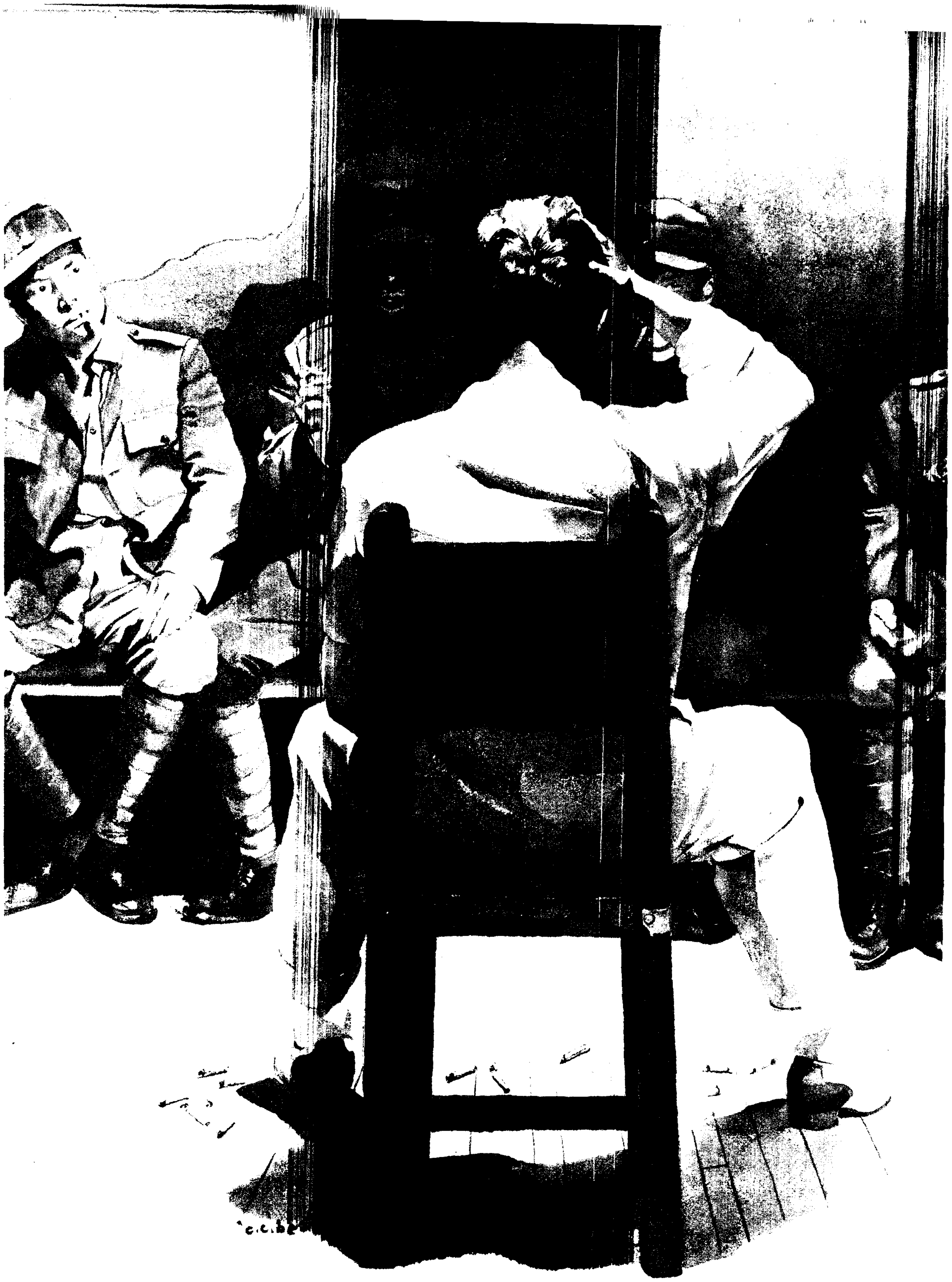
He said happily, "That's a coincidence."

"Oh, why?"

"No reason," he said hastily. "Well, of course, I mean it's a coincidence that you thought to write because there's nothing I'd like more than a note from you. Nothing but seeing you right now, this minute."

As he spoke, he backed toward his typewriter, hoping to tear out the sheet before she noticed it.

She was not looking at the typewriter.



It was their silence that gave me the creeps. Those traitors just sitting and looking, smoking one cigarette after another

Her eyes were on the basket of flowers and she said, in a miserable voice:

"Oh, Nick, you are leaving. You didn't tell me."

"Who, me?" He grinned at her. "Why should I leave?"

"Why—" she stood over the basket—"*this is what they always give you here* when you are leaving. Tin, I mean, the number one boy presents it. It's always the same: pink carnations, wired stems. I believe they use the same

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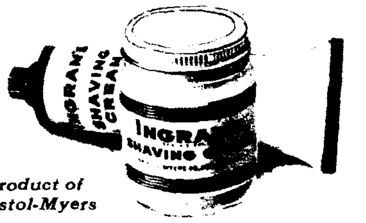


Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM'S
shaving cream

basket if a guest isn't mean enough to take it with him on the boat."

"In these days," Nick said archly, "maybe they award them to you for staying."

She rang the bell set in the wall and he said: "Do you want something?"

"Yes, I want to find out."

The night room boy never looked sleepy. His long white gown always looked as though it had just been pressed. His face was blank, listening to Betty say:

"Who sent master flowers?"

Now he smiled. "Number one boy."

"Tin?"

"Tin, Missie."

She waited until the room boy had closed the door behind him before she said in a shaking voice: "What have you done Nick? Why are the Japs after you?"

"Well, of course—" he began. She interrupted him, her hand harsh on his arm:

"It doesn't matter. You've got to pack up." She whirled around as though to begin tossing his clothes into a suitcase. Then she saw that he was standing still, looking at her with amazement.

"My darling, can't you see?" she said violently. "Tin won't say a word but he knows everything, he works with Chungking. He knows everything the Japs and the Wangs are up to." This time she shook his arm. "He's warning you, all the same." She gestured with her free hand toward the basket of flowers. "You've got to leave tomorrow on any kind of a boat that's going somewhere safe."

IN THE morning, Betty dreamed that she was back in her aunt's dining room in Baltimore. She was sixteen again. Her aunt, in a ruffled morning gown, smiled as she poured thick cream into Betty's coffee. "Your father and that nice boy are playing croquet on the lawn," she said. "I told them they ought to wait at least an hour for their breakfast to settle."

Through the looped muslin curtains at the windows, Betty could see her father and Nick in white duck trousers and shirt sleeves rolled above their elbows. "A mighty fine boy," her aunt said fondly. "Now don't you start telling me he hasn't got a crush on you."

Then the dream began to twist. Her aunt became another woman, the room was someplace else. Betty resisted waking, trying to recover the sweet beguiling fantasy. The electric fan whirled noisily. She opened her eyes to the clock that said nine-thirty, to the unyielding fact of her father imprisoned in Saïgon and to something else that she could not immediately name. Remembering it was like hearing your door creak open in the night. She reached frantically for the telephone.

Nick was not in his room, he was not in the dining room, he was not in the lobby. She told herself, brushing her teeth with the icy boiled water from the thermos, that he was trying to get passage out of Shanghai. While she bathed, while she ate breakfast, while she dressed, she tried to reassure herself: he would be walking in any minute, jaunty and spirited, in his pocket a ticket to a safe port.

At the knock on the door of the living room, her heart began to pound and she raced to open it. Her caller was the Free French News Agency correspondent who daily visited her with reports from the secret sending station in Saïgon. As she opened the door, she found the sealed envelope that had been slipped under it. She did not dare to open the letter until the De Gaullist had told her of her father.

"They believe Henri's trial will take place in a short time," he said. He fixed his eyes on her. "A court-martial."

She let out her breath in a little sad whistling sigh. "When?"

"That they could not determine. Soon was all they said. You comprehend, since our contacts were lost within the prison, down there, accurate information is lacking. Now they cannot even tell us if he is receiving the correct amount of insulin. There are no more reports on his health."

"But he had what he needed!" she said. "They said he had."

"That was while one of our own was still undiscovered," he said. "The prison deputy. Now Henri is surrounded." And he added bitterly: "With even his attorney a man of Vichy."

Betty said, "I must go to him. I will make them let me get to him."

"You could try," he said cautiously.

"No one here can keep me from going to him, can they?" she asked.

"Try," he repeated.

"I shan't let them," she said. "I'll stow away."

"It happens that a *Messagerie Maritime* vessel departs in two days," he said. "It is not known if another will be scheduled this month, or even next month."

"I am taking it," she said. He kissed her hand, and, at the door, she added: "With or without official permission to leave."

For a few minutes after he left, she walked through the room, grinding her nails into her palms. Then she remembered the unopened letter. It was from Nick and it read:

"Darling, I'll be off before you're awake, so I just want you to know that besides being in love with you, I *do* respect your advice. From now on, I'm going to be as cautious as a fox. From now on, though, means after one thing I've got to do this morning because I promised it to myself (before the flowers and before you spoke to me). In a way, I kind of promised it to someone else and it might even help matters for someone who's in a spot. I can't just quit Shanghai cold, for reasons I want to talk over with you at lunch. Wait for me. Don't go out; don't go to the shop. In fact, my prescription is: think of me with love. I am doing ditto."

Automatically she picked up the cup from the disordered breakfast tray and drank, without even noticing that the coffee was cold. "I am in love with an imbecile," she said in a dull voice.

Then she called the number one boy.

Tin came without delay, in his white uniform, his nose, bony and arched in his sealed face.

"Mr. Griggs in 603," she said, "do you know where he went this morning?"

He shook his head. "No, Missee, I was not here when Master left. Maybe hire-car can tell."

She said desperately, "Tin, you left him flowers last night. What did it mean?"

"Master not leaving?" he asked, too innocently.

"He wasn't leaving. You couldn't have thought he was leaving," she said. "Tin, if you know something, please, tell me."

"I will ask hire-car where Master went."

HE WILL never tell what the warning meant, she thought, after Tin had vanished. Then she began to snatch garments from the closets and toss them on the bed, preparing to pack—until Tin again knocked on the sitting-room door.

Tin had called the taxicab company. Tin had learned that Nick left the hotel at five minutes past nine. Tin said, with a sudden helpless gesture:

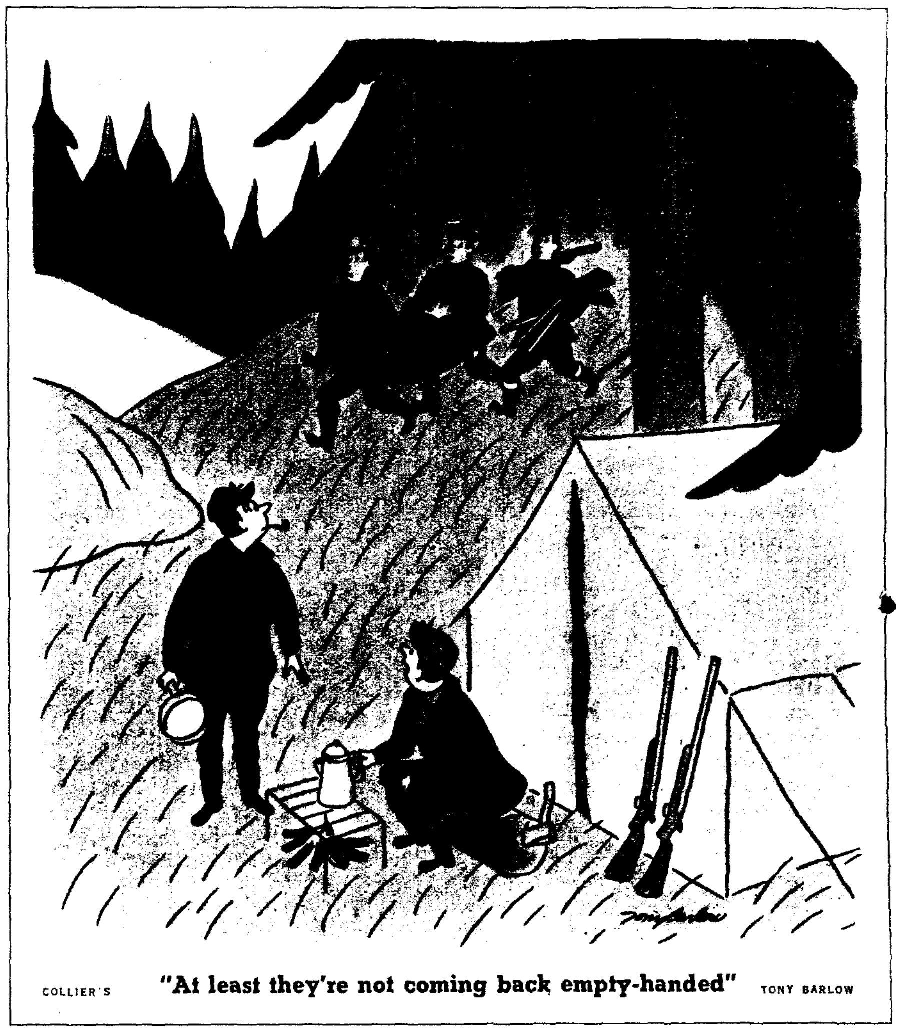
"He went to 76 Jessfield Road. The driver did not wait." He stood in the doorway, betraying himself at last, his face telling his dismay.

With sudden rage, Betty said, "*She* put him up to it. Now I know!"

She closed the door and stood with her back against it, thinking of Madame Vooren. *She* was Cogswell's accomplice. *She* had stirred Nick, last night, into visiting No. 76, the gangsters' headquarters in the badlands. *She* was the one.

I'll face her with it, Betty told herself. I won't telephone her. I won't give her a chance to refuse to speak to me.

Riding through those streets where so



COLLIER'S "At least they're not coming back empty-handed" TONY BARLOW

The Gasoline Tank that Snuffs Out Fire

...a story of 24 years' research

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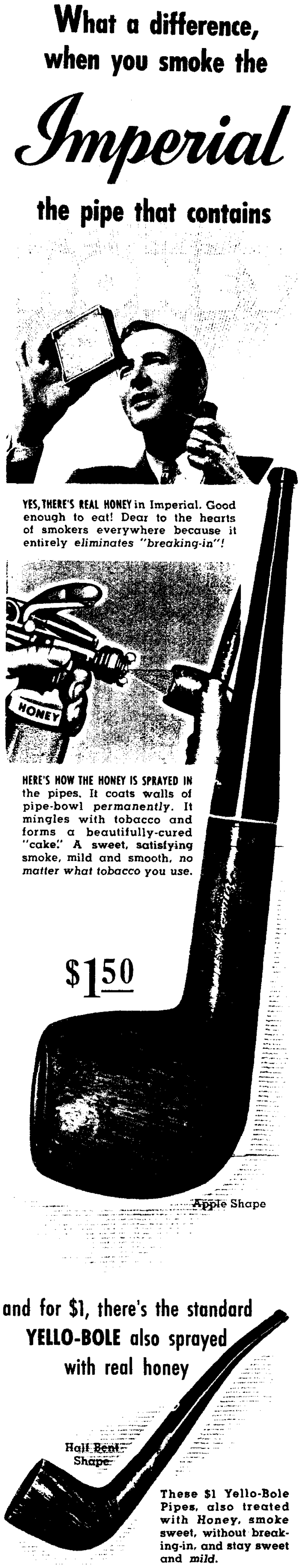

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many innocents had been remorselessly killed, she saw the garments hanging out to dry on rusting wire barricades, like a dare. It stifled her to recognize once more that violence had been epidemic in this city for so long that life had become cut-rate. The disappearance of one man meant little, she thought, after too many thousands of other lives had been snuffed out. But surely the murder of an American would attract more attention than the murder of a Chinese, she reminded herself. Yes, there were foreign diplomats and extraterritorial agreements to emphasize the value of a Western life.

Should I have gone first to the American consul general? she asked herself. And what could he do? The United States did not recognize the Wang Ching-wei government which was really a branch of the Japanese occupying forces. The United States was still on friendly terms with Japan, America's representatives could not demand the release from Wang headquarters of an American before a hostile act had been committed. After Nick had failed to reappear for an ominous length of time; *after the fact,* whatever it was, then the consul could protest—too late.

She thought: My impulse was right. I'll treat directly with the enemy; and she repeated the slur to herself, fiercely, as she entered Madame Vooren's apartment.

THE amah, in her black trousers and spotless white blouse, padded off quickly to announce the visitor. But she was not quick enough. Betty darted ahead of her into the living room where Madame Vooren rose quietly from the escritoire where she had been writing by the windows. Her serenity affronted Betty; it helped to fan her anger.

"Are you writing your report?" she said scornfully. "Are you telling Cogswell you accomplished it?"

Madame Vooren murmured in Chinese to the amah who withdrew. Without haste, she approached Betty. "I am afraid I do not know what you are saying. Something has happened to agitate you." She put out her hand halfway and dropped it.

"You know what has happened," Betty said and heard her voice choking. "Hasn't enough happened to honest people here?"

"If you are speaking of your father," Madame Vooren said gently, "too much."

"But you couldn't leave Nick alone. You had to send him—you had to get him out where they can do anything to him." Now she could control neither her voice nor her face. She locked her hands across her eyes and wept and when she felt Madame Vooren's hand on her shoulder, she shrugged it off.

"I did not come here to cry," she said. "I'm here to insist that you get Nick out of this."

"Out of what?" Madame Vooren asked soberly.

"You know what. You know where you wanted him to go. You know he's at Number 76."

"No!" said Madame Vooren. She sat down suddenly, for the first time, ungraceful. If her face had been pale before, now it looked bluish.

Betty fumbled in her pocketbook for Nick's letter and opened it flat with shaking fingers. "He wrote—'I kind of promised it to someone else.' Did you think I wouldn't know it was you?"

"Makita, perhaps," Madame Vooren half whispered, as though she were speaking to herself. "Could he be responsible? I cannot think so. Necessarily, no."

"Who is Makita?"

"No one. Yes, someone. A Japanese we encountered last evening at the Argentina. And yet Nick was away by himself for a period. I don't know whom he talked to then."

Betty said, "Tell me. Didn't you mention this place to Nick last night?"

"No. On the contrary, I tried to tell him, too obliquely, I am afraid." She sighed and bit her lip. "After all, Gregory—Mr. Cogswell—was not too explicit. He wrote to me that he feared Nick was pursuing unnecessarily dangerous stories with unnecessary zeal. He wanted me somehow to advise Nick to relax his efforts." She smiled drearily. "That is quite the reverse of sending him to . . . Number 76."

"It's droll," Betty said, her chin beginning to tremble again, "that I want to believe you. All the same, I cannot trust Cogswell's motives. I don't know what he has against Nick: Yes, I do know: Nick's been finding out too much. Only last night I learned he was in danger."

"I will not discuss Mr. Cogswell with you," Madame Vooren said coldly. Then her voice changed. "I blame myself for having been so obscure with him. After all, I could have read to him that part of Mr. Cogswell's letter. I blame myself for keeping so aloof from Mr. Cogswell's professional connections." She rose. "For we must find some one of them with the power to impress the Japanese."

"The American consul can impress the Japanese," Betty said. "Why, but what could he do until . . . it's too late."

"Makita," Madame Vooren said, "he might, but I stupidly never thought to inquire where he is located. There are other names I have heard Mr. Cogswell mention when I did not listen, because I did not want to listen."

"I thought," Betty said, "that if someone like you would ask it they would let Nick go."

Madame Vooren said, "Mademoiselle Gaspard, you came here for my help because you distrusted me."

"Yes."

"I cannot force your confidence in me. But even without it, I'm obliged to do what I can." Then she said sharply, as though just remembering: "Yes, I know. I will go to him."

Betty followed her to her bedroom where she picked up a hat and gloves and handbag. "Let me go with you," she said.

"No, this man is a German with whom I should be more successful alone."

ON THE street, walking toward the waiting cab, she said to Betty: "I am going to the Park Hotel. Where shall you be in an hour?"

"At the Metropole, waiting to hear from you. Will it take so long?"

Madame Vooren said, "I cannot tell, but from the Park, I shall come to your hotel. Simply, it may be more discreet to tell you directly what has happened, instead of by telephone."

"Thank you," said Betty. Then she stiffened. "And while I'm waiting, suppose I wish to talk about where Nick is—to others—on the telephone. You don't wish that?"

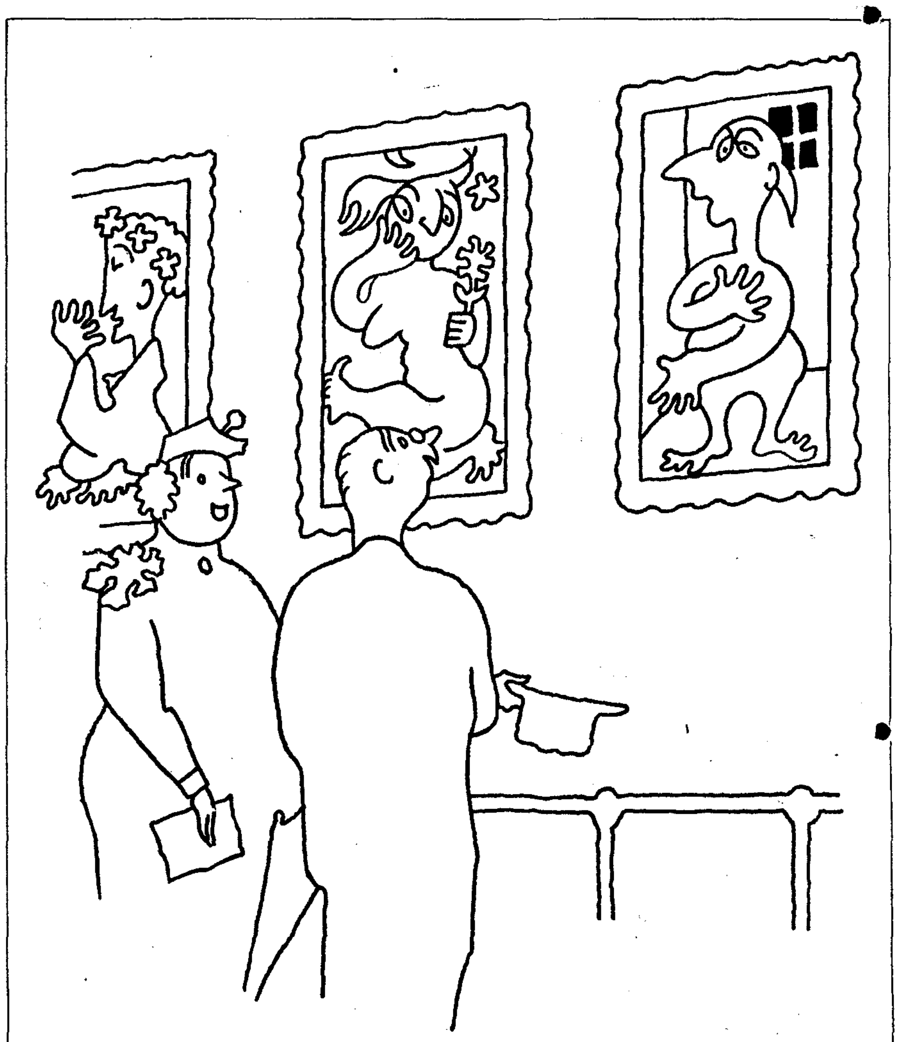
"Good!" said Madame Vooren. "That is different. That even suggests an idea to me."

"Somehow I do believe in you," Betty said in a woebegone voice. "I—forgive me if I was rude. I feel as though I were going off my head today."

This time Madame Vooren put out her hand to press Betty's.

The drive to the Park Hotel on Bubbling Well Road, across from the race course, was brief. Throughout it, Madame Vooren prayed that Sperling would be at his apartment.

She tried to think of nothing else, particularly Betty Gaspard's strange allusions to Gregory, her arbitrary, pronounced, but unstated suspicions. Madame Vooren herself condemned Gregory for failings: of intemperate self-indulgence and gross selfishness. But



"And the perfectly marvelous thing is that when something happened to his right hand, he taught himself to paint with his left!"

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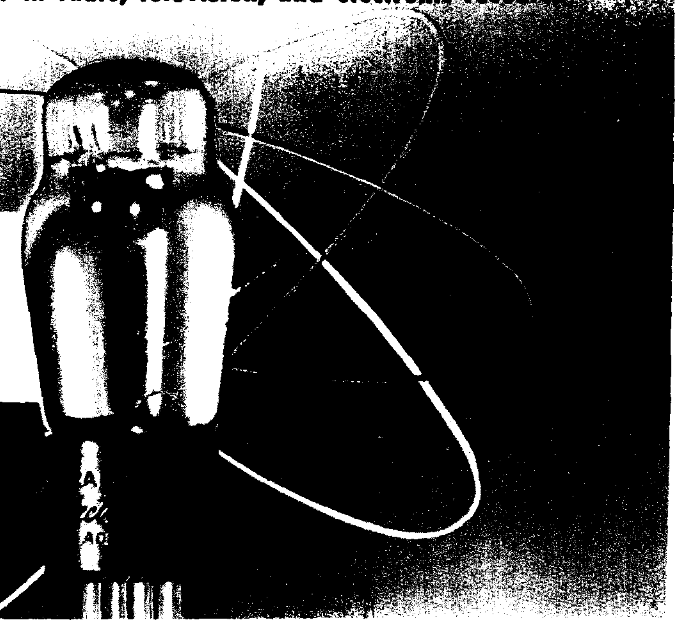

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these were personal corruptions and painful only to a woman who loved him. No, the girl was wrought up, she had even transferred her hysterical distrust to Madame Vooren.

It is not reasonable to judge her, a child, in such formidable circumstances. When she has recovered herself, I shall try to understand her, Madame Vooren thought, and then she remembered that neither Betty nor she had needed to explain their alarm about Nick. If we understood each other about nothing else, she thought, we were in deadly agreement about him: if that young man is at Number 76, he is in peril.

She betrayed none of the panic she felt as she entered the living room of Sperling's suite. Sperling was alone. He kissed her hand. He seized the other. "Permit?" he said, without really asking, and kissed it. "It gives me such pleasure to welcome you, naturally."

Madame Vooren said, "I am visiting you on an errand I dread."

"Ah, no," he answered. "You must not say that about any occasion when we can meet."

"Simply, without Gregory here, I did not know where else to go."

He started to speak, his monocle gleaming until it almost looked oily.

She halted him. "Gregory's assistant here, a young American named Nicholas Griggs . . . but I believe you met him, did you not?"

"I believe—yes."

"He is at this moment at 76 Jessfield Road."

"So?"

She smoothed the gloves on her lap. "I am afraid that I have remained too much apart from the complexities of Gregory's work."

"Now, you had right to come to me to talk about this," he said, in a pleased voice. "And you had wrong, Manis, to disinterest yourself so long."

"Yes, we'll talk about that—some other time," she said cautiously. "But now I want to ask you what can be done, since I feel queerly that I have failed Gregory . . . with Mr. Griggs at Number 76."

"Why does it mean anything that he is at Number 76?" he said. "It is Wang Ching-wei headquarters. He is Gregory's assistant. They—"

She interrupted him, saying faintly: "Don't go on, not now, please. I . . . simply, Gregory wrote to me, asking that I somehow discourage him from visits like that."

"So?" he said abruptly. "Gregory did not send him there?"

"I am certain that he did not."

"Now. That is too bad," he said.

"Do you think that he may be harmed there?"

"Perhaps. I do not know."

"But if he is, don't you see I have failed Gregory?"

SPERLING smiled, screening his bad teeth with the tips of his fingers. Then he took Madame Vooren's hand. "Also, your hand is so cold, Manis," he said. And he added: "Gregory would forgive anyone with a hand like yours. Don't trouble yourself about a wooden-headed American boy."

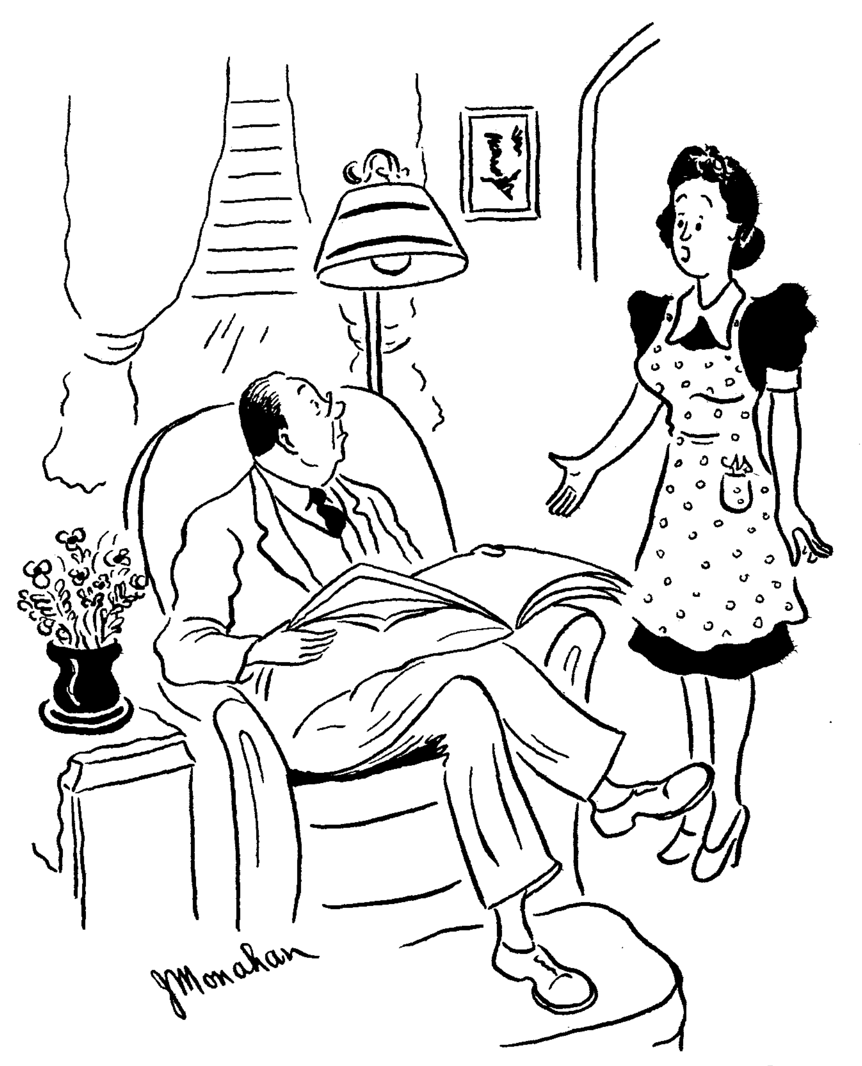
She wet her dry lips. "I want to make sure he will come out unharmed."

"Naturally you do."

"If I want it, won't you help me?" she said, at last.

"Now, tell me what could *I* do?" he said. "Maybe the American consul could make a fuss, although, God in heaven, I don't see why. He is simply in the badlands. For all anyone knows, he is making a journalistic visit to the Wang Ching-wei headquarters. One does not call out the guard about that."

"No, sometimes no matter what happens one doesn't call out the guard even



"I should think Mr. Roosevelt would try to set an example for the rest of the country, by becoming an air-raid warden, or something"

COLLIER'S J. MONAHAN

though it might prevent one young man's"—she hesitated—"misfortune."

"You talk so gloomily," he said. "You are worried about Gregory, not so? Do not. He will not reproach you."

Then she retrieved the idea that had struck her when Betty had stood talking before the waiting taxicab. *And suppose, while I'm waiting, I wish to talk about where Nick is—to others . . .*

She said, "No, Gregory would never censure me. But he would regret as much as I the scandal this could cause, since Mr. Griggs' visit to Number 76 is known in American quarters."

"So? You are certain?"

She nodded. "An American journalist telephoned me."

"How long ago?"

"Not long. I came directly here."

"Ah. The complexion changes," Sperling said.

"Yes," she answered, lowering her lids, fearful that he might read her anxiety in her eyes.

Studying her, Sperling let a long ash drop from his cigarette. Then he said abruptly: "I shall take care of it. Please, now, go and—" he waved his hand—"I shall take care of it."

At the door, she asked: "When will you let me know?"

"As soon as possible," he said buoyantly. "And after, I shall visit you to tell in detail."

Alone, he hesitated for no more than a split minute. He regarded himself as a man of quick but not shallow decisions. In that brief time, when he had been studying Madame Vooren's face with her shy downcast eyes making her more desirable than ever, he had resolved upon his course. As far as his own country was concerned, Germany would welcome any rupture of the brittle ties between Japan and the United States. Yet it was laughable to pretend that the life or death of an inconspicuous radio reporter could govern the relations of two great powers. When Japan was ready to strike, she would strike. Until then, minor scandals were merely discomfiting, like the sinking of the Panay in '37 and the more recent bombing of American property in Chungking.

He would do the Third Reich no disservice by intervening; but he could do himself, the representative of the Third Reich, a genuine service. Manis Vooren, hitherto so wary and circumspect with him, would now be under obligation.

He put through a telephone call to Yagi. He said: "I telephone you to pass on the intelligence that the American meddlers are busy again. Griggs evidently informed his colleagues about his destination this morning. Possibly they may relish another opportunity to celebrate another incident."

"Ah, sa?"

"Naturally, from my point of view," Sperling said blandly, "such a disturbance might be quite welcome."

"Again we are reminded of the territorial and diplomatic immunities behind which the British and Americans guard themselves," Yagi said. "Thank you for telephoning."

Sperling thought: I hope he is sweating although I do not think these pigs ever sweat. Aloud he said, "I am happy to be of service."

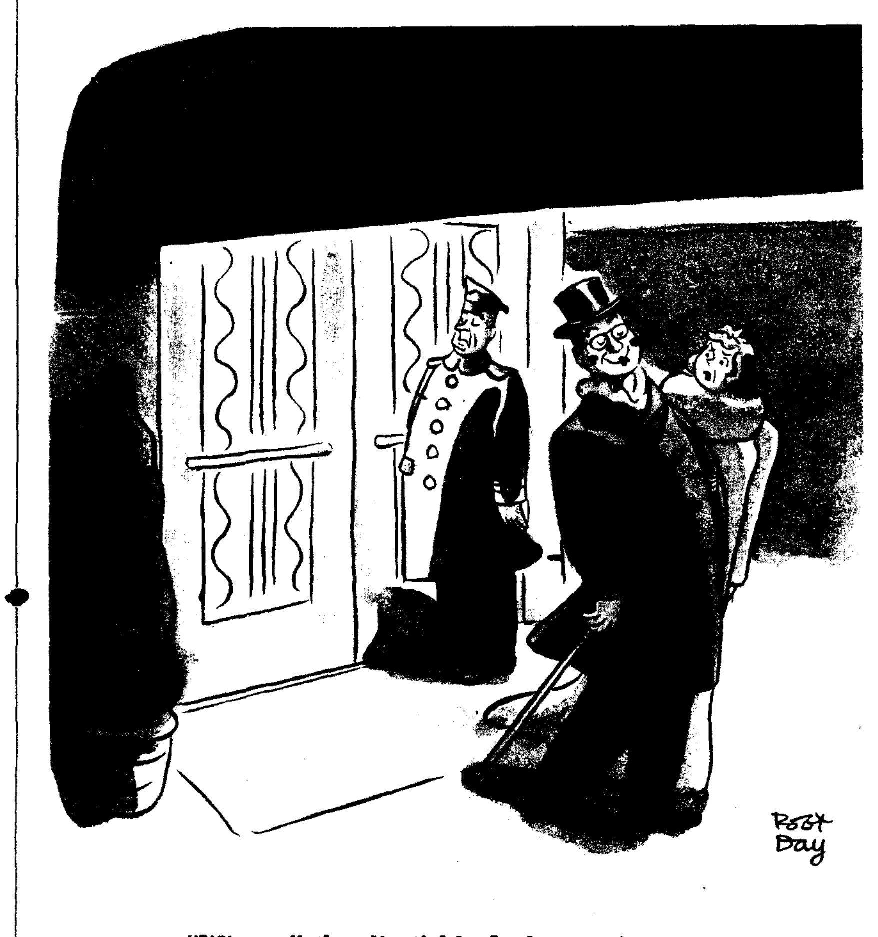
Yagi said dryly, "This need not grow into a sensation."

YAGI permitted himself to employ any Western devices that contributed to efficiency. As he replaced the telephone, he pressed one of the push buttons set in a narrow, portable board on the matted floor.

"Find Mr. Makita," he told the secretary who answered. "Fetch him at once."

While he waited, he prepared a code radio message to Cogswell in Manila: "Nicholas Griggs must be removed from Shanghai. His presence, no less than his danger, has become an embarrassment for us. Do not dismiss him in this area."

Makita was found promptly. He was immediately conscious of Yagi's chilly manner. Preferring to sit on a chair, he lowered himself, smiling, onto the floor, hastily reviewing any missteps he might have made. Could Yagi have been told of his black bourse transac-



"Wipe off that lipstick! And next time you buy war bonds you'll get them at the bank!"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

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The man who has a Schick Electric Shaver has the quickest, easiest, most comfortable way we know of to keep his face smooth-shaven, clean and boy-fresh.

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You'll agree we're right the moment Schick's 2-M Head goes to work on your whiskers! It arches the skin surface to make the beard stand up. Then, the Flying Shuttle Shearer whisks off the bristles, right down to the base, with the speed of 14,000 cutting actions per minute. All with never a cut, nick, scrape or burn!

Above, you see the Schick Colonel. It's handsomely styled in rich, ivory plastic, and powered by the speedy "Whiskwik" motor. Get yours today—for only $15*. And if it doesn't give you the slickest shaves ever, after 2 weeks' trial, your dealer will take it back and refund your money!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

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CLEVELAND
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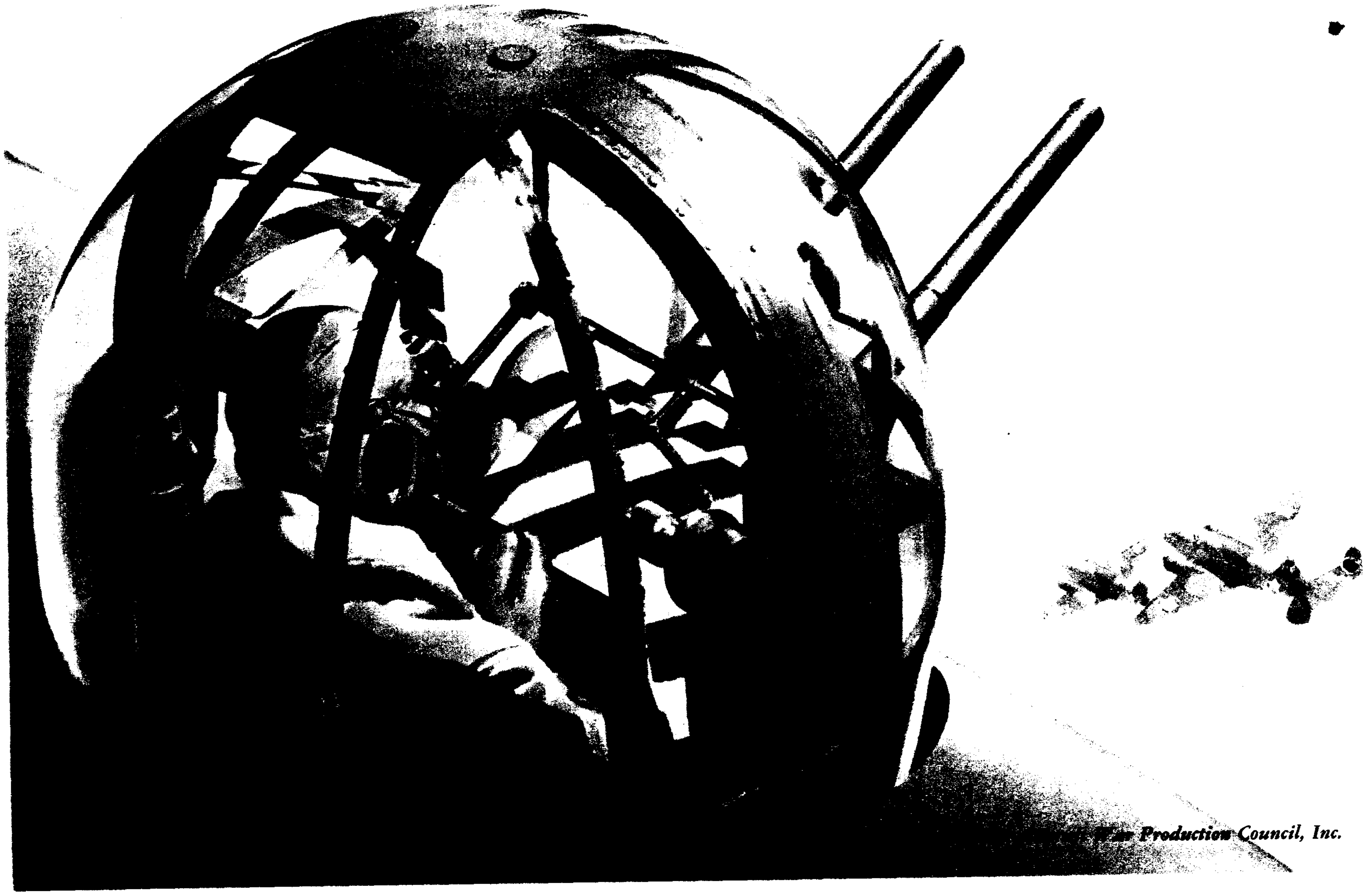
FOR LEADERSHIP



War Production Council, Inc.

tions? Certainly there had been no opportunity for him to learn of the deal he was negotiating to resell automobiles stolen from Shanghai's streets to the Japanese naval landing party.

"You have been diverting the American Mr. Griggs, *ne?*" Yagi said.

"He was out gambling last night, and drinking," said Makita, relieved. "He's probably sleeping off a hang-over right now. I planned to call him in a little while, after he's over his headache, and suggest a quiet dinner tonight."

"*Ah, sa,* and was it not you who more than once laughed at the incompetence of our secret police in Nippon?" Yagi's voice froze Makita. "Two days ago I told you it might become necessary to consider further plans for dealing with Mr. Griggs. Further plans are now necessary."

"As a matter of fact—" Makita began.

Yagi interrupted him: "Your part in those plans is to go now to the headquarters of the Wang Ching-wei government and escort Mr. Griggs back to his hotel."

"Number 76?" Makita said. "Why did they take him there?"

"They did not take him," Yagi said. "While you believed him to be lying drunken in his bed he arrived at the Wang Ching-wei offices this morning. He asked at once to see a traitor whom we arrested—whom the Wang police arrested—last night."

"He must have been drunk," said Makita. "At one o'clock this morning he and a drunken Englishman named Dixon were drinking in a gambling-house bar."

"It was for Mr. Dixon's late Chinese partner—a Chungking agent—that Mr. Griggs asked," said Yagi.

"I'll fix that," said Makita. "Dixon must have suggested it. It will be just as easy for me to persuade Griggs to drop it."

Yagi said, "Mr. Griggs is not the easiest kind to handle. He does not even know when he faces danger. He is a child, a problem child, but we dare not at this moment permit his precocious interests to embarrass our relations with the United States."

MAKITA had not regained enough of his customary self-assurance to risk any suggestions. If Yagi had a program, he would state it. But Yagi abruptly ended the interview, handing Makita a sealed letter to a Japanese officer at an address around the corner from Number 76 Jessfield Road.

"Mr. Griggs will be released to your care," he said. "I am sure you will be able to convey Nippon's apologies for the rudeness of the Chinese who detained him."

As he dismissed him, Yagi added: "Come back tomorrow with whatever news you have of Mr. Griggs. It will be interesting to know how he responds to instructions he may receive."

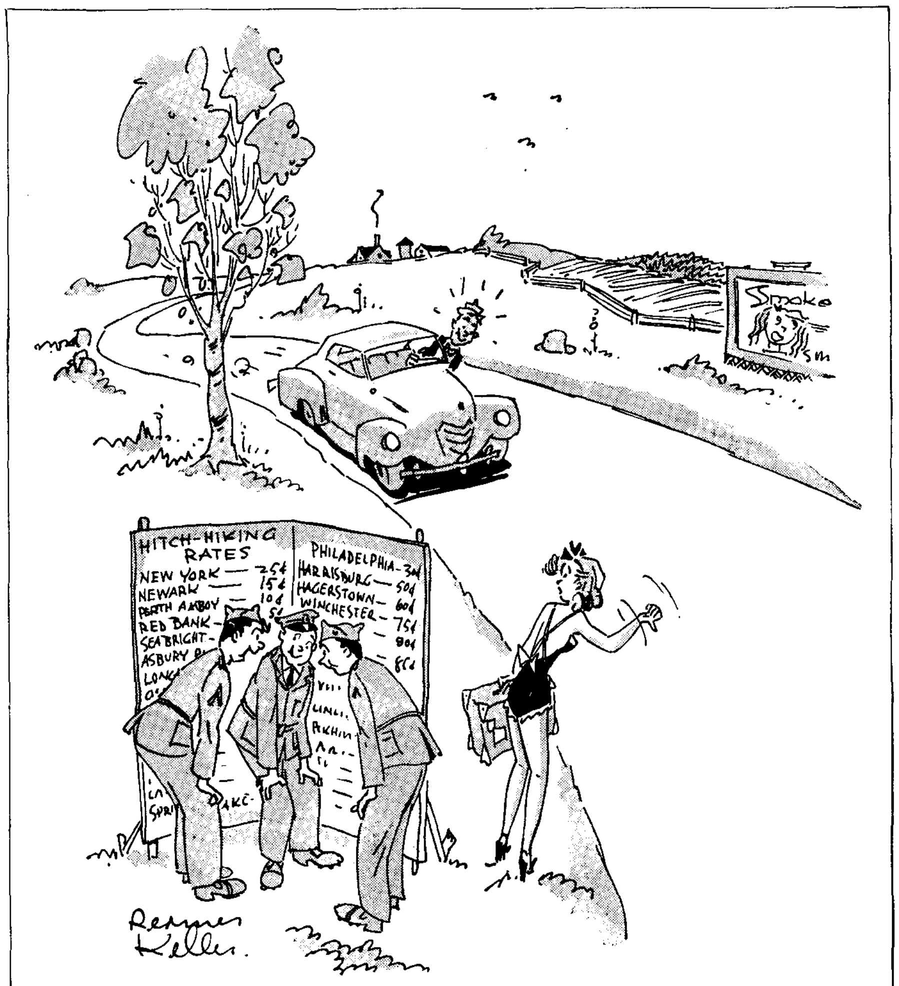
Makita had heard of Number 76 long before he left Tokyo, but he had never visited the place. As the driver of his car dodged in and out between the rickshas, busses and trucks clogging Hongkew's streets, Makita wondered if the Wang headquarters was actually a secret graveyard. That Kwantung army captain who told us one night in Tokyo that the Wang fellows balked at cremation but not at torture, what of his story?

If he was telling the truth, Makita thought, the Wang fellows had finally let an incinerator be installed in the basement. There was no more room in the courtyard for additional graves. Well, now I'll see, he told himself. If the captain was telling the truth, the only access to the basement was through the secretly connected building: the Japanese *gendarmerie* to which Yagi had addressed his letter.

Although the shortest route from the Broadway Mansions to Jessfield Road lay through the International Settlement, Makita instructed the chauffeur to drive out around the North Station before turning south toward the badlands. With a Japanese flag flying above the radiator of his staff car, Makita felt easier outside of areas populated by too many thousands of hostile Chinese refugees, and policed by Europeans.

WHEN he passed Number 76, he realized he would not have marked it except for the two Wang policemen, in their yellowish khaki uniforms, outside the sentry box.

Around the corner, the chauffeur stopped. Makita hopped out of the car, showed a Japanese sentry his credentials, and was passed into the anteroom of the *gendarmerie* bureau.



COLLIER'S "Nice little business she has here" REAMER KELLER

It was immediately apparent that he had been expected. Makita thought: Yagi telephoned. A Japanese soldier whose uniform bore no insignia of his rank, took the letter and disappeared.

Presently he returned with Nick, who looked a little dazed. He gave a weak imitation of a smile as Makita said:

"Hiya, pal."

Nick said, "What are *you* doing here?"

"Who, me?" said Makita. "Oh, I'm just a guide for the Japan Tourist Bureau. They sent me here to show you the way to the Metropole Hotel."

"Quick service," said Nick. Then he looked at Makita with suspicion. "How do we get there?"

"I've got a car outside," said Makita.

Silently, Nick followed Makita to the car. The imperial flag had been removed from the radiator cap, at Makita's suggestion. If he now had to drive into the International Settlement, he preferred to attract a minimum of attention.

Makita was the first to speak, once the automobile had started: "Where did you think you were, in an annex of the Argentina?" His voice was too jocular.

"Sure," Nick said. He stared at Makita. "I still don't know why you're here."

Makita held a finger to his lips, and nodded his head slightly toward the driver's back. It would be just as well, he thought, to let Nick feel that they must be alone before he could speak freely; to give Nick the impression that Makita was his friend, almost a confederate. In a low voice he said: "How about dinner tonight? You know we sort of halfway made a date last night."

"I'll be busy," said Nick. "At least I hope so."

"Keeping right after Madame Vooren?" Makita laughed. "What a man!"

"Well, well, as inquisitive as ever," Nick said.

"You said it." Makita lowered his voice: "What happened back there?"

"They're your friends," Nick said coldly. "Ask them."

Makita leaned toward him to whisper, "Those Wang cops are nuts. You know how people are when they get authority for the first time, they go wacky. Soon as I heard you'd gone out there, I figured they'd be stupid."

"Who told you?"

AGAIN Makita glanced warningly at the chauffeur's back.

Nick said, "At any rate, they weren't all Wang men."

"Yeah, but our Japanese officials can't interfere too much with everything the Wang people do," Makita said. "After all, China's their country."

"Sure," Nick said mockingly. He had a feeling he ought to keep his mouth shut—let Makita do the talking. But Makita remained silent, too, until the car halted before the Metropole.

Then he said, "How about lunch tomorrow?"

Nick hesitated.

"We might have a lot to talk over," Makita added. "Alone."

"Why not?" Nick said. "But give me a ring about 11:30, just in case?"

"Okie-doke," said Makita.

Nick did not notice Tin watching him as he hurried through the lobby to the elevators.

Betty might have been waiting behind her living-room door, she responded so quickly to his knock. For a moment, they clung to each other. Then she pushed him away to look at him and say: "Oh, Nick! oh, Nick! oh, Nick!"

"I approve of this opening," he said, putting his arms around her again. "Let's always ring up the curtain this way."

"Let's *never,*" she said. "Even after Madame Vooren told me it would be all right, I couldn't believe it. At least, not until I saw you with my own eyes."

He said, "Do you mind starting all over again? I've been trying to think in Japanese all morning, so maybe I forgot some of my English."

He winced a little as she told him of Tin's inquiry, of her visit to Madame Vooren's and of Madame Vooren's subsequent call on her, and at the end he said humbly: "Why don't you pitch into me for making you worry that way?"

"I will do so—after we've eaten," she said. "Listen. You invited me to lunch. Or have you forgotten that?"

"No, and a drink couldn't ever be more useful."

In the English-style grill, in the hotel's basement, he found himself shivering. "It's the air-cooling," he said hastily.

BETTY said, "Nick. Did they, I mean, they didn't do anything to you?"

"Of course not," he said loftily. Then he added: "Well, to tell the truth, they didn't have to, I guess, to make me feel creepy." He blew out his breath sharply and gave his head a shake. "I didn't get goose flesh until toward the end of the first hour. Then, I don't know, I think it was their silence that did it. A bunch of Chinese traitors just sitting and looking at you—a bunch of Wangs, you know—smoking one cigarette after another, watching me through the smoke."

"There were only Chinese?" she asked.

"No, every few minutes some Japs would saunter in, chain smokers, too, and just as mum. To tell the truth, I kind of missed them later when they just put me in a room all by myself—and I can tell you I wasn't very cheerful company."

"How could you be?"

"I'd still like to know how and why Makita got there," he said. "Only maybe I should let it ride, as long as he got me out."

"Listen, Nick," Betty said. "I must tell you something else that has happened. Father is to be court-martialed."

"No!" He pressed her hand.

"And soon," she said. "So I am leaving for Saïgon the day after tomorrow, on the *Maréchal Joffre.* It will stop at Manila. Nick, you must take it to Manila!"

"I can't, darling," he said. "In the first place, I'm not going to be an ass around here any more. I'm not going to take any more chances, see? If we're going to get married, I've got to hang onto my job."

"And who said we were going to get married?" she said, her face suddenly rosy.

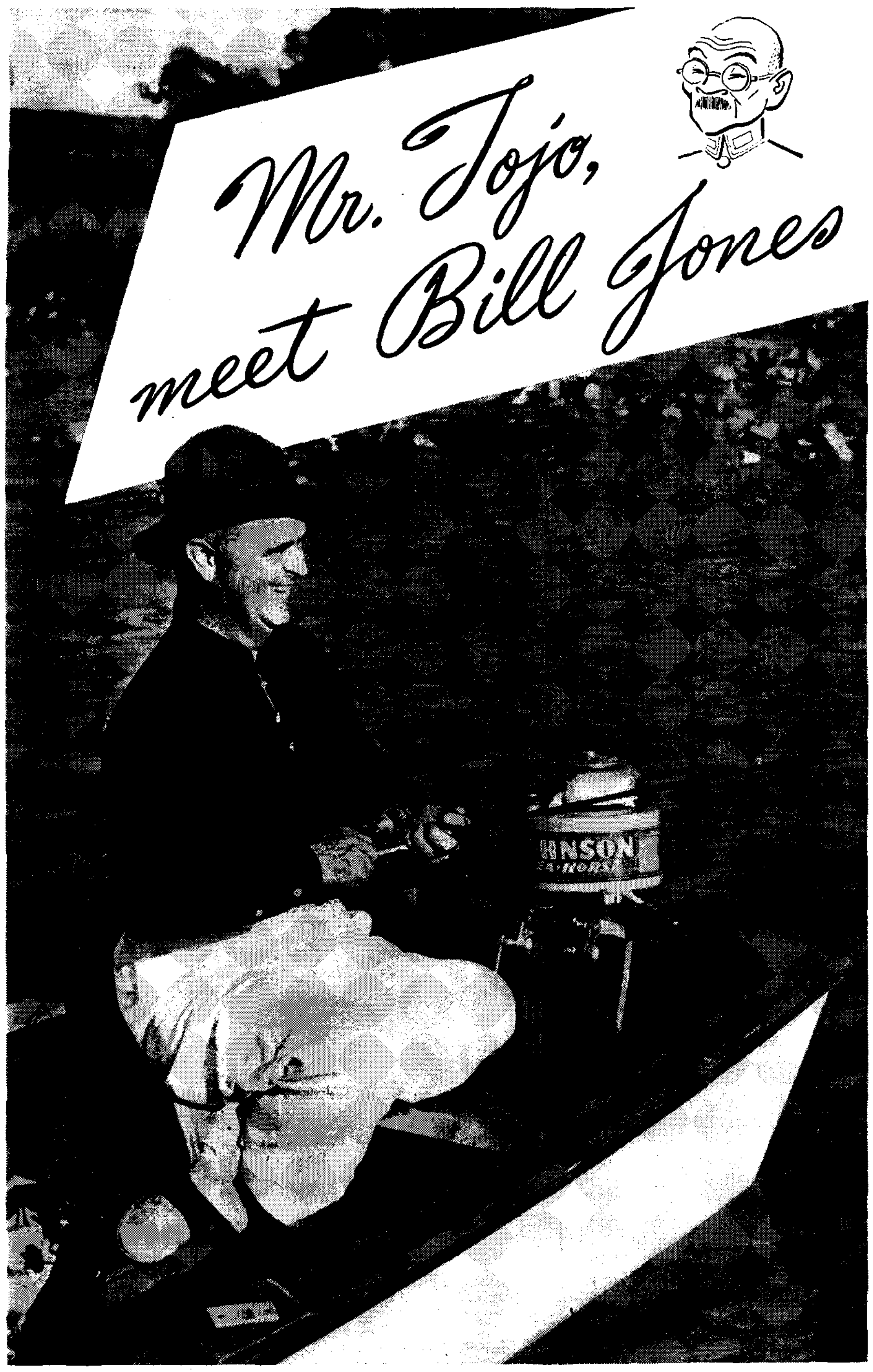
"Well, I may have skipped mentioning it," he said. "Maybe I had it so much on my mind, I just took it for granted you did, too." He cleared his throat. "So won't we? I mean, will you?"

She began to laugh. "Okay, my little werewolf," she said. "Look, I even try to talk like you." She laughed some more.

"Before we leave?" Nick said.

"I've got to go to Father first," she said. "And right now I beg you not to think of anything but getting out of Shanghai."

(*To be continued next week*)



Mr. Tojo, meet Bill Jones
JOHNSON SEA-HORSE

BILL JONES is the darndest guy. He's nuts about fishin'. Not that there's anything wrong with fishin'—but to hear Bill talk when things are going right, you'd think blue water and a wet line were all that mattered.

Fact is that fishin' merely expresses a way of life for Bill—the American way. It represents freedom to do the things he likes to do—to work for himself and his family as he chooses—and to enjoy the fruits of his labor in any way that suits his fancy.

But Bill's not fishin' so much today. You see, Mr. Tojo, there are some guys across the water whose ideas about a "new order" threaten to change Bill's way of life. Bill doesn't go for that. So Bill (one hundred and thirty million of him) is pitching in as he never has before—in mills and factories and farms and shops and especially in the armed forces. To knock hell out of you, Mr. Tojo, and get back to fishin'.

Here at Johnson (where we'd rather build outboard motors than eat) we have given up all civilian production. Our Bill Joneses are now devoting their entire time, 24 hours a day, to certain precision items which the Army and Navy need *fast.* But we'll be back at Sea-Horse outboard motors—beautiful models for all the world to copy—as soon as the war is won.

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★ DO YOUR DUTY—BUY WAR BONDS ★

War in the Heart of Kansas

Continued from page 16

Kansas. First of all it's a huge fleet of gliders—troop-carrying motorless transports, each with a capacity of fifteen men or six men and a jeep. Beech and Boeing are turning these out under government contract and, in their turn, are subcontracting as much of the work as possible.

Incidentally, the glider production program was superimposed suddenly on schedules which called for trainer deliveries at rates that were considered to be the absolute maximum possible for these companies. The additional load was assumed and carried without causing any serious decrease in trainer deliveries.

Most of these training planes, like the gliders, are constructed of welded steel tubing, plywood and fabric, and so offer much the same opportunities for piecework subcontracting as do the gliders. Indeed, it was the experience that the Wichita companies had had in construction of this sort that prompted the government to assign them their important share in the glider program.

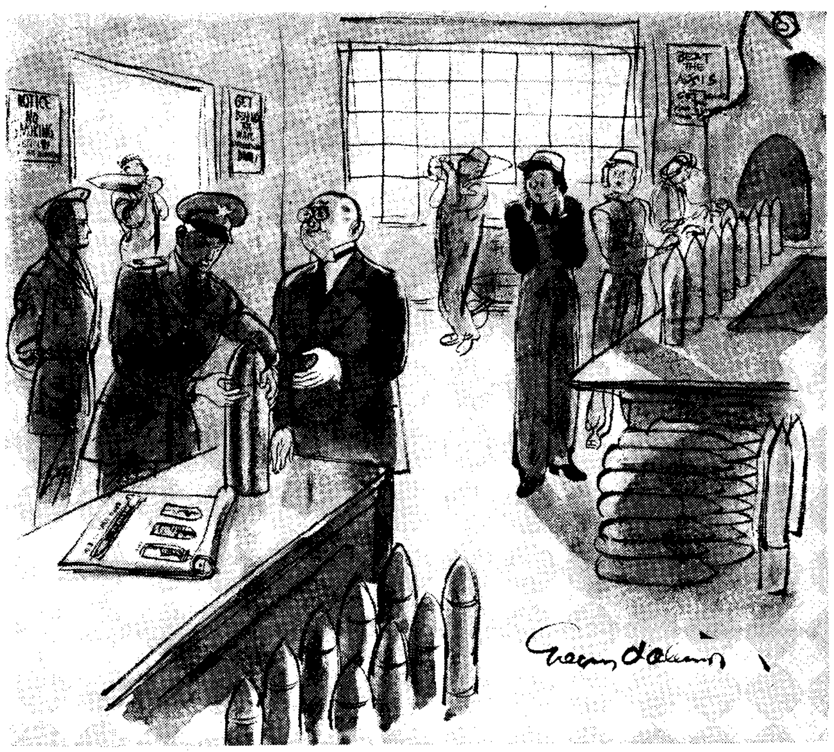
A Machinists' Stop-Off

It was the companies' good fortune that in and around the city they had an unusual reservoir of skilled machinists to draw on. For this piece of good luck there was of course a reason. For decades Wichita has been the halfway point for migratory machinists on their treks from one coast to the other. Many of them liked the place and stayed. Today, war work has come looking for them where they live.

This may give you the idea that airplanes and gliders are being manufactured pretty much everywhere you turn in Wichita. And that is just about true—only you have to be told where to look: the subcontracting business is neatly tucked away out of sight. Its extent is very considerable. For instance, one of the three major companies in Wichita, Beech Aircraft, has huge commitments in contracts with a great number of subcontractors—most of them in or around the city. For one type of airplane which it manufactures for the Army a substantial percentage of the work is subcontracted. Before the present acute emergency arose, this company foresaw that it was going to have to produce more planes than anyone had built before and that it was going to have to do it faster than would be possible if it had to build complete new factories and install machines for the job. And so it made a survey of the machine tools and the floor space available in that section of the country. The figures were impressive: the company found and indexed thousands of tools, turret lathes, planers and such, and millions of square feet of floor space. After that it breathed easier. It knew the ability of the men who owned these tools and had kept them in A-1 condition for decades, sometimes for generations.

To see what that means, take Enterprise, Kansas, for instance, a town of some 700 population. There's a flour mill there and a machine shop that makes parts for the mill. It makes them so well that its milling equipment has been in demand in other parts of the country. For three generations this shop has been turning out machine parts with the same tools. There is no way to improvise three generations of experience and craftsmanship, and if anyone believes that craftsmanship has lost its place in the machine age, there is plenty of evidence in Kansas that this is not so. The owner of the shop in Enterprise—and that town is typical of dozens—stands next to the top in the social scale, outranked only by the banker. When an airplane company contracts with him for parts, it need never worry about delivery date. He will borrow his money on a thirty-day basis, for that's the custom, and delivery will be completed and payment made on the dot.

Twenty-one miles is about as far away from a paved road as you can get in the State of Kansas, but that's the situation of one shop now busily contributing to the war effort. Formerly it made huge pistons for outsize Diesel engines. It too had what the country needs—ingenuity, initiative and experience. They're of enough value to be



"Oh, oh! Now they're examining that empty shell I keep my lunch in!"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

spotted even when they occur far away from a highway.

Mr. Lungstrom lives some distance from Wichita and we didn't meet him. We're sorry we didn't. What we heard about him made us feel we'd missed something. Not just the fact that he sang in the "Messiah" choir or that he rode a high-wheeled bicycle in parades or had arranged a carillon to play Christmas carols when his telephone rang. Not even the fact that he had built a complete miniature automobile. What aroused our curiosity was his hearty dislike of repetition. Mr. Lungstrom specializes in hard steel. By all accounts his steel turns out a little harder than anybody else's. Mr. Lungstrom is a Swedish craftsman with the Swedish steelman's contempt for the methods of any other nation. He doesn't care to discuss how he produces the temper of the tools and gauges he turns out. Eye of newt and toe of frog may or may not have something to do with the process. You may think so if you like, for all Mr. Lungstrom cares. What he does care about is variety. He will make you one precision gauge—or two, if you can prove the national safety depends upon it. But that's as far as he will go. The more complicated and difficult the order, the better. But no duplication, if you please. Mr. Lungstrom has no intention of being turned into a production line.

Getting Fine Precision Work

We have singled out Mr. Lungstrom because he is a very clear example of a characteristic you meet everywhere in master machinists, and in some who are just plain machinists—independence. They don't like to be told when or how to work. But they love the work itself and the tools of their trade. You'll find them spending their spare time fixing something they don't quite like. It may be the lathe that doesn't exactly suit them; it doesn't run precisely true. So down it comes to the last screw. What if it does take the whole week end and they get nothing for it? A man can't work unless his tools are right, can he?

This, of course, is the explanation of the precision work we saw being done in the chicken hatchery. It explains how such work is possible on lathes that nobody else would use for any purpose. It also explains the case of the Sunday-school teacher.

He had had no experience whatever with machines, but he wanted to do something to help his country and so he got hold of some vagabond machinists, some of those extra-independent characters who won't work in a factory because there you're always doing the same thing at the same time—even smoking at fixed periods, twice on each shift. With their aid he picked up some secondhand tools and set up a machine shop. Some people might have said the tools weren't worth salvaging, but his itinerant geniuses thought otherwise. There were no restrictions on smoking, so they reassembled the odd lot of junk at their ease. The Sunday-school teacher is now a subcontractor and doing very nicely, thank you.

We have been talking about machines and precision workmanship. That's only part of the problem, though perhaps the most critical part. There's plenty of work that isn't precision work at all. Jack pads, for instance. That's a rough casting job that almost anyone can do. And there's a lot of ground-handling equipment, all of it nonprecision.

In fact there's a place for almost everyone. There's an important place for the company that used to specialize in chandeliers and cast bronze eagles. They're making fuel tanks now. And the furniture manufacturers in Grand Rapids are working like mad turning out wings for planes and gliders. Beech and Boeing sent large crews of experts there to convert the factories and assist with the initial production problems.

But we mustn't get too far away from Wichita. Let's consider Mr. Krehbiel. When Wichita's Municipal Airport was being built, the design called for a large bas-relief of the Spirit of St. Louis in cast concrete as part of the ornamentation. Mr. Krehbiel did the job—and very handsomely, too, as you can see if you care to look. Pouring concrete was Mr. Krehbiel's profession and had been for many years. The way he got into the airplane business was this:

His reputation as an ingenious craftsman was well known to Walter Beech, so when he asked for a participation in the war effort he was given a trial order for tail surfaces, the jigs and tools to be supplied by Beech. The quantity and quality of his output being definitely superior on this lot, he received more and more work. He had been doing a fine job for Beech for more than a year when the glider program hit Wichita. Krehbiel's past miracles of production entitled him to a big slice of the subcontracted business and he got it. He converted his main concrete block plant to glider production in five days but actually started delivering major assemblies from temporary tooling in only three days. He took to the business like a bird to the air, and a number of important new wrinkles in glider production—about which we'd like to tell you but can't—originated in that concrete shop.

Mr. Krehbiel's foreman is an expert in brick. When someone suggested that it might have been wise to choose a man who knew more about aircraft, Mr. Krehbiel replied mildly that to the best of his knowledge his foreman was the best damn' bricklayer alive and there was no reason why he couldn't do other things equally well.

The record bears out his judgment. Assemblies have been turned out on schedule and, as even the Army admits, it was a tough schedule. One day a fire in the paint shop destroyed thirteen stabilizers—beautiful hand-finished jobs, like all airplane stabilizers. But there was no shortage in deliveries that week. The thirteen stabilizers were replaced and the loss absorbed.

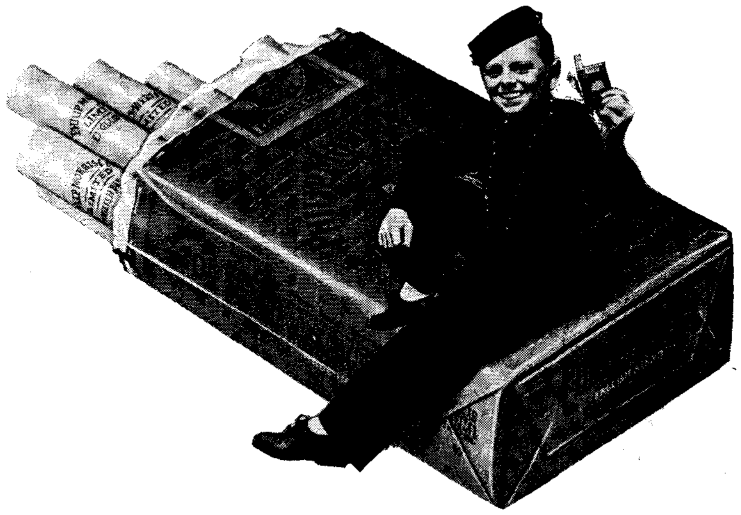
Saving a Tree

When we visited the ex-concrete shop, the painting of wings was going on in the yard under electric bulbs strung overhead. In one corner a new building was going up amid slabs of discarded concrete. "It took some figuring," Mr. Krehbiel said. "I was afraid I was going to lose that tree." And he pointed. "But I figured how it could be saved." He looked back into his shop, blazing with light, crowded with men, hammering, sandpapering, molding, and he sniffed the air heavy with the smell that hangs over the shops and factories of Wichita, the smell of airplane dope. "I certainly would have hated to lose that tree," he said.

The word you hear oftenest in Wichita is the word "deal." Everything there from the weather to the state of the nation is a deal. The word doesn't mean exactly what it means anywhere else: it covers all situations, propositions and states of being. "What's the deal?" you say, inquiring about your ticket reservations or how to fly an unfamiliar plane. The deal with Davis, Westholt is as follows. The names stand for two young men who were welders in the Beech plant. The first subcontract they handled was for exhaust pipes for Beech and involved the large sum of $100. This order was turned out in a back-yard garage. They liked working on their own, and now Davis, Westholt is doing a

SMOKING LESS_or SMOKING *MORE**?

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



You're SAFER smoking
PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating for the nose and throat

WHAT will happen when *you* change to PHILIP MORRIS?

Here's a clue. Reported by eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . their findings that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

That *proves* PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to the nose and throat. By *tests on actual smokers—not* laboratory "analysis"!

And your own taste will tell you—here's a finer cigarette—better-tasting—more enjoyable. Try it!

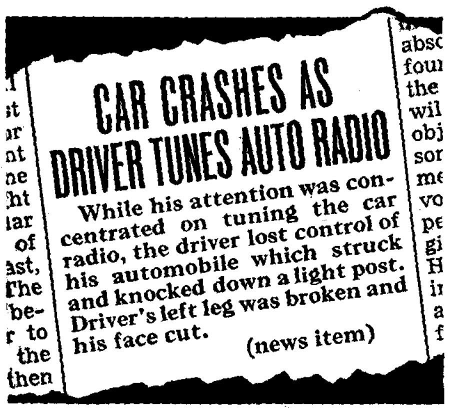
NOTE:
We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. *But this evidence clearly proves they're far less irritating . . . safer . . . for your nose and throat!*

CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

"DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES"

—so—we'll never know how many people have been killed—driving at a high rate of speed—with one hand off the wheel and their eyes off the road—TUNING RADIO!



CAR CRASHES AS DRIVER TUNES AUTO RADIO

While his attention was concentrated on tuning the car radio, the driver lost control of his automobile which struck and knocked down a light post. Driver's left leg was broken and his face cut. (news item)

THIS HAZARD IS ELIMINATED WHEN—

your car is equipped with Zenith Foot Control Car Radio . . . you tune your radio with both hands on the wheel and both eyes on the road—a revolutionary and sensational contribution to safety. You change stations with a pressure of your left foot—you silence radio for conversation or danger the same way—and it resumes without a wait for warm-up.

ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS SAFETY FOOT CONTROL RADIO

See the Zenith Foot Control Radio on Fords (sold in 1940-41-42)—Nash (in 1940-41-42)—Mercury (in 1940-41-42)—Lincoln Zephyr (in 1940-41-42)—Hudson (in 1941-42)—Willys (in 1941-42).

Any owner of one of the above cars will gladly demonstrate. Your inspection will be a personal pre-view of post-war car radio—danger-free radio—really safe—radio.

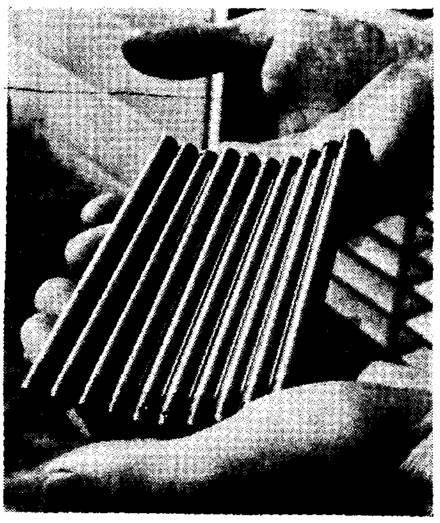
Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIO PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS NOW



Above: Ex-chicken hatchery turns out wing-hinge stud bolts, which fasten wings in place on the Beechcraft AT-10 pilot trainer

Right: Drop hammer in another of Wichita's buzzing machine shops forms cowling rings for twin-engined advanced trainers

handsome business and employs more than 300 people. They make exhaust pipes and motor mounts and tail-wheel yokes. If you have never thought about it, this may seem run-of-the-mill stuff. We hasten to assure you—having been assured ourself—that welding stainless steel exhaust pipes is quite a trick. Davis, Westholt, we were told, does more of it than anyone else in the country. A tidy business.

And then there is the company that specializes in sheet metal. It too has all it can handle and is growing fast. But we've said enough to show you that subcontracts come in all sizes, from those handled by Loftin Schmucker in spare time in his garage, with one assistant, his wife, up through such "deals" as Paul Blanchard's, which started as a one-man proposition and now includes ten, to enterprises like that of Mac MacCollough which employs hundreds of men and women.

Mac himself is worth looking at—and hard to overlook. A big man and solid—no one you would care to try to push around. In fact those who have tried, including certain large Eastern companies, have wished they hadn't. He represents a combination of mechanical skill with genius for production, and the products of his drop hammers, machine shops and assembly rooms go far beyond Wichita. He runs a school to train people for jobs, but what we'd like you to look at is the plant where the forming and cutting are done.

Plenty of Everything

We drove a good many miles through the Kansas fields to see it and when we got there it was like something Aladdin had wished up out of the ground. Why there? Well, there's a lake beneath the surface of the ground and so there's plenty of water; there's a railroad, there's a gas line and so there's plenty of power; there's electricity and so what more do you want?

The buildings were all new and more were going up under the glare of floodlights. Where did the material come from? Oh, Mac said casually, it was abandoned oil-well equipment — very useful for reinforced concrete and easy to get if you knew where to look. The steel roof trusses were clever adaptations of abandoned oil-well derrick frames used almost in their original form with added members also made from "scrap."

The stillness of the Kansas prairie was broken by the unsynchronized thunder of drop hammers. Men were strolling about with unhurried purposefulness, carrying sections of engine cowling and sheets of aluminum that would presently be the doors of giant airplanes.

We walked into a barnlike room with an earth floor and looked at a large insulated steel vat in which forged sheets were being steeped in a still, colorless fluid that looked like water. "Heat treatment," Mac said. "Don't put your hand in it." It couldn't be very hot, we thought. It wasn't even beginning to boil. Just then he tossed a ball of paper onto the surface. It instantly burst into flame and disappeared in a small puff of smoke. "Pure salt," he explained. "At 931° Fahrenheit."

We watched aluminum being trimmed like cheese in a series of homemade machines. We looked at the pads and gaskets that kept the temperamental metal from undue strains and tensions while it was being formed. And we thought about something an executive of one of the big companies had said to us: "We're all a lot of farm boys here." If being a farmer means knowing how to do it yourself, then the farming families of Kansas have made a large contribution to the aircraft industry.

Let's make it perfectly clear that ingenuity is not confined to the subcontractors. You find it in the big factories as well—in methods of production, in new gadgets and machines, often invented by the employees. But most of all you find it in the complete intolerance for delay that prevails everywhere. "Make it out of something else" is the standing order when shortages occur. If steel tubing is unobtainable, bore steel bars and machine them to fit. It will cost more, certainly. But the production schedule won't be held up. You'll save the extra cost in time. Cost can be a substitute for time.

When the government wanted gliders and told Beech Aircraft and Boeing what it wanted them to do and how fast, they all agreed instantly. "But," one executive said, "if we do it you'll have to give us a flag with an M on it—for magician."

"If you do it you'll get one with two 'M's,' " they were told, "for master magician."

Here and there, in factories, out in the fields, up alleys, we saw, as we have told you, how they were going about it. And we thought we saw something new in American industry—decentralization on a large scale.

For thirty years Wichita has been the midcontinent center for aviation. In 1929, before depression struck the industry, it was making a bid for first place. The pioneer spirit is still strong there as it was in the men who started the industry in Wichita. And so perhaps it's natural that this new development, wholesale decentralization, should appear most clearly in Wichita.

Freedom for the Subcontractors

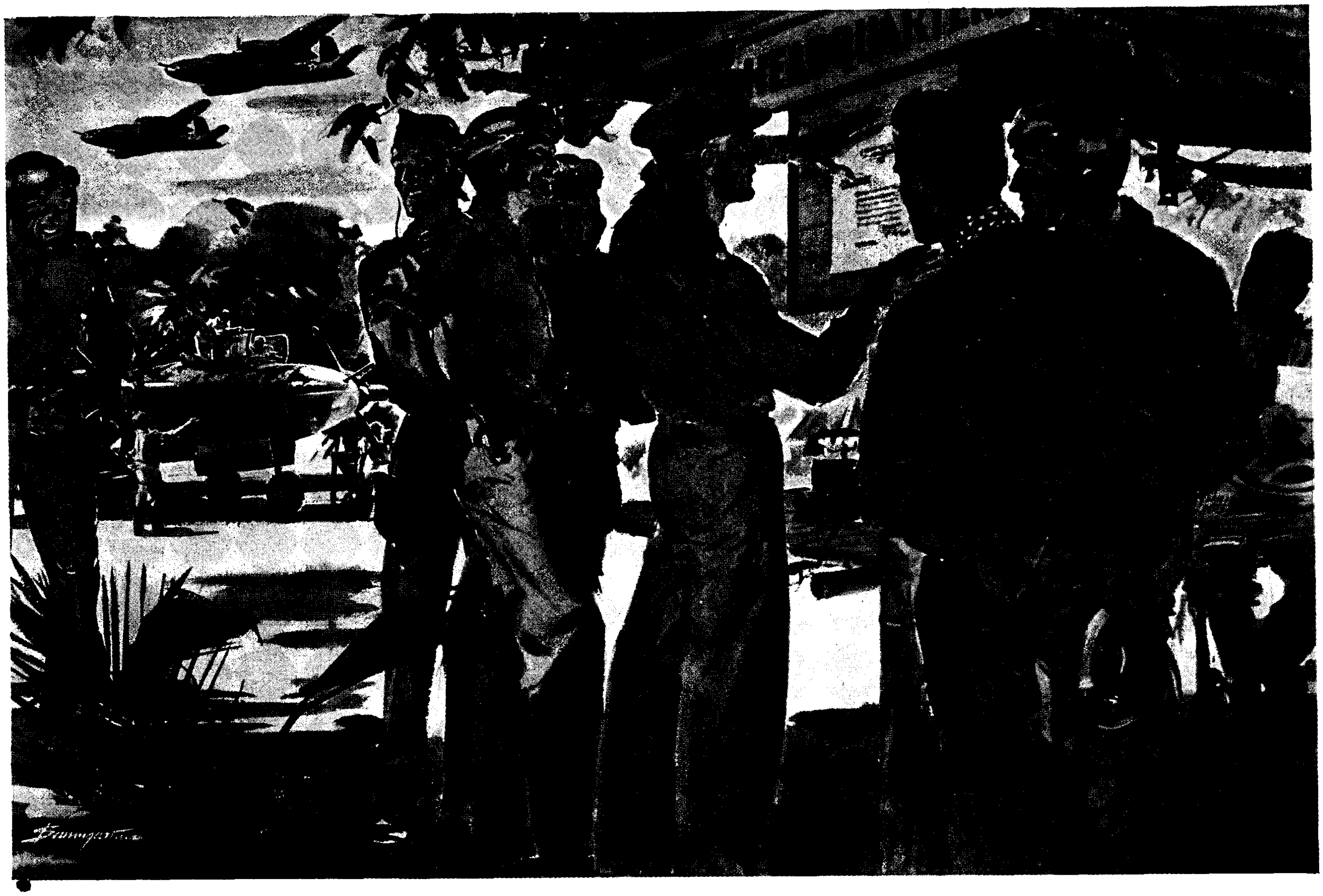
It is handled differently by the different companies. One plant trains its subcontractors and supervises their operations. "It's more work," the president explains, "but it enables you to increase production without increasing your plant." Beech supplies all material, assembly tooling, expert production advice, inspection, and also any other assistance that may be required, including liaison with the banks; but gives free rein to the imagination and initiative of its subcontractors.

Many clever production ideas have developed out of this policy. All agree, however, that this is one way the aviation industry can limit the expansion of its factories so that it will not be left with too many huge plants on its hands after the war.

No one questions the long-haul importance of that, but the thing that strikes you at the moment, the thing that almost stops your breath, is the sight of one section of the country completely mobilized, of industry taken into the home, into garages and basements, of shops improvised out of oil-well equipment, of overage tools lovingly restored to perfection, of elderly men working long hours, working after hours; sight of the Wards, Krehbiels, Blanchards, MacColloughs, Lungstroms, Westholts, Schmuckers.

America at work offers a thousand aspects. The one you catch sight of in the machine shops, big and little, of Wichita, is not to be overlooked.

THE END



COMMUNIQUE . . . from the Production Front

As eagerly as we await communiques from the fighting fronts, our armed forces await news of the production front. They know that upon the flow of weapons and munitions depends their success or failure. To them, Martin issues the following communique . . . from the production front:

"Production of Martin aircraft has now risen to figures that only yesterday would have seemed incredible. Daily output is still rising steadily! Plant floor space devoted to 24-hour production runs well into millions of square feet. Automotive and other industries, enlisted as sub-contractors, are loyally using Martin designs and hard-won Martin knowledge to produce parts, even entire sections, for bombers. Thousands of new workers, including many women, are reinforcing Martin veterans of the assembly line.

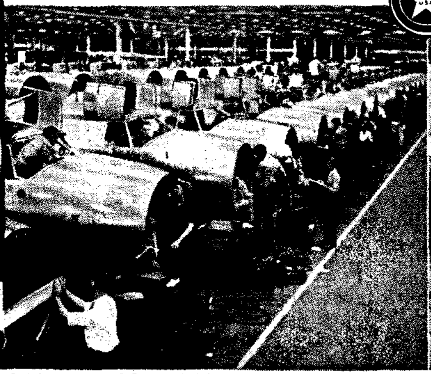
"Martin is helping win a clear-cut victory in the battle of production."

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, U. S. A.

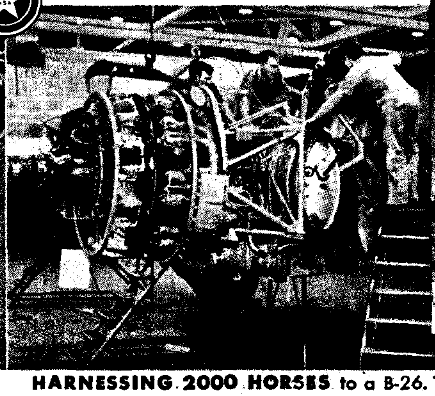
Martin
AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

MARTINETTE: Opportunities for service in "Everybody's War" attract more and more women.



NIPPONESE NIGHTMARE: A corner of one Martin plant shows what is in store for the Axis.



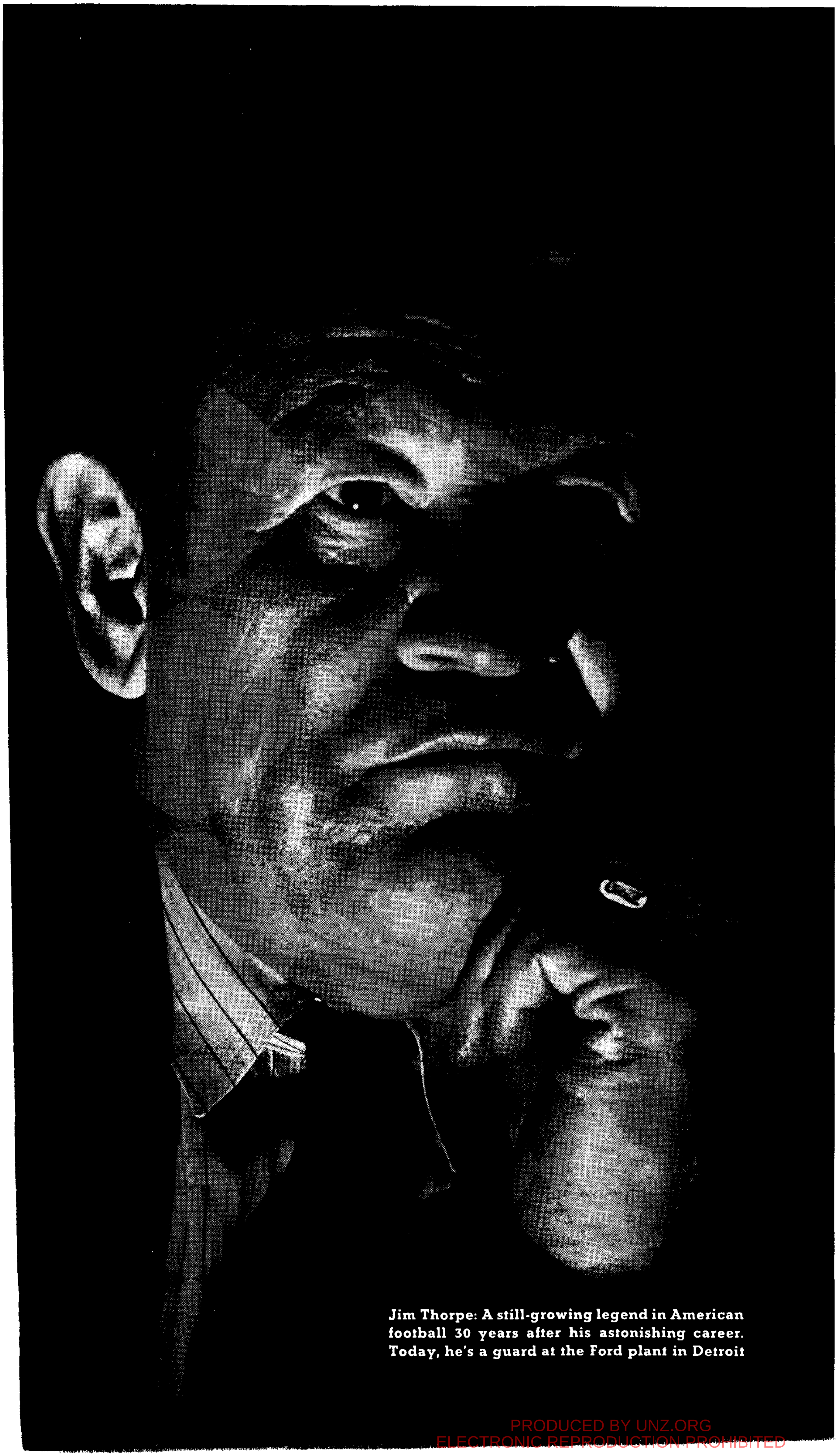
HARNESSING 2000 HORSES to a B-26. Two such engines give this bomber pursuit plane speed.

FIGHTIN' FOOLS, Martin B-26's have proved their mettle at Midway, the Aleutians, Australia.

GOOD KING JIM

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GRANN



Jim Thorpe: A still-growing legend in American football 30 years after his astonishing career. Today, he's a guard at the Ford plant in Detroit

Football's latter-day heroes come and go, but the incredible achievements of the great Jim Thorpe still stand alone and apart—the classic career of sports

ABOUT this time of year, a lot of football experts proceed to make fools of themselves. The season is nearing a close, excitement has been high, and they begin making comparisons. Not content with saying that Hiram Glutz of Siwash is All-America timber, they proclaim that Hiram belongs among the greatest of all time. Two years ago, they were saying it about Tommy Harmon and John Kimbrough. Last year, they were hinting it about Sinkwich of Georgia and Smith of Minnesota. Several years ago, their champion all-time entry was "Whizzer" White of Colorado.

We don't want to be dogmatic on the point, but all such talk is nonsense. There has only been one All-Time All-Supreme football player on this continent, and his name is Jim Thorpe!

The others may be great, but comparing Jim Thorpe with anybody else in American football is like estimating the respective merits of Michelangelo and Rube Goldberg. The Indian was an absolute genius, and nobody has even remotely approached him. He was the greatest runner, the greatest punter, the greatest drop and placement kicker, and the greatest defensive back, when he wanted to be.

George Gipp was great but he was not in the same class as Thorpe, all claims to the contrary. Dutch Clark was great but he was never more than a junior edition of Thorpe, in many ways a copy of the great man because he was also an all-round performer but he can't be mentioned in the same breath. Red Grange was a great runner but that let him out. Furthermore, he was never any better than Thorpe as a runner. Ernie Nevers was wonderful but Thorpe was miles beyond him. Ted Coy and Tad Jones were greats of the older days but they were never worthy of holding Thorpe's helmet.

Modern coaches are inclined to demur at praise of Thorpe. They don't deny his genius but they hint that he might have been less successful in the game as played today. Lou Little of Columbia was discussing that last year.

"The old-timers had no conception of blocking as we know it today," said Lou.

Back in the Tough Old Days

The answer to that is simple: If Thorpe could run through opposing teams *without* blocking, what would he have done *with* blocking? It would have been a track meet. There may have been no blockers in the old days but there certainly were plenty of tough tacklers.

Think back on Hinkey and Hardwick and Rockne. They literally drove runners into the ground with the ferocity of their charges. Jim never faced Hinkey or Hardwick but he made monkeys of ends comparably as good and, in his professional days, he practically ruined Rockne on one occasion. It was a tale often told by Rockne.

Jim was playing with Canton, and "Rock" was on the other side. The first time Jim came around Rock's end, Rock dragged him down. Jim looked at him kindly and said, "You shouldn't oughta stop old Jim from runnin', boy."

On the next excursion, Rock tackled him again, and again Jim spoke to him gently, "You shouldn't oughta do that, boy," he said.

On the third trip, Rock got set for the tackle and shortly thereafter found himself fifteen feet away, aching. Jim had hit him simultaneously with hip, knee and straight-arm and could be seen now sitting calmly behind the goal posts after a jaunt of sixty yards.

Thorpe's feats are legendary. In a game at West Point with Army, he gathered in a punt and ran ninety yards for a touchdown. However, there had been an offside, and Army kicked again. Jim took this one in approximately five yards farther back and ran almost the length of the field for a touchdown!

In the Harvard game of 1911—and remember that these were the great Harvard teams coached by Percy Haughton—Jim carried the ball seventy yards in nine plays for a touchdown and in addition kicked three placement goals, the longest from forty-three yards away. Carlisle won the game by those feats.

In the Dickinson game of 1912, the score was tied, 0-0, and Carlisle was backed *(Continued on page 56)*

Keep your smile bright . . . but

DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER
Pepsodent TOOTH PASTE

An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice . . . they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

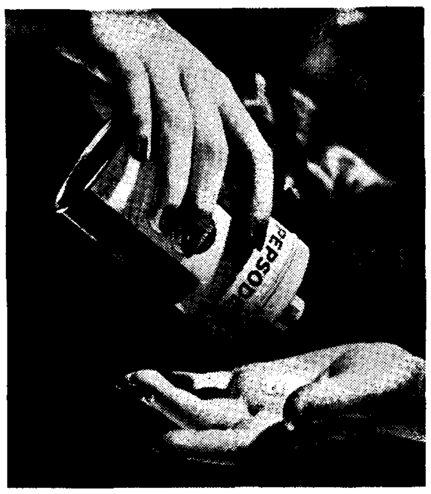
But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so . . . we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.

DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.

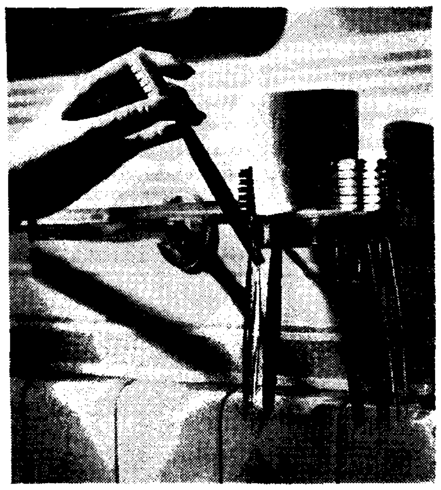
DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.

DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.



DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.

DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Measure out powder for small children.



DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.

12
15
TISSUES

DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER . . . only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So . . . keep your teeth bright . . . but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.

Busy Civilians
TAKE NOTICE!

This shirt saves time—saves choosing—saves guessing. *It's a Manhattan White.* It pals right up with any suit—any tie—any complexion. Its smooth, right, efficient fit assures easy freedom for busy days.

Get a stack of Manhattan Whites today—to see you through many tomorrows... Size-Fixt (average fabric shrinkage 1% or less)... Man-Formed... Collar Perfect. $2.50 AND UP

Manhattan WHITE SHIRTS

THE SIZE-FIXT SHIRT FOR THE MAN-SIZED JOB

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Sneers for Mr. Sanders

Continued from page 21

the break for freedom, but word leaked out and six other brats joined up. "I put on football shoes," says Sanders, "and we started cross-country for an estate I knew about. I planned to set up headquarters in the gamekeeper's cottage and become a poacher."

The expedition ended in shame. They had tramped thirty miles, eating only potatoes, when they were captured by a portly female on a motorcycle. It was the matron of Bedales.

At Brighton College the Sanders talent for invention and finance flowered. To save his energy and time, he invented a multiple pen. To save his money, he invented cigarettes made from blotting paper; they were economical, all right, but anesthetizing. Turning to commerce, he hired small boys to write down pages from books of history. At Brighton, students who misbehaved had to copy history, so George sold them the stuff already written; thus, the culprits eluded punishment, Sanders made money and children did the work. The racket flourished until, as he explains it, "A bloody fool handed over three pages of the stuff to the proctor while he was still in the act of penalizing him."

Singing Lessons Came First

The way Sanders got around to acting was by a process of elimination of other occupations. Acting was no inner call; it was the only thing left. After being educated, he lolled four years in South America peddling tobacco to Patagonians. Then he returned to England and took a whirl at other jobs but they bored him. He sleeps when he is bored and that makes it hard for him to hold a job. The idea of acting came to him when he could think of nothing else to do.

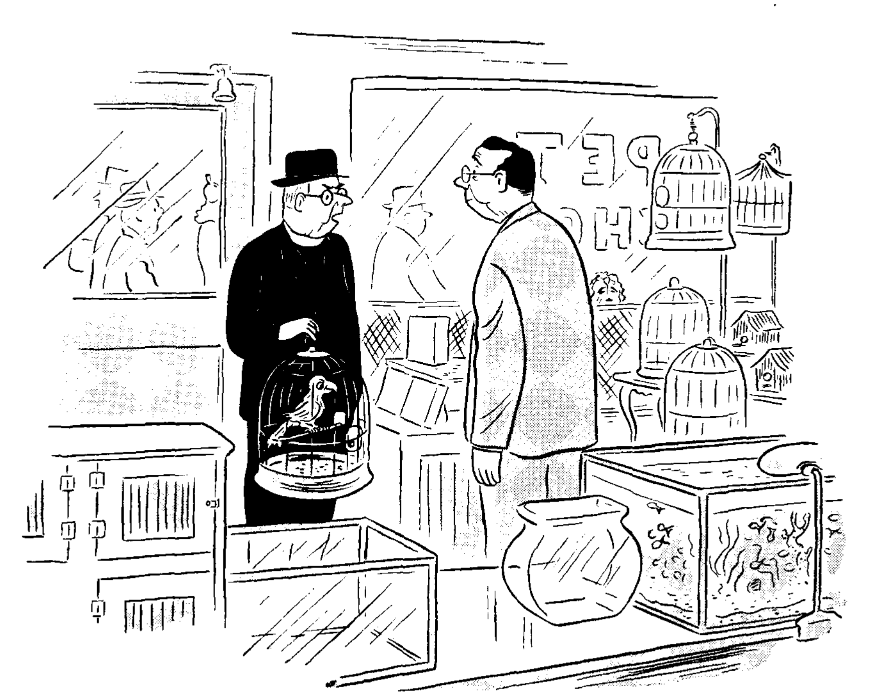
"I read in a book that voice-training was the thing," he recalls. "I spent six months developing a loud baritone." When the half-year was over he could sit at the piano and sing little songs like Mr. Dwight Fiske does. In this manner he was warbling at a party when a producer heard him and put him into a musical called Ballyhoo. Sanders sang and was part of a three-man piano act. When the show closed he went after chorus jobs, landing them with strange regularity. "The secret of chorus auditions," he reveals sagely, "is volume. The guy that roars loudest is always hired."

Sanders' high-grade sneers and slights show natural talent, to be sure, but it took practice too. Going through the mill of show business gave him that. In three years in London he played 50 radio shows and understudied almost everybody on the English stage, including Noel Coward. "I was even fired as an understudy," he claims, "often considered an impossible feat." Once he got as far as New York with a show. The show perished promptly and Sanders accompanied the remains back to England. British motion pictures were doing pretty well about then, so he landed small parts in them. The picture people put him under contract.

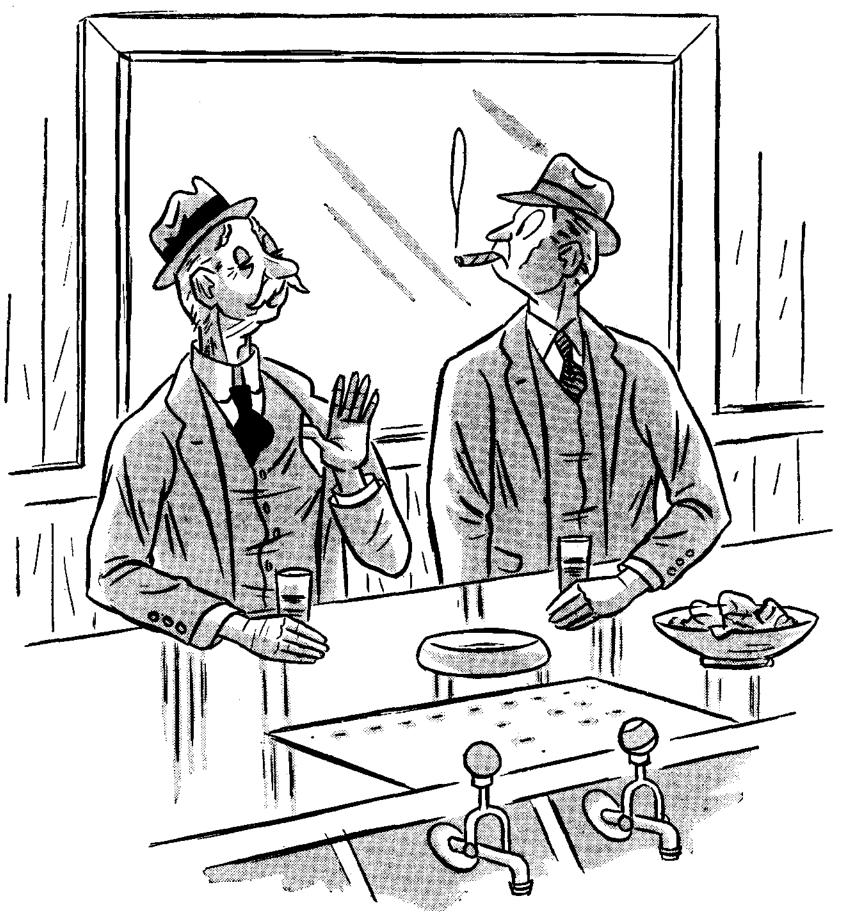
Like most actors with sufficient moola for transportation, George came to Hollywood. Unlike most, he breezed right into a contract. Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox bought up his English contract and cast him as the rascal in Lloyd's of London along with a newcomer by the name of Tyrone Power. That was astute of Mr. Zanuck; he hit the jack pot. In Power he got an epic hero; in Sanders an epic heel. Except for the Falcon series at RKO, Foreign Correspondent, Rage in Heaven and a few others, Sanders has been a stinker ever since. Being low, he does not mind because he feels like a skunk a good deal of the time, especially mornings; afternoons he favors comedy roles.

Probably his best role so far is in The Moon and Sixpence from Somerset Maugham's novel. As a misanthropic, scurrilous, women-hating painter who chucks his wife, children and country to paint in Tahiti, Sanders plays a character he knows well. He dies loathsomely of leprosy for his sins, but not until he has blasted females and their meddlesome ways to his heart's content.

On the set between scenes Sanders could be mistaken for an abandoned body. He is snoozing. By conscientious training he has made himself the classiest free-style sleeper west of Tobacco Road. He can sleep anywhere at any time. He uses sleep as a kind of fender against press agents, visitors and other pests. Waking him for each scene is not perilous; a short scream from the assistant director does it easily. Nor does



COLLIER'S "He insists on addressing me as 'Bud'!" DAVID B. HUFFINE



"I was in the Spanish-American War, I had a son in the last one and I've got two granddaughters in this one"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

sleep hamper his acting. "That guy is the quickest study I ever saw," director Irving Reis vows. "We give him his lines for a scene five minutes before it starts and he gives us an intelligent job of acting."

When he is not acting, Sanders avoids the studio as if it had cooties. Many actors loiter in publicity departments, lighting bonfires under the inmates so that they may get their names in the public prints.

Not George. His wife delivers him in the morning and retrieves him at night in an elderly car. Until the next morning that is the last Hollywood sees of him, except for uncommon occasions when he dines out. Once in a while he shows up at Lucey's, a restaurant on Melrose Boulevard in Hollywood. Here he instructs the chef on the preparation of a Sanders dish, bends the elbow with a few amiable friends and upon proper mellowing he will sit himself at a piano and sing somewhat scurrilous ditties about certain famous people.

Short Men Cause World Ills

Having conserved his energy sleeping on the set, Sanders is wide awake at home. His sloth is deceptive. If a thing interests him he will work for hours on end. Reading interests him and he probably knows more about international shenanigans than other actors. Also he thinks. His meditations get pretty spectacular.

The trouble with our poor old planet, according to one Sanders theory, is short men. "The tempo of life is the thing," he points out languidly. "Short men are too frisky. They want to do things faster than other people. They do and the other people have to catch up. It upsets the tempo." At the bottom of any mess there is always a squirt—Hitler, Mussolini, Tojo, or some other sawed-off character. Get a tall gent to run things and you got a reliable party. The sponsor of this theory is six feet three.

Sanders is married but he has no children. If he did have one, he has worked out a plan for educating it. He would not send it to school, he would hire a very bright guy to trail around with the offspring from the time it could chatter, answering questions. "For instance," Sanders explains, "if the little blighter asked, 'Why is the sun?' this smart fellow would not have to knock the child over the head. He could tell him. After a while the child would be as clever as Einstein." When the child is ten, Sanders would equip him with a separate income and an apartment to run by himself. "Teach him to handle money through experience," Sanders claims.

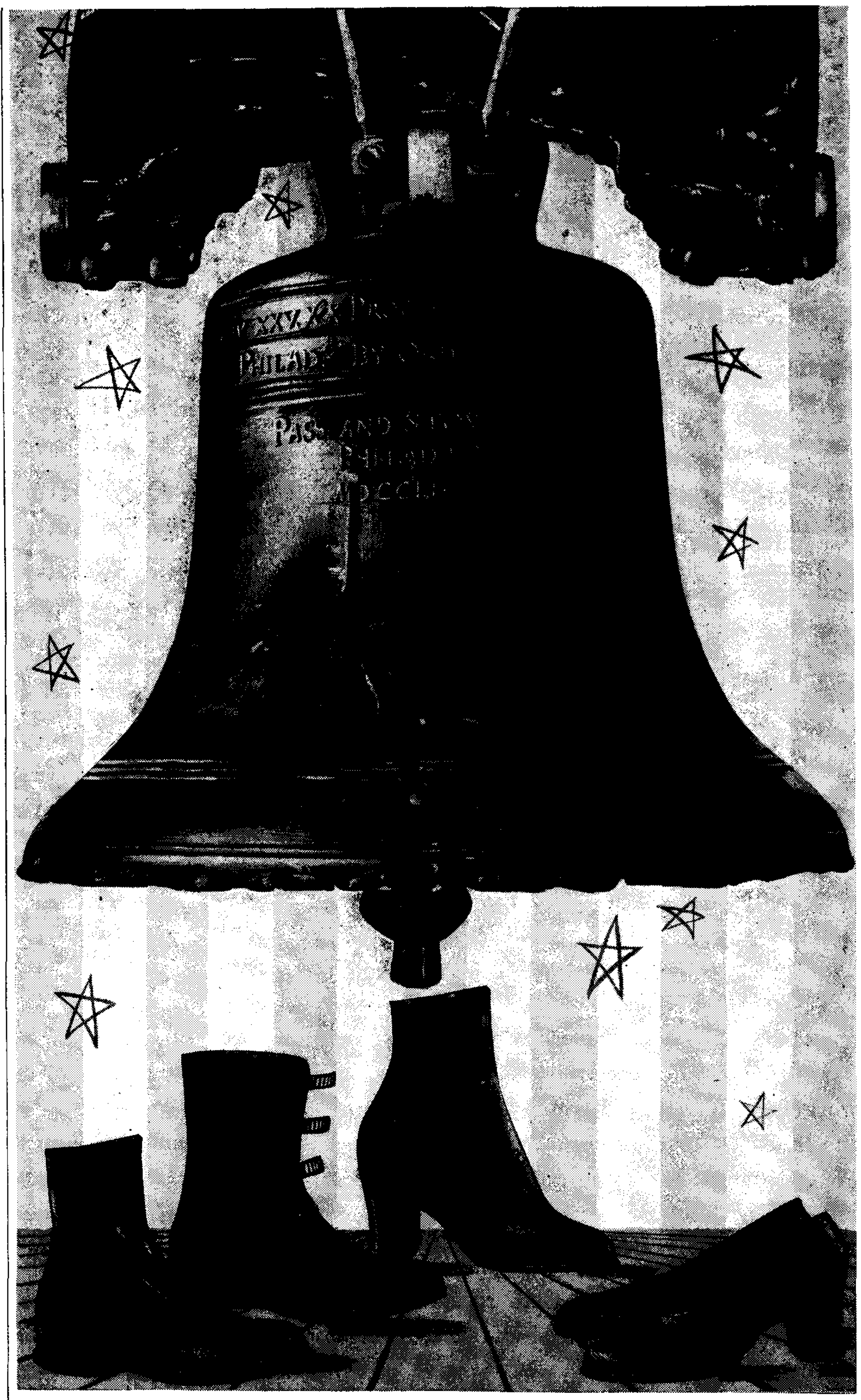
When he is not thinking rare thoughts he builds and invents things. The things he invents are calmer than the things he thinks, but not much. After designing and building a boat he discovered he could not play chess aboard it. The chessmen tumbled when the boat tossed. So he designed and built a gyroscopic chessboard, steady in any seas. Then he sold the boat. At another time he and his brother, Tom Conway, built a movie camera. Instead of making a camera that could move about the studio, they anchored theirs in the middle and moved the studio about it—the old "mountain to Mahomet" idea.

"We never used it," George admits, "but it was perfect. It could look down your gullet."

Right now he's moderately busy building model airplanes. But these occupations are definitely extracurricular. Acting and sleeping are his major occupations and the former is merely a means toward attaining the latter end.

Any talk about acting for art's sake gives him a big pain. With him it's strictly the gold he collects that keeps him awake long enough to do his dramatic darnedest in front of a camera. When he has laid away enough coleslaw, to hell with acting, he'll lie down somewhere and sleep.

THE END



There's something so darned American about it

Good old American "know how" has done it again! For this winter—despite the meager allotment of rubber—manufacturers are able to provide rubber footwear for the essential health protection of millions. Necessary W.P.B. rulings have restricted styles, and eliminated colors and frills.

We at Hood and B. F. Goodrich have named this footwear "Duration Quality."

By drawing on our background of experience and ingenuity, we have found ways to give you more service and better looks than would seem possible under the circumstances. And we know you will wear this footwear with patriotic good will till the war is won!

★ ★ ★

NOTE TO GOOD CITIZENS: Buy only what you need—take care of what you have. *And be sure to throw your scrap into the fight!*

FOOTWEAR FACTORY, WATERTOWN, MASS.

Hood Rubber Co.
A DIVISION OF
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

"ALL-OUT" PLEDGE
Packard
Work to Win!
ASK THE MAN WHO ~~OWNS~~ wears ONE

1. Without a single exception, Packard employees have gone all-out for the "Work to Win" program, have voluntarily pledged 60 full minutes of every working hour to speeding up production, proudly wear "Work to Win" pins, have changed the famous Packard slogan to "Ask the Man Who *Wears* One."

2. Teamwork! Packard president Geo. T. Christopher (center) and Union Local president Curt Murdock (left) show army air forces' Commanding General H. H. Arnold and Brig. Gen. B. E. Meyers (right) how Packard management and labor are striving together toward a common objective: Victory!

The kind of story Hitler hates

What Packard is doing is the sort of thing
Hitler thought couldn't happen in a democracy

Recently, when Government first recognized the production efforts of U. S. factory workers, nine Packard employees stepped into the limelight to receive awards—the first ones given to workers in the automotive industry.

These awards were given for production shortcuts—fruit of a *continuing* plan of management-labor co-operation that recognizes employees on a man-to-man basis of fair treatment.

Birth of "Work to Win!"

Early in '42, Packard war production reached a new high in output of aircraft and marine engines. But Packard management was convinced it could go still higher . . . through a plan starting with a voluntary pledge from every worker to improve and increase war production by applying shop initiative and ability.

The idea was discussed with union leaders in Packard Local 190 UAW-CIO—men who shared the opinion that one way to win this war is to increase production.

Together, in a series of meetings, management and labor whipped the original plan into Packard's now-famed "Work to Win" program, a plan to speed up machines, not men.

Secret of the new Curtiss (P-40F) Warhawk's spectacular performance is the terrific power of its Packard-built Rolls-Royce engine. Packard craftsmen tool these brute engines to the hairline accuracy of a fine jeweled watch. Pilots who've flown the P-40F say its power plant helps to make this ship a honey to fly—and a high-fightin' fool!

Already, the plan is stepping-up production . . . is bringing a flood of workers' suggestions (8107 to date) . . . is carrying Packard's long-harmonious management-labor relations to new heights of understanding.

Workers give production ideas

Patriotic war-workers have already turned in 646 ideas which company engineers have put to use in increasing output . . . and hundreds more are under consideration for early adoption.

Some of the ideas have resulted in new, ingenious, time-saving tools. Others have enabled one machine to do the work which formerly tied up two. Still other suggestions have brought about entirely new methods and procedures, have greatly improved quality, stepped up efficiency.

Making records . . . then breaking them

As one result of the "Work to Win" program, Packard employees are consistently meeting tough WPB quotas on two of the most complicated and precise jobs in the entire U. S. war production effort.

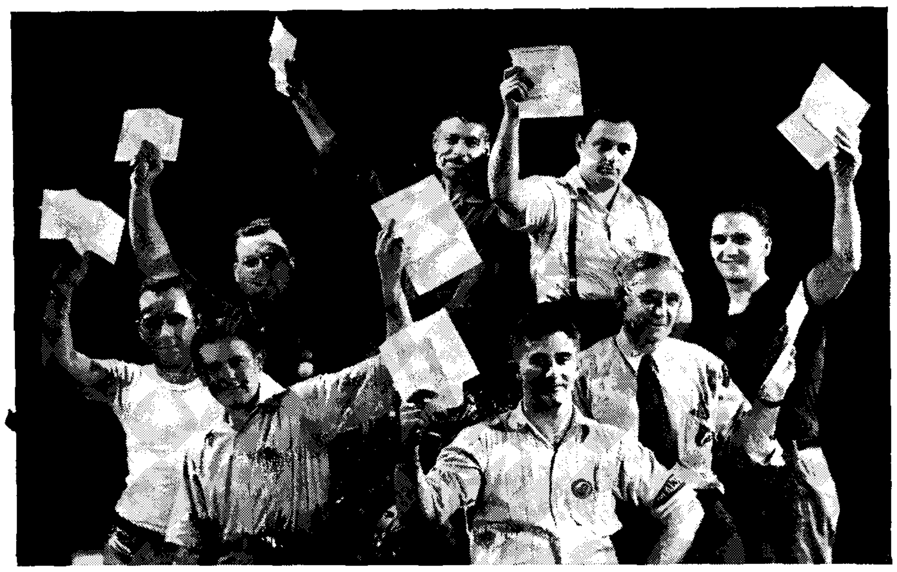
And there is still another result—one which holds a promise for the *peacetime* era ahead. By helping to develop and perfect the skills and techniques of vast manpower, the "Work to Win" plan is also making a real contribution to the betterment of the industrial future.

But meanwhile, the entire Packard organization—spurred on by cheers from Washington—is out to break still *more* wartime records!

3. Joint Management-Labor Committee chosen respectively three from company (above left) and three from union (right) steers the program. Separate in function from usual shop committees, this impartial group scans every suggestion turned in, checks it as a workable idea, awards the war worker his coveted "Wings" pin.

Work to Win!
Citation
FOR PRODUCTION MERIT

4. Citation banners, merit awards, production scoreboards, plant posters, worker written shop slogans, all remind the Packard employee that every idea he contributes speeds up the war effort even more. In the "Work to Win!" program he finds an unusual chance for recognition and advancement.



5. These Packard Work-to-Winners' production shortcuts won them the first Government awards ever given war workers. Left to right: John Hook, Harry Gielniak, I. A. Clark, Fred Ospedale, Max S. Harris, Peter Cojei, William H. Switzer, George Smolarek, and (*absent*) David Fabert. ***F-L-A-S-H!*** Washington just advises 11 *more* have been similarly honored!

6. Another honor for Packard Workers. Stephen Kmieciak, veteran marine-engine builder, accepts Navy "E" button from Lt. Cmdr. A. R. Montgomery of an Atlantic PT-boat squadron, on behalf of his fellow workers. Kmieciak, with 38 years of continuous service, is third generation in his family to work for Packard. 531 Packard employees have served the company for 25 years or more.

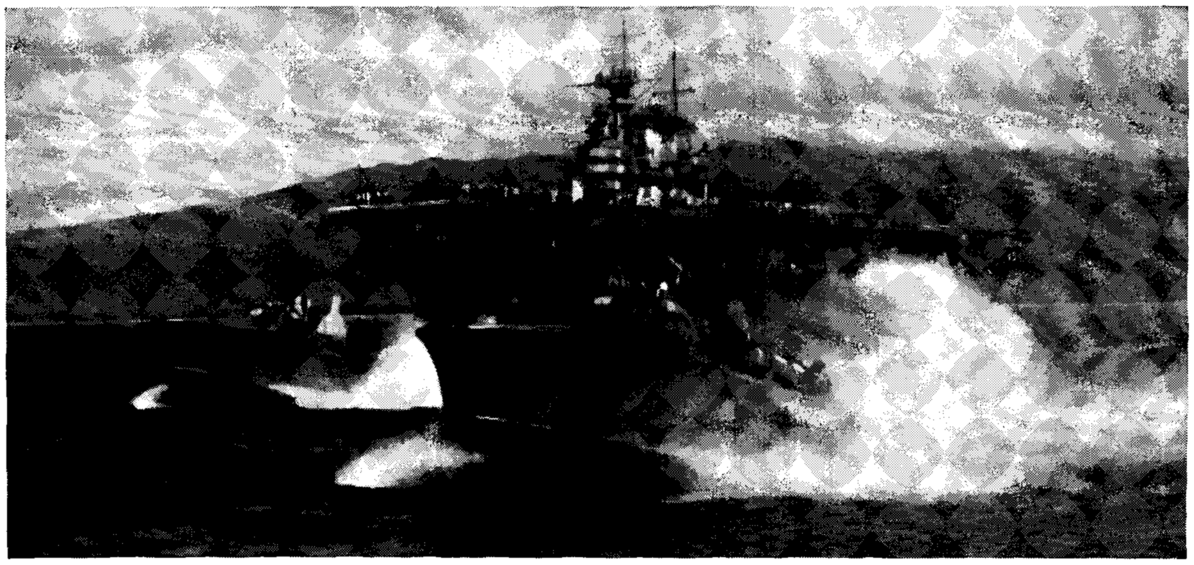
PACKARD

PRECISION-BUILT POWER

★

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

★



OFFICIAL PHOTO—U.S. NAVY

Every Packard Worker is proud of the inspiring performance of the Navy's famous PT-boats. Powered by Packard super-marine engines, these swift, hard-hitting boats have seen plenty of action, have written glorious and heroic chapters in the naval history of the Allied Nations . . . from Subic Bay to the English Channel!

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WINDBREAKER
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America's Most Famous Name in Jackets

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ALSO BOYS & JUVENILES

A MASTERPIECE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP
SHOWER-PROOF GABARDINE
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VARIOUS COLORS, FABRICS & LININGS
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

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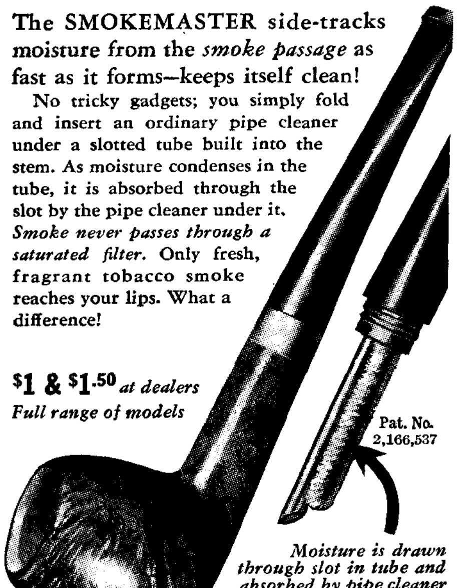
What a difference!

UNLIKE ANY OTHER PIPE

The SMOKEMASTER side-tracks moisture from the *smoke passage* as fast as it forms—keeps itself clean!

No tricky gadgets; you simply fold and insert an ordinary pipe cleaner under a slotted tube built into the stem. As moisture condenses in the tube, it is absorbed through the slot by the pipe cleaner under it. *Smoke never passes through a saturated filter.* Only fresh, fragrant tobacco smoke reaches your lips. What a difference!

$1 & $1.50 *at dealers*
Full range of models



Pat. No. 2,166,537

Moisture is drawn through slot in tube and absorbed by pipe cleaner underneath.

Write for booklet showing 32 shapes

One of the $1.50 Custom-made SMOKEMASTERS — still made of AGED IMPORTED BRIAR

BRIARCRAFT, INC.
347 Fifth Avenue, New York

Briarcraft
Smokemaster
THE PIPE-CLEANER PIPE

Lost September

Continued from page 24

But in a few weeks he was liking it. It seemed to him and to everyone else that he had never played so well, that no one in the school's history had ever played so well. He was the kind of back—had always been—that is called a stamper. That is, he was not particularly elusive, but he was very strong and he ran with a high knee-action, literally running over the opposition.

Bill McArdle, who had been elected captain the previous winter, was in the Air Corps, and Minnihan said they would elect a captain before the first game. Al Barton was the only choice, of course. The other seniors were all gone. He felt good about that, better than he had thought he would.

The headlines in the papers were good, too. About how he was probably the greatest player in the school's history, about how there was going to be no back like him in the country that year. He had never been spectacular in other years. Those headlines, now, after the relative lack of notice in the early years, would have done things to people more sophisticated than a plain young man from an Iowa farm town.

At training table, the others were respectful, curiously so. Neither they nor Al seemed to realize that their respect had something in it that was due to more than his ability. He started to think about this late one September afternoon when he was walking with Ruth Cabot. She was a tall girl. He sometimes, realizing how much smarter she was than he, thought that the only reason she occasionally went out with him was because he himself was tall. They had been sitting in one of the undergraduate hangouts when she remarked that it was getting on to ten and he should be home since he was in training.

"On your way, bum," she said and rose.

They went outside; the hush before rain of the Midwest at that time of year hung in the dusty air. Even as they hesitated, the first large pattering drops fell. "Well," Al said, "I can't let you walk home. Being made of sugar, you'd melt."

"My, my," she said. "Being a big shot certainly makes you say nice things."

"I'm not a big shot yet," he said. "Just potentially. On the way."

THEY were silent going back to the campus. He said, "You want tickets for the game Saturday?"

"I don't know," she said. "I may be downtown at the U.S.O. tea. I guess I could go for the first half."

"They should have had it after the game," Al said. "People would have been thirstier or something from yelling."

"Why? I thought the opener was always with a pushover team?"

"Not this year," he said. "We play a conference team. It'll be tough. I thought you knew. What kind of an undergrad are you, not even knowing the team's schedule?"

"I guess I've been distracted," she said, indistinctly.

They stopped in front of the women's dormitory, and Ruth told him goodnight. He stood there, sensing some change in her. For no reason he could think of, he remembered his own bitterness when he had returned to school a few weeks ago, and could wonder at how it had left him in even that short time.

He said, "What's on your mind?" and she shrugged, standing there as if it were not raining, before she said, "The same thing that's on everyone else's these days—the war."

He was sullen before he knew why he was. "I tried to get in," he said.

She nodded, looking away from him. "I know. It just seems ridiculous that the greatest back in the country isn't in good enough shape to get in the Army. There's such a thing as waivers," she added. "They might be willing to forget about that knee."

NEVER very articulate, he said, finally, remembering Minnihan's words, "I never turn down a break. It's a chance to finish college. Not many guys from my town have done it."

"I know," she said, her voice curious, almost repentant now. "I have a brother in Australia with the Army—oh, I don't know. I think I'd better get some sleep." She turned and was gone, leaving him there, not feeling the rain.

Walking home in it, a nameless annoyance grew in him. It stayed in him as dust hangs in the air, so that even the next day it was there. He was conscious of it even when he could not know the reasons for it. He associated it with the taste of the dust on his lips when he had returned to the school, and it had made him angry the next day in the last scrimmage before the opening game. It was held on the practice field behind the canvas fence Minnihan always had the managers and caretakers put up when he was holding secret practice.

Playing behind the first team, Al moved with a kind of dull fury. The anger seemed objectless and so there was a need to take it out on something, the men playing opposite him. He ran through them behind his interference, and when the interference wasn't good, as it frequently wasn't, he ran over them, his legs rising and stamping, up and down, tossing careless tacklers off through their sheer drive and power.

It got so toward the end of the hot afternoon that he could seemingly break loose and run away from the second team any time he wanted to. Minnihan looked thoughtfully at him and almost shifted him to the second team for that scrimmage to see what he could do running against the first. It was also a deflationary measure for players gone arrogant, Minnihan had found out. But for some reason, instead of doing this, he called an end to the scrimmage.

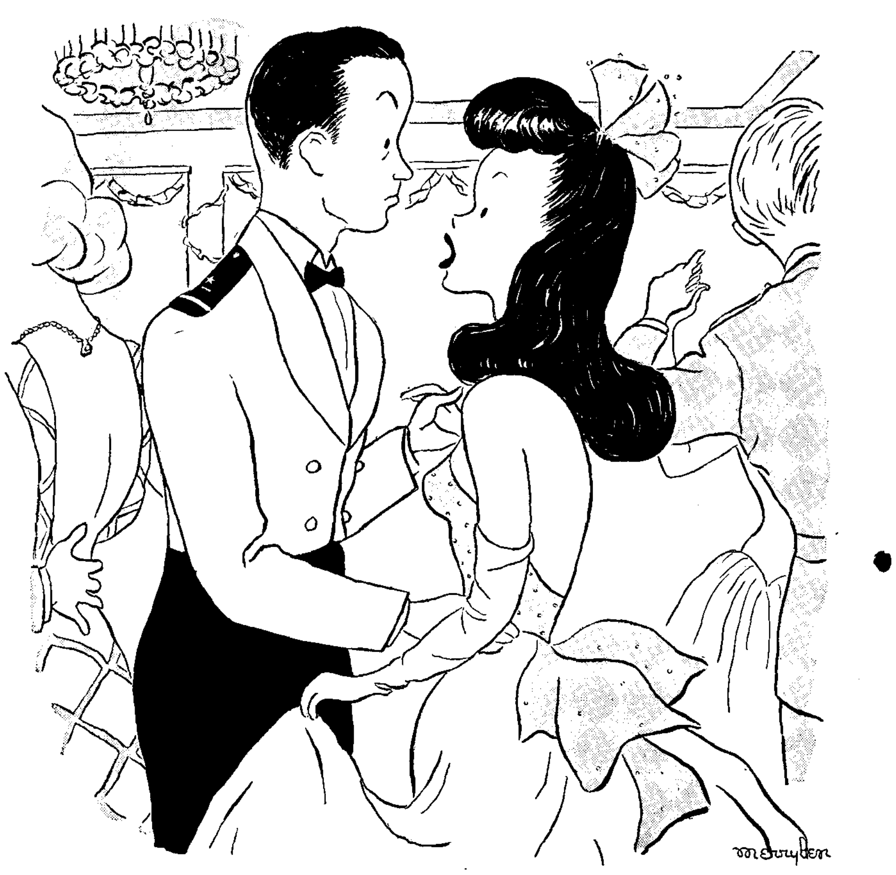
In the dressing room, Minnihan found Al sitting on a bench in front of his locker. He said, "You're sorta hot today, aren't you?"

Al shrugged. "When you gotta go, you gotta go," he said, in a kind of clumsy modesty.

"What gets me," Minnihan said, "is how much you improved. I mean, why? I suppose the excitement of the war or something like that?"

"I guess so," Al said. He stood up, proud and awkward. He happened to notice then the sophomore, Martinson, who had played on the second team that day, sitting on the bench across the aisle between the ends of the rows of lockers. Martinson didn't look very big to be playing ball in this league. Looking closer, Al saw that Martinson's eyes were just a little fixed. Al said to Minnihan, "You better have one of the trainers look at Martinson. Give him a whiff of smelling salts or something." He turned and went toward where the steam floated out of the door of the shower room, but only one voice rose in rowdy song, Dee Hanley's, the only other senior on the first team.

SATURDAY the game was like the scrimmage had been, a field day for Al. He made three touchdowns in the first half. On the last of these, a sixty-five-yard run, with two of the opposition ahead of him and running close together, Dee Hanley came up beside Al and

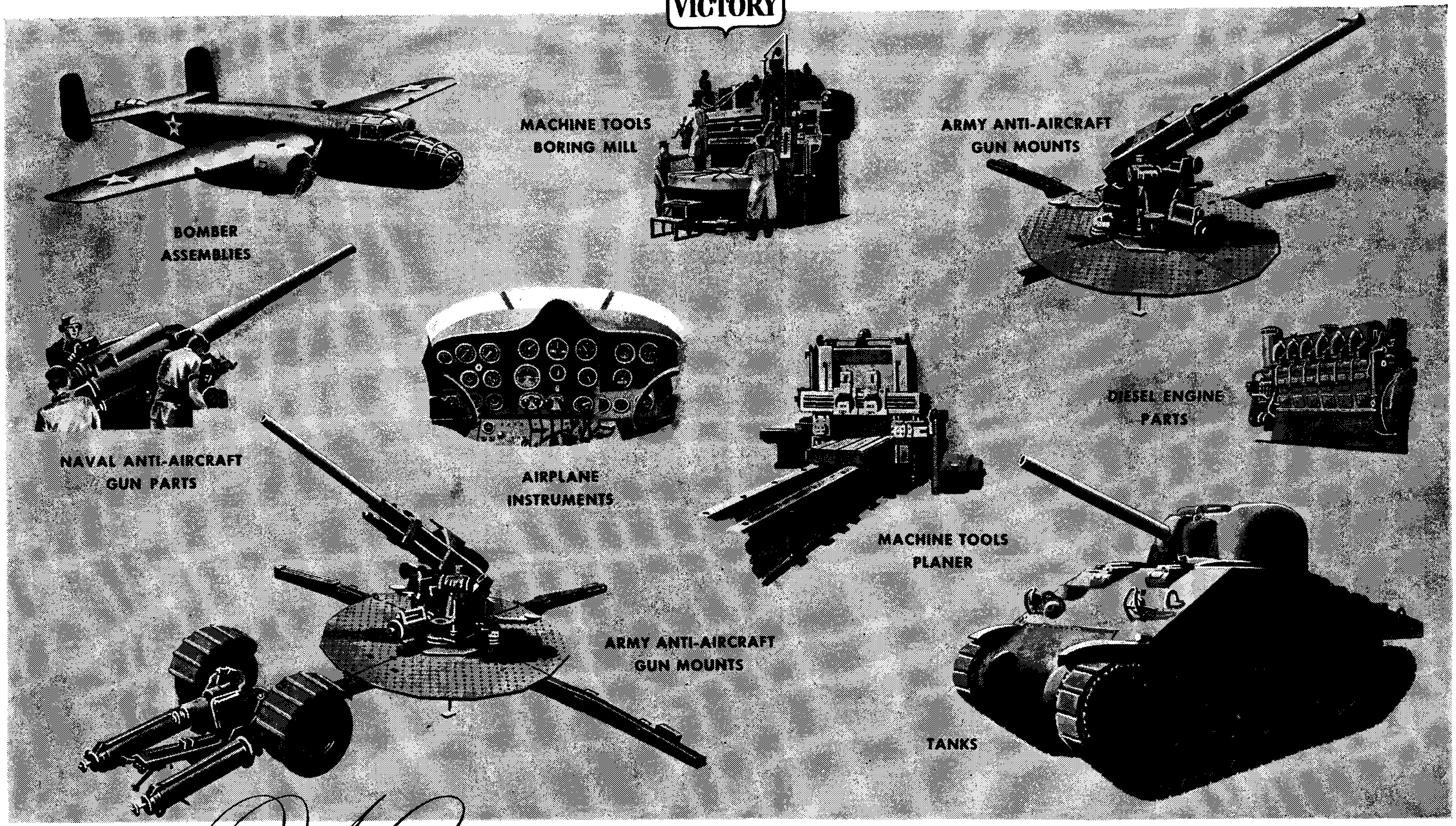


"When I dance with the colonel I'll put in a good word for you if you want me to"

COLLIER'S

MERRYLEN TOWNSEND

GM
ARMS FOR VICTORY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MACHINE TOOLS BORING MILL
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TANKS

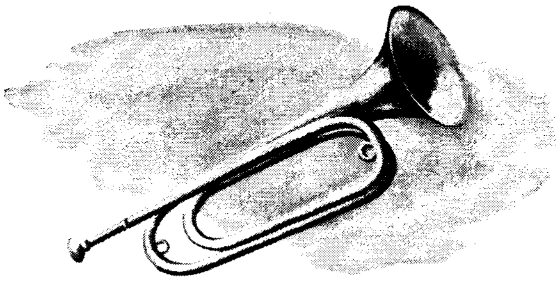
Wherever craftsmanship counts!

The question properly before America today is not who is doing what to help win the war, but how faithfully and well each person and plant is executing its appointed job. There is no single wartime assignment, for example, where any one of Fisher's varied crafts is doing more important work than any other. What really counts is the wide range of jobs on which all our skills find application together—from the building of such heavy armament as bombers, anti-aircraft guns, tanks and naval ordnance to the production of such precision items as aircraft instruments and machine tools. The aim is to perform each task on schedule and with credit to Fisher's name for craftsmanship, to the end that America shall be armed with better weapons in greater quantities than our enemies can hope to match.

armament
~~BODY~~ BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

PROUDLY FISHER FLIES THE "E" FOR EXCELLENCE— *highest service award in the Navy. Fisher, the* FIRST *in the automotive industry to receive this coveted emblem for its ahead-of-schedule production, is also the* FIRST *in the industry to fly the burgee with a star for continued excellence of production.*



The little toy

A partial list of leading stores that share with you the benefits of The Sparton Way—

Akron, Ohio, The C. H. Yeager Company
Albany, New York, Albany Garage
Allentown, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Altoona, Pa., William F. Gable Company
Amarillo, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Atlantic City, N. J., Van Doren and Hemple
Augusta, Georgia, J. B. White Company
Aurora, Illinois, Biever Furniture Company
Baltimore, Maryland, Hecht Brothers
Bayonne, N. J., Lawler Brothers Sales Corp.
Berkeley, California, Lanam Radio
Bethlehem, Pa., Eastern Light Company
Birmingham, Alabama, Louis Pizitz Dry Goods Co.
Boston, Mass., R. H. White Company
Bridgeport, Conn., General Distributors
Brockton, Mass., Central Radio Stores
Buffalo, New York, Les Wheeler, Inc.
Cambridge, Mass., R. H. White Company
Camden, N. J., Whitehill's, Inc.
Canton, Ohio, Dine-DeWees Company
Chattanooga, Tenn., Lookout Furniture Co.
Chicago, Ill., Wieboldt's
Cicero, Illinois, Sekera Furniture Company
Cincinnati, Ohio, The John Shillito Co.
Cleveland, Ohio, The Higbee Company
Columbus, Ohio, F. & R. Lazarus Company
Covington, Kentucky, A. J. Ostrow, Inc.
Dallas, Texas, Sanger Bros.
Dayton, Ohio, The Rike-Kumler Company
Dearborn, Mich., Dearborn Engineering Co.
Decatur, Illinois, Gas Refrigerator Sales
Denver, Colorado, LeMoine Music Company
Detroit, Mich., J. L. Hudson Company
Duluth, Minn., Sher Plumbing Company
Durham, N. Carolina, R. E. Quinn Company
Elizabeth, N. J., Kresge Department Store
El Paso, Texas, White's Auto Stores
Erie, Pa., Reliable Home Furnishing Co.
Fall River, Mass., Ideal Radio & Furniture Co.
Flint, Mich., Palmer Radio & Appliance Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Schlatter Hardware Co.
Fort Worth, Texas, Leonard Brothers Co.
Fresno, Calif., Hockett Cowan Music Co.
Gary, Indiana, Cosmopolitan Radio Co.
Glendale, Calif., Glendale Music Company
Hamilton, Ohio, Radio Service Company
Hammond, Indiana, J. W. Millikan
Harrisburg, Pa., Pomeroy's, Inc.
Hartford, Connecticut, Tuckel's
Hoboken, New Jersey, Paramount Radio
Holyoke, Mass., Sharpe Appliance Company
Houston, Texas, Bayne Radio and Refrigeration Company
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Jacksonville, Fla., Glover Weiss Comp
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Kansas City, Kansas, Mace-Jones Comp
Kansas City, Missouri, Jones Store
Knoxville, Tenn., S. H. George & Sons
Lawrence, Mass., Master Tire & Radio
Little Rock, Ark., I. K. Electric Company
Long Beach, Calif., Eastern-Columbia,
Los Angeles, Calif., Eastern-Columbia,
Louisville, Kentucky, J. Bacon & Sons
Lowell, Massachusetts, Gaumont Bros.
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soldier has gone to war

Yes, America's toys have gone to war . . . along with radios, refrigerators, ranges and many other modern necessities of life. But they'll be back — new, better and more plentiful — in Your Family Store of Tomorrow

SORRY, SON, Santa Claus can't mold any little lead soldiers for you this year. Dad's new radio, too —and the refrigerator mother wanted—have given their steel and copper and aluminum for war.

But don't you worry, peace will bring America's lost comforts back — and more.

Home will be truly a House of Wonders in this after-Victory world. Science already knows how to make it comfortable beyond our dreams. Invention will fill it with conveniences we have never known.

Methods developed by war will improve products and short-cut their manufacture. An abundance of materials, new and old, will make things plentiful.

All Sparton Plants on War Work Now!

Sparton, with the rest of American industry, has shelved all civilian production for the duration — and has enlisted all its plants, in the United States and Canada, in the service of war needs.

So, Sparton-made radios now speak on a dozen combat fronts. Sparton sirens sound their warnings in every corner of the globe. Sparton horns do duty in thousands of military vehicles.

But Sparton is looking ahead. Sparton products will be back — exciting new products, of highest quality, in wider variety. *And a simplified, money-saving method of distribution will bring them to you at amazingly low prices.* That is The Sparton Way.

Rely on Your Exclusive Sparton Dealer

You may plan on these good things from your exclusive Sparton Dealer (only one in each community).

Leading merchants, who are serving you so splendidly today under difficult conditions, are also building for a world of tomorrow that will be worth all the work and sacrifice.

Americans who, before Pearl Harbor, bought beautiful Sparton radios or radio-phonographs know what The Sparton Way means in sensational *savings* on *quality* home equipment.

You may be sure that the new and finer products of Sparton laboratories will come to you under this same distribution plan — at prices within the reach of everybody.

Right now, we are working to win a war. But we are planning for a peace that will bring new security, leisure, comfort and plenty for all.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY
JACKSON, MICHIGAN
Electrical Products for Industrial, Automotive and Home Use
Precision Builders Since 1900

Home Sweet Home will be a house of wonders . . . in the world of tomorrow

SPARTON

Radio's richest voice since 1926

THE SPARTON WAY . . . a simplified distribution plan . . . pledges you better home equipment at lower prices, through one exclusive dealer in your community.

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Madison, Wisconsin, Hills Dry Goods Co.
Memphis, Tennessee, Lowenstein's
Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Schuster's
Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dayton Company
Mobile, Alabama, Gulf Furniture Company
Montgomery, Ala., Montgomery Fair Store
Muncie, Indiana, H. J. Schrader Company
Nashville, Tennessee, Castner-Knott Dry Goods Co.
Newark, N. J., Kresge Department Store
New Britain, Conn., New Britain Furniture Company
New Haven, Conn., Shartenberg's, Inc.
New Jersey, at all Vim Stores
New Orleans, La., Maison Blanche Co., Ltd.
New York City, N. Y., at all Vim Stores, Spear & Company
Niagara Falls, New York, Levy Brothers Furniture Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Virginia, Price's, Inc.
Oakland, Calif., Union Furniture Company
Oklahoma City, Okla., J. A. Brown Co.
Passaic, N. J., Arrow Electric Company
Paterson, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Pawtucket, R.I., Good Housekeeping Shops
Philadelphia, Pa., Stern and Company
Phoenix, Ariz., Barrow's Furniture Company
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Kaufman's
Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Wood Brothers
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Portland, Ore., Meier & Frank Company, Inc.
Providence, R.I., Good Housekeeping Shops
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Rochester, New York, Weis & Fischer
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San Diego, Calif., Grand Rapids Home Furniture
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Santa Monica, California, Frank Furniture Company
Schenectady, N. Y., Breslaw Furniture Co.
Seattle, Washington, MacDougal's
Shreveport, La., New York Furniture Co.
South Bend, Indiana, Indiana and Michigan Supply Company
Spokane, Washington, The Crescent
Springfield, Mass., Carlisle Hardware Co.
Springfield, Ohio, Good Housekeeping Shop
Syracuse, N. Y., E. W. Edwards & Son
Tacoma, Washington, The People's Store
Tampa, Florida, Tampa Radio Sales
Terre Haute, Indiana, Root Store Company
Toledo, Ohio, Lion Store
Trenton, New Jersey, Whitehill's, Inc.
Troy, New York, Breslaw Furniture Co.
Union City, New Jersey, Vim Stores
Utica, New York, Kempf Brothers
Waco, Texas, Clifton-Simpson Hardware Co.
Washington, D. C., The Hecht Company
Waterbury, Conn., Hampson, Mintie and Abbot, Inc.
Wheeling, W. Va., Reichart Furniture Co.
Wichita, Kansas, Crook Furniture Company
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Lazarus Store
Wilmington, Delaware, Stern & Company
Worcester Mass., C. T. Sherer Co., Inc.
Yonkers, N. Y., Steadman Music House, Inc.
Youngstown, Ohio, The Strouss-Hirshberg Company

BIG NEWS

This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."

Pro-phy-lac-tic NYLON TOOTH BRUSH

STILL -Only 23¢

RELIEVE HEADACHES NEURALGIA & MUSCULAR ACHES WITH QUICK ACTING "BC"

10¢ BC HEADACHE & NEURALGIA 10¢

"BC" contains not just *one* but *several* effective ingredients that dissolve quickly and act in a hurry. Use only as directed on the package.

10¢ and 25¢

dropped both the others with one savage rolling block. Al just trotted over the goal line.

Dee had never been such a hot guard in other years, Al thought almost absently as they went through the tunnel under the stands to the dressing rooms. He wondered why Dee wasn't in the Army; he couldn't remember hearing why he wasn't. He sat in the long room on a bench between the lockers and didn't hear what Minnihan was saying. Dee was sitting near him and Al said, "What's happened to *you?*"

"I don't know," Dee said. "All I know is I'm not this good."

"That don't make sense," Al said. When Dee didn't reply, Al tried to listen to Minnihan but that didn't seem to make sense, either.

They went outside for the second half, but he felt cold, not hot as he should be on a big day and after Minnihan had talked to them. He thought, I am certainly glad we got a big lead, because I am not going to do much now. But it didn't seem to make much difference. They had been playing about six minutes when he got loose again and when the quarterback on the other team, who was the only one in his way, dived at him, Al could feel the other man just sort of bounce off his own driving knee and he kept on going without losing balance, even. He scored standing up for the fourth time that day.

Walking back, he saw that the quarterback was out cold on the ground and the visiting team's trainer was running out. Al stopped and looked at the form on the turf. Something that was shock but which he didn't recognize, passed through him. He looked up, turning to one of the unconscious player's teammates. "Gee," Al said, "you got kids playing for you this year."

The other player looked at him in a kind of blank surprise, then said, "I guess you're right at that"

Al kept on walking back toward his own goal. He didn't hear the stands yelling. He missed the signals twice during the rest of the quarter. Then early in the last quarter he ran for a fifth touchdown with Dee Hanley moving ahead of him, shoulder-blocking tacklers, never even leaving his own feet.

MINNIHAN took them out after that and sent them, with a friendly slap of his hand, into the tunnel that ran under the crowd.

Dee Hanley said, "We sure got hot, Al."

"You sound like a country boy, Dee."

"Why, you big hick. The part of Iowa you come from—"

Al started to laugh. He was uneasy without knowing why. What he did know was how Dee had changed just in half of a football game. First, Dee didn't know why he was so good and then he figured he just wasn't that good, was playing way over his head for some reason. And now he was convinced he was good. He, himself, Al suddenly knew, was not convinced. He was not sure of anything, now. He went into the dressing room and sat down heavily. He heard Dee singing at the other end of the room. He knew he should feel good, but he didn't.

It took him two hours to catch up with Ruth Cabot that night. He went to the three dances being held on the campus, after going to her favorite eating places. He finally went to the dormitory where she lived. No one had answered the booth phone there for an hour. He stood outside the long building whose inner side formed one of the walls of the Quadrangle. Most of the windows were blank, but hers, on the second floor, was lit. He yelled in an undertone. Ruth opened the window and looked out.

Al said, "What you doing? Why aren't you out dancing or something?"

She said, "I don't feel like it."

Al said, "Could I see you for a while?"

"I don't want to dance," she said.

"Neither do I," he said.

There was a short silence before she said, "You sound worried—particularly for a big shot."

"Something like that," he said.

"Wait a minute. I'll be down."

He stood there, awkward in the shadows. A few people, passing by, thought it was Al Barton, but couldn't be sure, the figure looked so uncertain there in the night.

When Ruth came down she wore a raincoat and a hat with the brim turned down so that its shadow hid her face. She did not take his arm but walked beside him in the rain, which had thinned to a misting.

WORDS, never easy with him, seemed unusually difficult tonight. They walked then in silence through light barred with long shadows, and once on the edge of music and of stronger light, another undergraduate whom Al hardly knew recognized him and said, abruptly, and with something of awe in his tone, "Hey, Al, did you hear about Dee Hanley?"

A little annoyed, Al said, "No. What is it?"

"Why, he's tied on a terrific bender. He rammed a car into that statue in front of the administration building, slugged one of the campus cops and ran off someplace. Minnihan says he's suspended from the squad."

"You don't say," Al said, almost absently. The boy went off into the night.

"Wonder what that means?" Ruth said.

"It doesn't sound like Dee, does it?" Al said.

They walked in silence a while before Ruth said, "What was Dee deferred from the draft for?"

"I don't know," Al said. "It couldn't have been anything important. He runs like a deer."

"He seems to," Ruth said dryly.

Al laughed shortly. The remark seemed inordinately funny but he could not laugh very long at it.

They had walked only a little farther when she said, "What's bothering you?"

"I don't know," he said. "I ought to

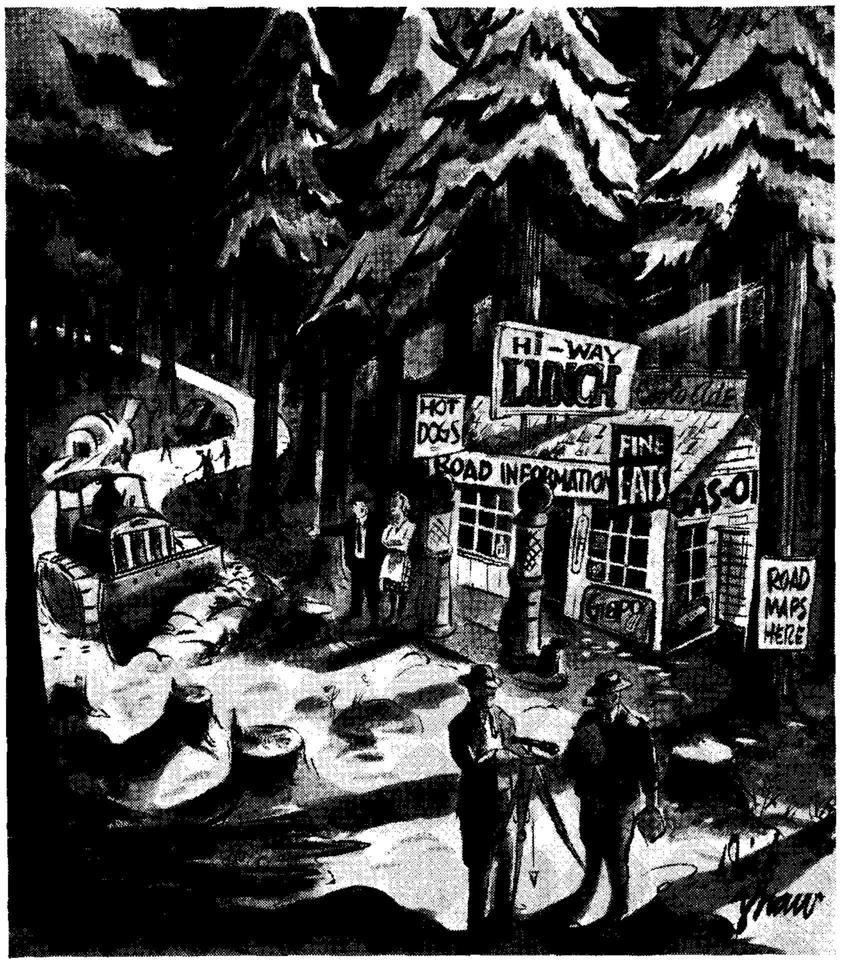
ASIATIC ANTHEM

AFTER delivering a load of American soldiers somewhere in the Pacific, an Army transport picked up a bevy of Japs, drifting around after their ship had been torpedoed. The Japs were officially labeled "PW" and placed in the custody of a sergeant. They giggled and chattered nervously for a while; then they became silent and thoughtful. Before long, they were deep in gloom. The sergeant worried, being a kindly lad at heart. None of the Japs could speak English. No one on the transport could speak Japanese.

Officers noticed the heavy brooding and suggested that the sergeant try to cheer them up: "Teach them to sing, or something."

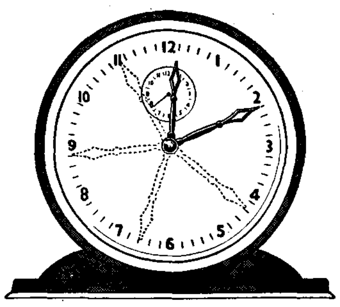
The sergeant tried several ballads, found he knew only a few bars of each. He scratched his head and went over his entire repertoire. The only thing he knew from start to finish was the chorus of one song. He tried it out, gesticulated invitations to the Japs to join in. A few tried to join in and seemed to feel better. By evening, all were learning the song.

Small wonder that Red Cross workers and military authorities felt dizzy when the ship reached port. The Jap prisoners shuffled down the gangplank, radiating delight as they caroled lustily: "Gaw Bress Ermerica!"

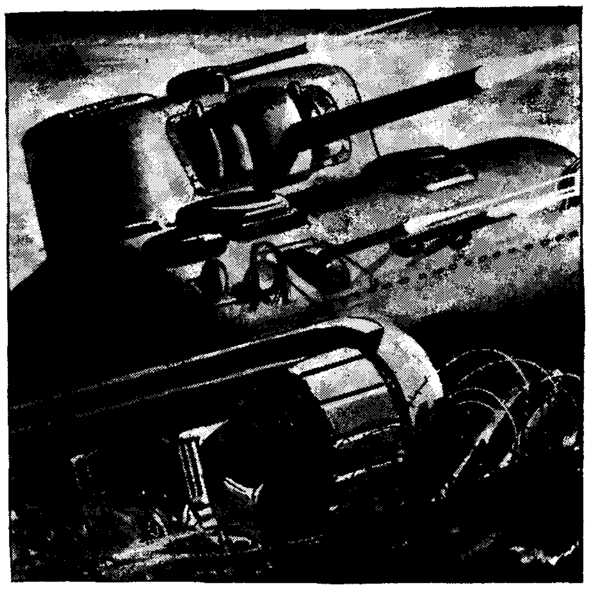


COLLIER'S "How's that, for a hunch?" DICK SHAW

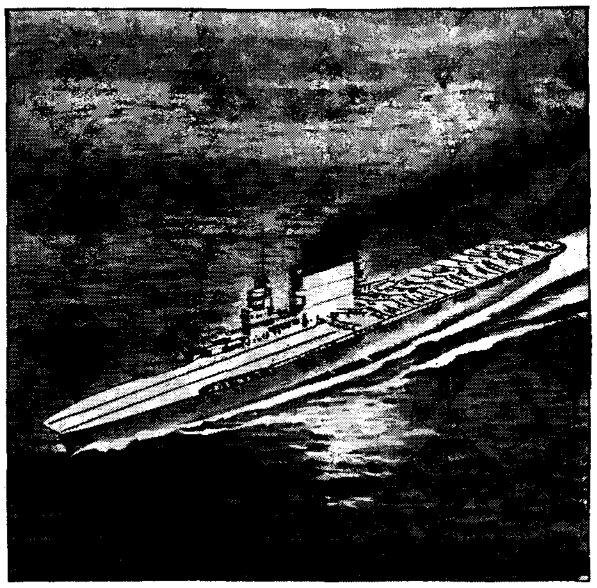
Every 11 minutes—



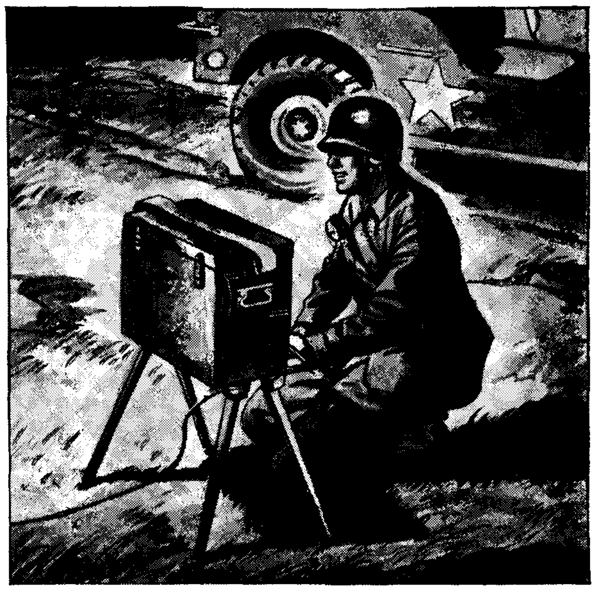
Here are a few of the Westinghouse war materials being shipped to America's fighting forces—at the rate of a full carload every 11 minutes—night and day!



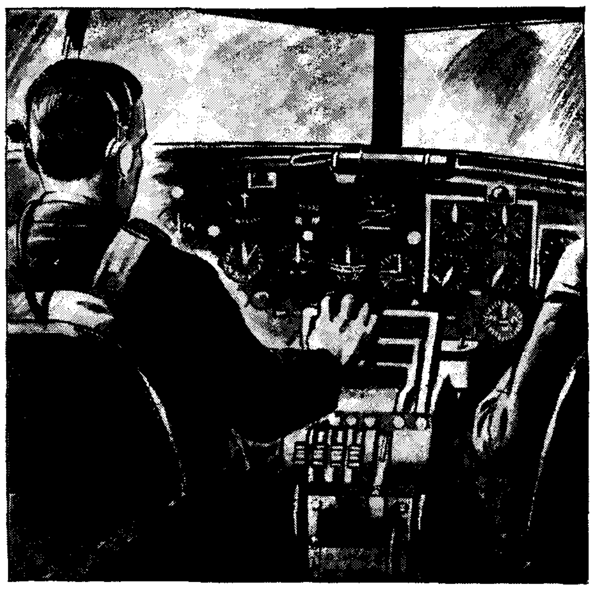
★ *From Westinghouse Laboratories and plants: fire-control devices, instruments for America's tanks.*



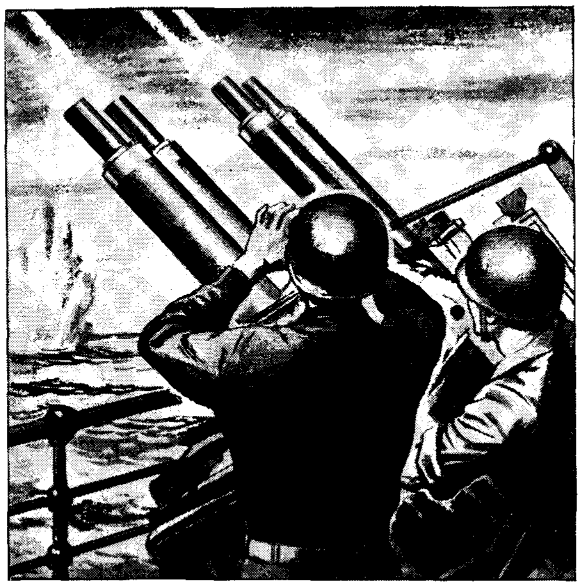
★ *Turbines, gears, elevators, signal systems, and other electrical devices for Navy ships.*



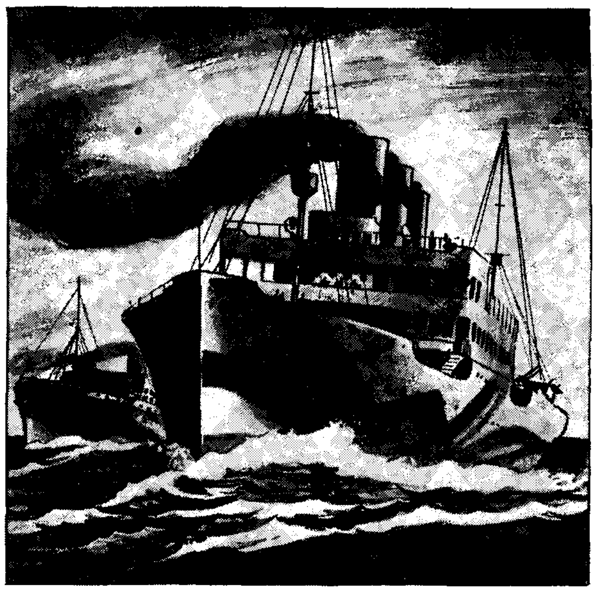
★ *Communications equipment, "walkie-talkie" sets, plastic helmets, binoculars, for ground forces.*



★ *Instruments, radios, generators, plastic parts, and lighting equipment for bombers and fighters.*



★ *Anti-aircraft gun mounts, naval ordnance, and electrical fire-control apparatus.*



★ *Propulsion equipment, generators, and auxiliary motors, for ships of the merchant marine.*

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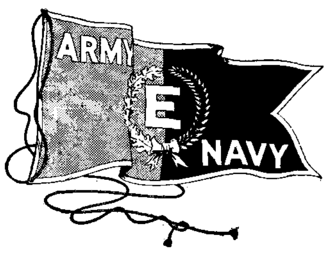

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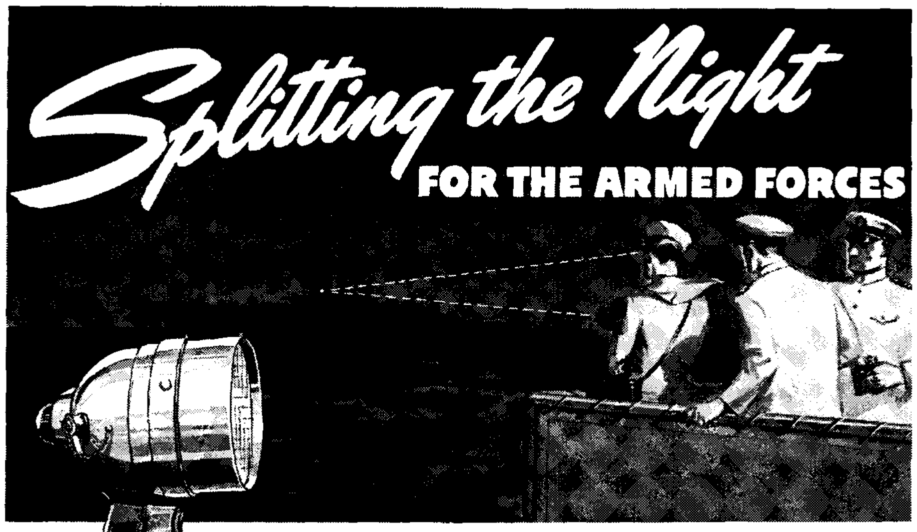
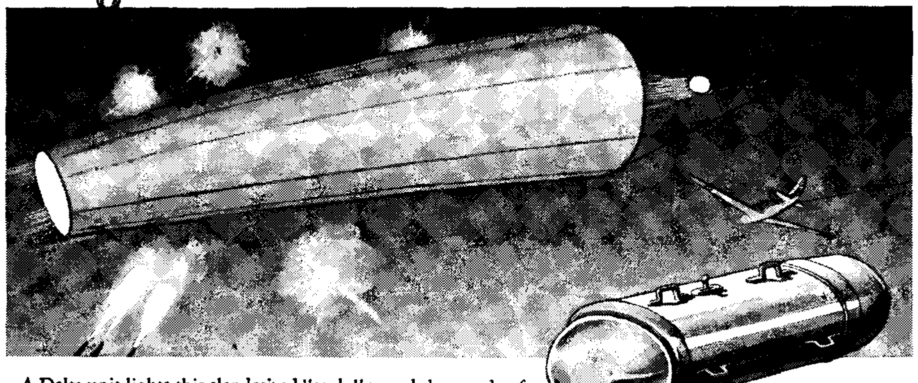
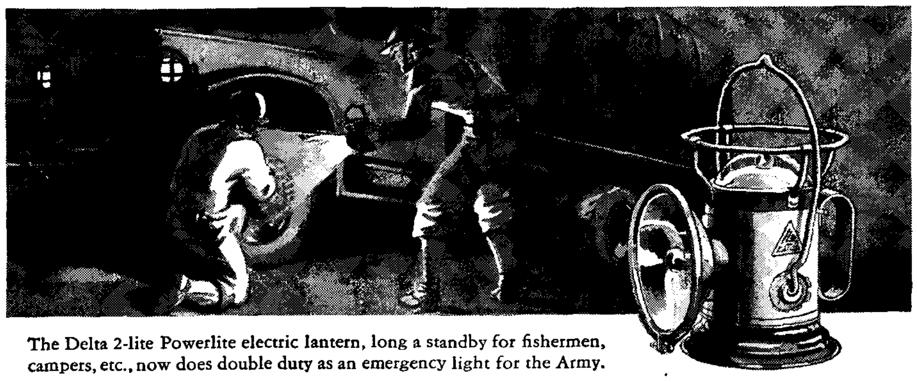


For the Navy, this Delta gun light pierces the night for distances up to 5 miles —signals light messages visible only to those for whom they are intended.



A Delta unit lights this slenderized "sock," towed thousands of feet behind a plane as a target for anti-aircraft gunnery practice.

Here's a powerful, heavy duty Delta lantern that says "there it is" for the Navy and Coast Guard. It's moisture-proof and practically indestructible.



The Delta 2-lite Powerlite electric lantern, long a standby for fishermen, campers, etc., now does double duty as an emergency light for the Army.

Behind the scenes of modern war Delta portable lighting units play an important part. Devices you never knew existed—and didn't exist until Delta originated them in collaboration with government engineers, today are serving our armed forces everywhere. It is another example of American ingenuity—evidence that skill, precision and alertness can produce the unusual when called upon to do so. Today, two Delta plants are producing exclusively for war, with men and management pledged 100% that every pay day is a War Bond day. Until the war is won that is our program. It means few Delta lanterns and bicycle lights for civilians now, but, tomorrow the privilege to buy what you want, when you want it.

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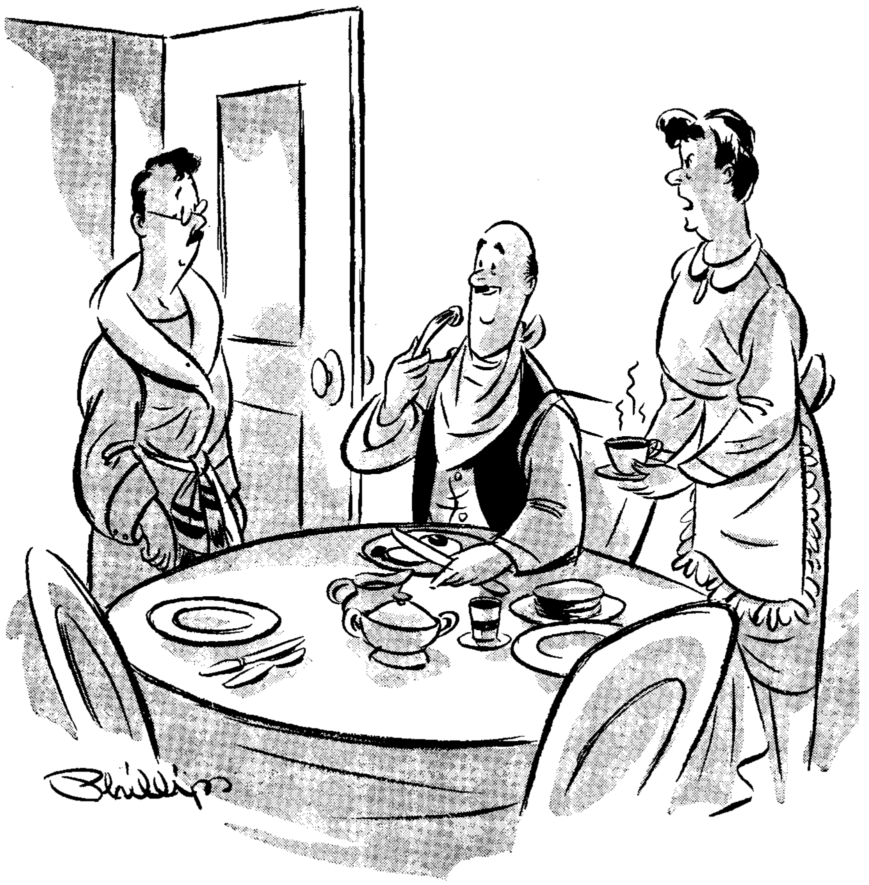

"It's the landlord, dear. . . . Too bad you didn't look over the terms of the new lease before you signed it"

COLLIER'S IRVING PHILLIPS

feel good, but I don't. I've wanted a day like this ever since I was a kid in grammar school, and now I get it and it looks like I'm going places this year, but it doesn't seem to mean a thing."

He waited for her to speak but after a while all she said was, "Go on."

Al said, "I can't go on. I don't know."

She said, "You know but you won't say it. Stop kidding yourself."

He said, "I—" and stopped. Then: "I kept thinking, underneath kind of, during part of the game and since, that it was like going through a high-school team. The good guys are all away. Between the halves Dee said that he was good but not that good. And that started me thinking about it. But then Dee got over it during the second half. He began to think that maybe he *was* that good. And now—" He stopped.

She said, "I think maybe Dee thought again."

He said, "I guess I better do something about it. Sometimes I think maybe the draft doctor back home thought I ought to have a chance to finish the year. I'm kind of old, twenty-four."

THEY went on a little way without speaking, coming back to the far edge of the campus and the dark edge of light, when they heard their names called. There was something peculiar in the call and it took them a second to realize that it came from overhead. They looked up and from the tree under which they stood, they saw a pale face looking down at them. Straining their eyes in the dark, they saw it was Dee Hanley's. Dee said, "I'm a kite."

Al said, "Come down, you drunk, the police are looking for you."

"I am looking for the police," Dee said.

"A fine way to be looking for them!" Al said.

"He's looking for them in reverse, aren't you, Dee?" Ruth said.

The face overhead disappeared and they saw the stocky body shin down the tree. Dee stood before them and in the half-light, Al saw that Dee wasn't very drunk at all, but that his face seemed strained. Al said, "What's the matter?"

Dee said, "I knew I wasn't that good. I have it all figured out. It's like playing high-school teams. No sport. I am not going to kid myself."

"When did you discover this?" Ruth said.

"In the tree," Dee said. "I was bothered and I went on a twister and when I finally got in the tree, I knew."

"I congratulate you," Ruth said. "You and this other great mind next to me here reached similar conclusions from the same set of facts. It must be so."

"You sound sarcastic," Dee said.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"I remember," Dee said. "Your brother was a senior here when I was a freshman. He's an Army officer now, isn't he? I will join the Army."

"Don't let me influence you," Ruth said.

"I'm not," he said. "I reached that conclusion in the tree. I won't be twenty until November. I thought I'd take advantage of that and finish the season, but I won't."

There was a moment, hardly more than an instant of silence when Al said, "I guess if we go in to Chicago tonight, we can find a recruiting office open."

Ruth said, "I'll drive both of you in. Some story for the papers, too, in the morning."

"Or some morning," Al said.

"What if they turn you down again?" she said.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "But I have an idea that when they see the morning papers they won't turn me down. But one thing I do know—I'm not coming back here until the war's over." He couldn't tell them, but he saw the kid's unconscious face above the red jersey lying on the sun-dried turf.

Dee said, heavily, "I want to go pack a bag."

Al said, "You aren't going to need any bag. Someone'll send your stuff home for you. Let's go."

The three of them started walking through the rain, which had begun again, toward the car which would take them first to Chicago.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

You may even have to shut off some of your instruments before you can crack up. Radio gadgets will surround us with invisible bumpers which will steer us over and around obstacles, even when we're dreaming most thoroughly.

All this is not for tomorrow, but sometime. It's all in the test tubes now, and if the aircraft industry stays flexible and progressive, if it doesn't get stiff from adhering to existing designs and machinery, it will be with us sooner than you think.

COLONEL DARRYL ZANUCK, Hollywood's gift to the war, recently met Donald Douglas, who makes airplanes. Zanuck's Twentieth Century-Fox movie lot covers acres of ground a few miles from one of Douglas' big California aircraft plants. Col. Zanuck was just being neighborly behind the glamor of his new uniform when he told Douglas to speak right up if there was anything he, the colonel, could do to help out.

"There is," Douglas said, thinking of his factory exposed to the ferocity of enemy bombs. "Paint 'Douglas Aircraft' in big letters on the roofs of your buildings at Twentieth Century."

It would just be a different type of camouflage. . . . R. McC.

CONSCIENTIOUS George F. Mitchell, who works at the Omaha Municipal Airport, has heard the decided screech of airplane tires as they meet with the runway on landing and has seen the skid marks on the surface left by the tires in that brief interval when the wheel starts turning. Like many others, he is interested in means for setting the wheel in motion before landing and thus saving precious rubber.

"I have been wondering," he says, "if an attempt has been made to mold cups or flanges into the casing of the tire so that, when the wheels are dropped to landing position, airflow and wind resistance against the cups will cause the wheels to rotate. Main trouble there, I suppose, would be the problem of securing sufficient rotation to do any good."

Both the Army and the C.A.A. have toyed with this problem off and on, particularly with reference to the oncoming giant land planes. Studies have gone so far as to hook up auxiliary motors to the wheels and start them turning at a good speed preparatory to landing. However, the one big drawback to wheels in motion when they touch the runway is that on slippery runways the plane could not be stopped quickly enough; it wouldn't have the advantage of the initial braking effect which results from the stationary wheels. And the answer to that is that nonskid runways can be built, but the time, labor and materials must be used for more pressing needs. However, it is a certainty that something will come of this wheel-in-motion idea, but *when* is an uncertainly.

ARMY and Navy pilots now in high supervisory positions are finding it very difficult to crack down on the youngsters for doing the very things they themselves did two decades ago. They feel like hypocrites, yet they've got to do something to discourage what might be termed reckless flying. We know of one case where a grim, stern operations officer called a gay, young pilot before him for disciplinary action based on a report that he had flown so low over a community of homes along a beach between Los Angeles and San Diego that the squadron markings on the plane could be plainly read. Since his plane was the only one from the squadron in that locality at that time, the evidence was conclusive.

Braced for the extreme penalty (being slapped on the ground for a week or more) the young pilot thought he detected the officer struggling with his conscience. Then the superior spoke: "Once I was 'way out in the country and dived on a herd of cows. I didn't think anybody saw me but the farmer did and reported me. Be a little careful next time. That is all." . . . F. R. N.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

I walked down to OPA. A blast of heat hit me as I entered. The personnel were peeled down to bare decency. The windows were open. It was as hot as Little Rock, Arkansas, in August. Hot! No wonder they're advising us to take cold showers. In one office they had electric fans going. I caught cold. I complained to the guy I had the date with. He said I hadn't seen anything yet, that they were about to ration fuel oil downward again and that the end was not in sight. I was about to write you a letter. I'm glad I don't have to, because three cents is three cents and I'm down to the stamp-saving stage I'll add that three cents to what I've already put away to pay my taxes on this year's income which I won't be able to pay anyway without putting the family on a one-meal-a-day eating schedule. And now tell me. How are you feeling?"

UNLESS Congress is very careful it will soon be in the throes of debate on a bill now being written by Mrs. D. D. Herring of Altoona, Pennsylvania. Foreseeing the day when we shall all be working for the government, being shifted hither and yon with scant notice, Mrs. Herring is worried about the fate of millions of cats, dogs and other domestic pets which will have to be left behind. "I am now writing a measure, soon to be introduced into Congress by a senator in good standing, making the government responsible for cats, dogs, canaries and other domestic pets thus abandoned. The bill will call for an appropriation of an adequate sum of money and the taking over of a large tract of land, supervised by a large corps of veterinarians. On this reservation the government will be required to house and care for such animals until the time when their owners return to take up the old routine of life. Families losing their pets will be indemnified to the sum of not less than five dollars nor more than one thousand dollars." As we say, we won't be at all surprised to find Congress tearing itself apart over this measure soon. And it might end up when some member rises and repeats the words of the late Honorable Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois. One day Mr. Cannon brought a four-day debate to a permanent close with a single sentence. "Gentlemen," demanded Mr. Cannon, "have any of you any information regarding what the hell we're discussing?" . . . W. D.

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Good King Jim

Continued from page 42

against its own goal line, when the Indian center passed the ball miles over Jim's head as he was preparing to punt out. He raced back, captured the ball twenty yards behind his own goal line—*and ran for a touchdown!*

If we had not seen something of the sort ourselves, we should hesitate to report these miracles. We saw Thorpe first in 1912 when Carlisle was playing Lehigh. Lehigh had great teams in those days and, upon taking the opening kickoff, went to the three-yard line before the Indians held. They were never much on defense, the Carlisle boys. If you scored one touchdown, they scored two; and the scores of their games, even in those days of low-scoring contests, were generally 35-27 and 28-19—things like that.

Well, the Indians held Lehigh for three downs on the three-yard line and *then Lehigh tried its famous forward-pass play*—the quick pass directly over the line of scrimmage. Pazetti, the Lehigh quarterback, took the ball from between the center's legs, raced back in a wild scramble, whirled and tossed it. Lehigh had won half a dozen games with that play, but this time Jim Thorpe intercepted the pass.

He intercepted it about five yards *back* of the goal line, and anybody in his right mind would have touched the ball down there. That would have made it a touchback, the ball would have been brought out to the twenty-yard line and the Indians could have started anew from there. Now remember, this pass *wasn't out to the side. It was directly* over the line of scrimmage, and when Jim caught the ball, he was surrounded by players. But did he touch the ball down? Not on your life! He started weaving his way out of that mass of humanity. By the time he reached the ten-yard line, he had dodged all tacklers and was in the clear.

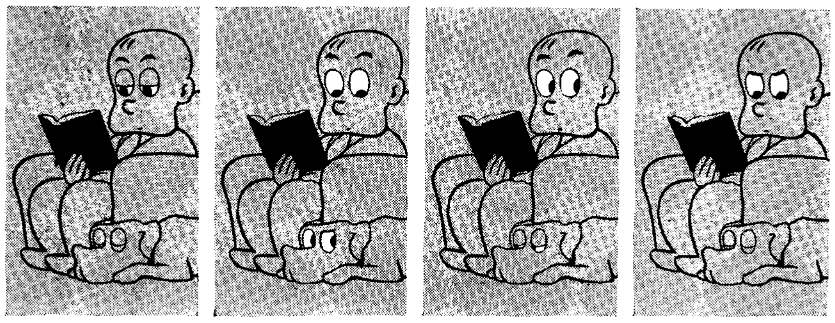
How he did it, nobody but Jim will ever know. But there he was, loping gently down the greensward with Lehigh's fastest man, Pazetti, after him. Jim let him draw to within five feet of him and then he gave a little wave of the hand—and pulled away from Pazetti as if the latter were tied down with a load of bricks. *That run covered 105 yards!*

In the better sense of the word, the Carlisle Indians were the only amateur team that ever existed. They were the only college team we have ever seen that played football for fun. Anybody who thinks the Indians are a glum people is nuts. They have a truly great sense of humor.

A Redskin Wisecracker

The wit of that club was Garlow, the center. He commiserated with the opposition, kept up a steady stream of conversation and eventually had the game on a nice social footing. When the Indians had the ball on the goal line and there was some doubt of it being a touchdown for Carlisle, Garlow was at his best.

"Gentlemen," he would say, his voice full of sympathy, "this hurts me as much as it does you, but I'm afraid the ball is over. It is not a nice thing to do to a group of fine young men who have treated us so kindly, but the truth must be told. The ball is over and nobody regrets it more than we do. If there was any way of correcting this error on our part, we should be glad to do it. But there is no slightest doubt about the condition that confronts us here. It's a touchdown. The ball is over."


COLLIER'S "G-RRRRRR!" CROCKETT JOHNSON

After a minute or two of this, while the officials were peering intently at the spheroid and making their momentous decision, the other team would be utterly changed. Instead of being a *dramatic group of young men with set* jaws and grief-stricken countenances, they would be turned into happy human beings. The spectators in the stands would look on in wonderment at the sight of a group of defeated boys laughing their heads off. If that isn't the amateur spirit, it has never been seen on this hemisphere.

The Indians had a habit also of not calling signals. They liked to let the other fellows in on the game. That backfield was composed of Welch, Arcasa and Powell in addition to Thorpe, and Jim would stand back of the line of scrimmage and yell in a loud voice, "What about going around right end this time?" *And they would prance around right end.*

"Left tackle, now, eh?" Jim would holler, and they would go through left tackle despite the fact that the opponents ganged up there in force. The Indians never cared who knew their plays. Their blocking and running was such that they would gain if the whole stadium lined up against them.

Pop Warner once created a great controversy by saying that Ernie Nevers was the greatest player he ever coached. He has since amended that in a talk with Grantland Rice to saying that: "Nevers was a great team player, giving his best all the time; Thorpe never gave more than forty per cent of his best." All that one can say to this is that Thorpe at his 100 per cent best would have made a joke of the pastime.

It is probably true of the Indians that they never broke their necks playing. They always managed to lose one game a year, generally to Syracuse, and on a muddy field. They could never understand why anybody wanted to play in the rain. As Thorpe said once to Grantland Rice. *"What's the fun in that?"*

Contrary to the rumor that Jim was a finished player when he came to Carlisle, he had never played before a happening in practice made him famous. He was a thin, tall kid in 1907, when one of the coaches kicked a ball to him and told him to run down the field with it. Jim ran through the entire varsity team and planted the ball behind the goal posts.

"No, no!" cried the coach. "This is just for tackling practice."

"Nobody's going to tackle Jim," said Jim, and when the ball was kicked to him again, he repeated with another run the length of the field. After that, they started using him as a regular.

Thorpe could do anything with a football. With our own eyes we have seen him punt the distance of the playing field in the air—hundred-yard punts! Thousands saw him in his professional football days when he used to give drop-kicking exhibitions. He would stand in the middle of the field, face one goal post and drop-kick the ball squarely over it. He would then turn around to the other goal and do it that way.

He was a great line bucker, a murderous runner off tackle, one of the fastest men ever known on the gridiron and *absolutely unstoppable in the open field.* His straight-arm knocked heads entirely off shoulders, and his change of pace was so subtle that he seemed to float past tacklers.

A Tale of Two Indians

Harold Bruce tells the story of the time Carlisle was to meet Lafayette at Easton in a track meet. When he met the train, two Indians got off.

"Where's the team?" demanded Bruce.

"This is the team," said Thorpe.

"Only two of you?" demanded Bruce, flabbergasted.

"Only one of us," Jim corrected him. "This one is the manager."

Jim took eight first places that day, winning the meet easily. If that seems farfetched, remember that he did equally well at the Olympic Games at Stockholm, making a runaway of the decathlon and giving Europe a thrill which it still remembers. His medals were taken away from him because it had been discovered that he had been playing professional baseball in North Carolina previously, but John McGraw signed him for the New York Giants, where he played for six years. The theory is that failure to hit curve balls finally licked him as a ballplayer, and that is one thing which makes Jim sore.

"I had a lifetime average of over .250," he says sourly. "I musta hit a coupla curves."

Anyhow, that has nothing to do with his football ability. It proves merely that he was a great athlete at anything. *But we will thank all concerned if this business about who is the greatest football player ceases for all time.* There was Thorpe—and the rest haven't yet appeared around the last turn.

Since his football days, Jim has had a whirl at several careers, being by turn a movie actor, a lecturer and a laborer. He is now in government work around Detroit as a guard. Saboteurs, spies and general nuisances would do well to keep clear of the old gent. He still has what is known as timing and athletic aptitude.

Lately, Grantland Rice was talking to Jim about his career.

"Jim, did you ever get hurt playing football?" asked Grant.

Jim looked at him in honest wonderment.

"How could anybody get hurt playing football?" he asked.

THE END

It's good to know there are some things which the pressures of war have not changed, and one of them is

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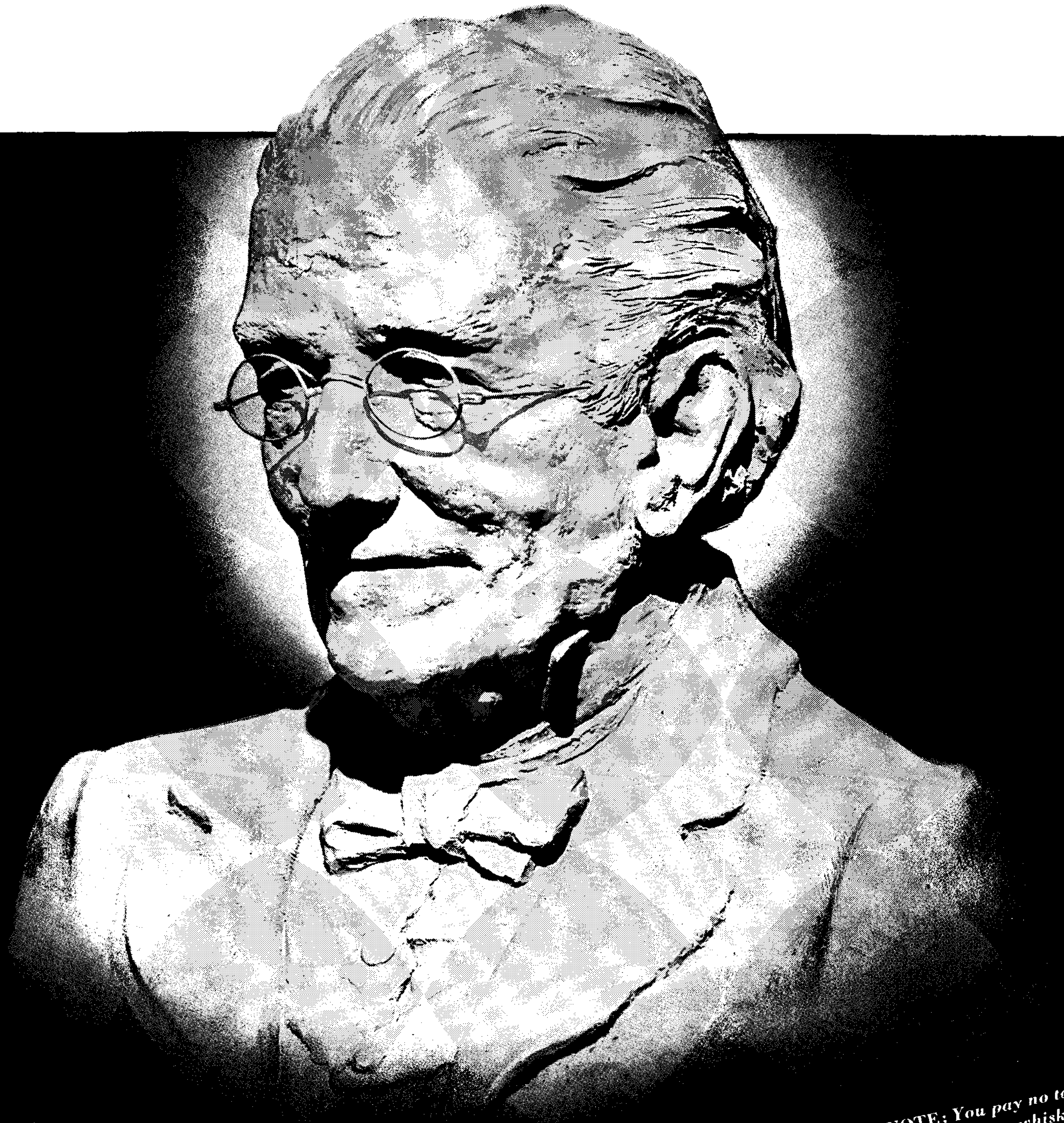

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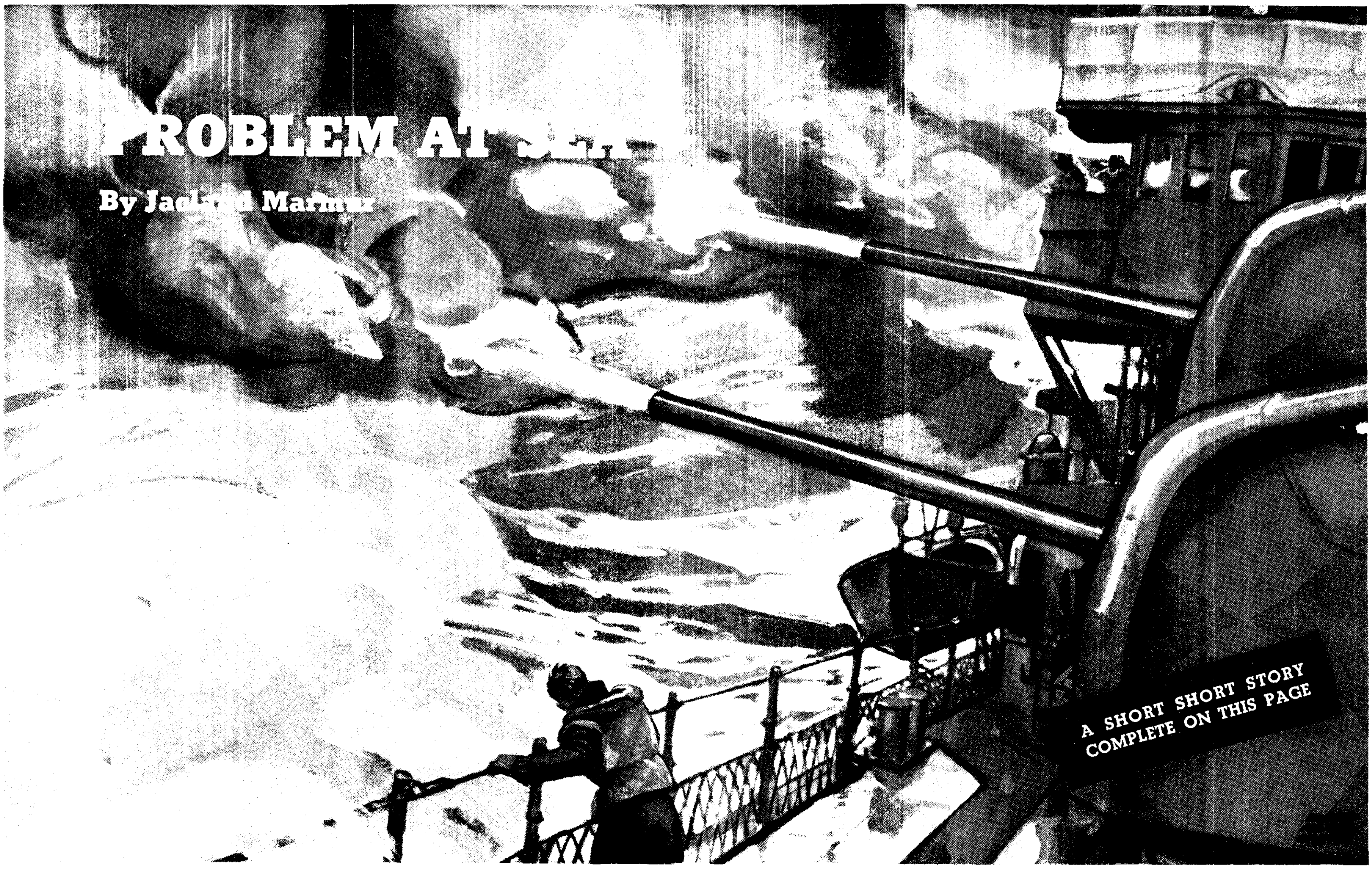
PROBLEM AT SEA

By Jacland Marmur



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"Full left rudder! Open fire!" The Bane's guns slammed out in salvo. The Jap sub's deck gun flashed

ENSIGN PARKINSON, fresh from a cruiser's eight-inch gun division, was a little impatient with his skipper, Lieutenant Commander Pendleton. As a matter of fact, he didn't approve. The wardroom air of respectful gaiety he thought most unprofessional, and he saw no excuse at all for calling a skipper "Square-root Sam." Ensign Parkinson was still Academy-marked, full of Jomini's tactics and Admiral Mahan's strategy. He was new to the destroyers, especially the Thomas Bane; he had a lot to learn.

The facts of the task seemed simple to him: Jap scouting submarine aprowl in Area BX-4. Damaged by bomber attack and unable to submerge, though her surface speed seemed unimpaired. She had information of Alaskan ship dispositions of the utmost value to the enemy, and she had to be destroyed at whatever cost. That order and report, Parkinson reflected, was direct and to the point. So let's move! he thought. Let's plow the ocean up with both our turbines singing to the hunt. To the devil with this thick Aleutian fog. It was just a minor complication; you had to trust your luck. But the skipper didn't believe in luck. He believed in mathematics. That's why they called him "Square-root Sam."

Behind the thin steel dodger, the dank cold mist kept dripping from his high-boned face, his ship just poking through the blind white pall of Area BX-4 at speed one third. And his fog-weary eyes had that familiar crinkling at their corners Parkinson had seen before from the head of the wardroom mess. That was the skipper's look whenever he gnawed a problem.

"Submarine, sir! Dead ahead!" The lookout's sudden cry was sharp; it caught excited echoes shrilling through the ship. "Sub! Sub, sir! On the bow!"

"One two double oh. Scale . . ."

They were already droning out the range aloft as Parkinson flung up one arm to point what he saw—a dark loom, low on the water, an ugly shadow lurking behind veils of swirling mist.

"Full left rudder! Open fire!" the skipper barked.

That was a fighter's act of instinct: it brought all his guns to bear. But in the same instant he leaped for the bridge wing, thrusting the seaman aside to put his own eye at the instrument and take the bearing himself, as if he had known all along there wouldn't be much time. He was right. The guns slammed out in salvo, rocking the Bane. Long two hundred. Through the heavy fog the Jap sub's deck gun flashed. Once. Twice. Two shells sang over into silence. Then she was gone. Swallowed in the thick Aleutian mists.

Parkinson stormed with impatient inward rage. But the skipper didn't seem at all alarmed. He had expected this. What else—in these latitudes? He seemed satisfied to have so small a fact as a known spot on a vast, invisible ocean drowned in fog. Swiftly, he was fitting it into his mathematical equation of tactics. The Jap, lying with engines dead until discovered, had her deck gun ready-manned; she hadn't swung her bows to launch torpedo attack. That meant she hadn't any fish to waste! She would be rushing off instead. Her speed? Let's say sixteen. The problem was—to where?

"Full ahead all engines. Let her head come three two oh." The skipper eyed his wrist watch carefully. Three minutes. This was the spot. "Full left rudder!" The destroyer dipped steeply to the turn. The skipper kept on clocking her. "Mr. Parkinson," he said with utmost calm, "see the fo'c'sle and both wing messrooms forward are cleared of men at once. All guns at maximum depression. Pass the word. Stand by for crash."

Crash? Parkinson gaped at his commander, checking his startled outburst just in time. The skipper meant to ram that sub. Wonderful! But didn't he have to sight her first? And that amazing fellow wasn't peering into the rushing wall of fog at all! He was staring intently at his wrist watch, calling new courses to the helm at intervals instead! The Bane was goring angularly through the long flat swells, her blowers whining high and thin. Her decks were steeply tipped; she was circling at high speed through thick Aleutian fog.

The skipper was chasing his blooming tail! Like a silly dog. Where was the sense in that, when you couldn't see a cable's length ahead? That Jap sub was clear away in the west for sure by now! That's what the ensign grimly thought, hanging on until the skipper might see fit to quit this foolishness. But he didn't quit; he kept it up, his circles swinging wider, Parkinson's annoyance gnawing deeper all the time. Till suddenly, without warning—it happened.

THE gray shape loomed. Dead ahead. There was only time enough to see a bow wave flash beneath the swirling fog before the Bane smashed into it full speed with a crashing roar, ripping and rending metal as if she'd hit a solid wall. It flung the men headlong. But the skipper was ready; he was on his feet.

"All engines full astern! Full right rudder! Open fire!" he cried.

The guns slammed out. Depressed already and at point-blank range, what was left of the smashed Jap sub went spewing skyward in exploding, debris-clotted jets of flame. That was the end of her. And young Ensign Parkinson was so amazed he never remembered anything else, not even surveying the ship's crumpled bows and all the wreckage forward. But he never forgot the executive, asking the skipper what all hands wanted to know.

"Are you psychic, sir? Or is it an equation in math you use to ram Jap subs in a pea-soup fog when the devil only knows what course they're on?"

"To tell the truth, there is an equation, Joe." The skipper afforded himself a smile. "Sometime I mean to properly figure it out. Point is, chasing her in heavy fog by propeller sound alone would give her all the odds, that's sure. But once we sighted her, I had a starting point. I kept swinging from that in an ever-widening spiral. It seemed reasonable to suppose she'd make as straight and fast a course from there as she could. Now you lay that down on a chart, Joe. No matter which way she goes, her course will look like the spoke of a wheel. Our spiral was bound to cut her in two someplace along the way, our speed being great enough. That gave *us* the mathematical odds. And we ran her down."

"That we did," the lieutenant grinned. "Now what would you say the mathematical odds were, Skipper, to get us home to Dutch Harbor with a shored-up bulkhead and an accordioned pile of steel junk for bows?"

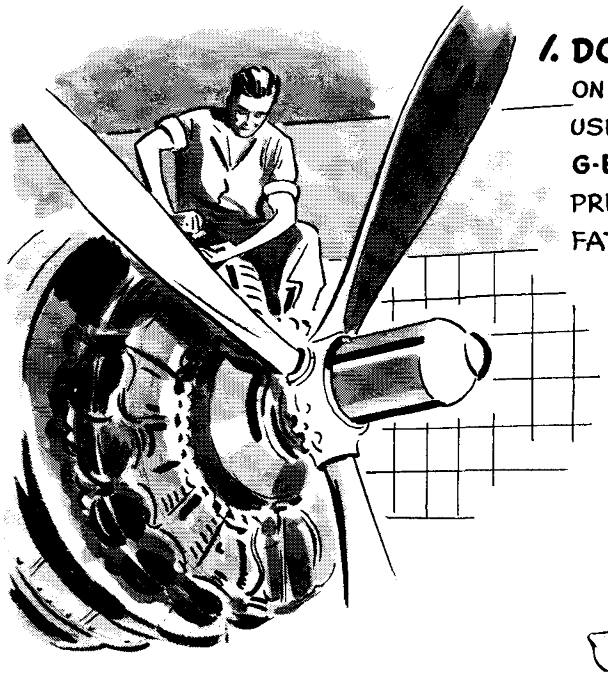
The skipper's weary eyes began to dance. "I think the odds are fine."

It was plain to Ensign Parkinson the executive was satisfied with the mathematical judgment of Square-root Sam. As a matter of fact, it seemed good enough for the ensign too. He was beginning to learn. He might even get to like the destroyers after all, in time.

If you want to see how the skipper's problem was worked out, Collier's will send you a copy of the solution. All you need is a knowledge of simple calculus and plane geometry and patience. Write to Problem Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. There is no charge.

THE FACTS OF LIGHT

by Bob Siemer



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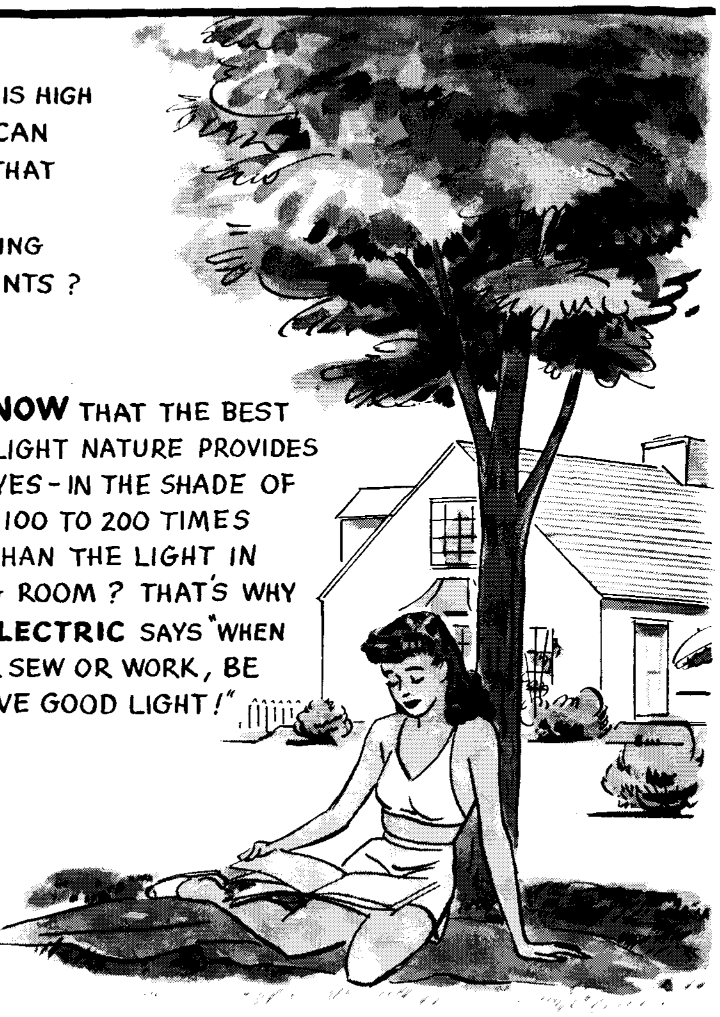

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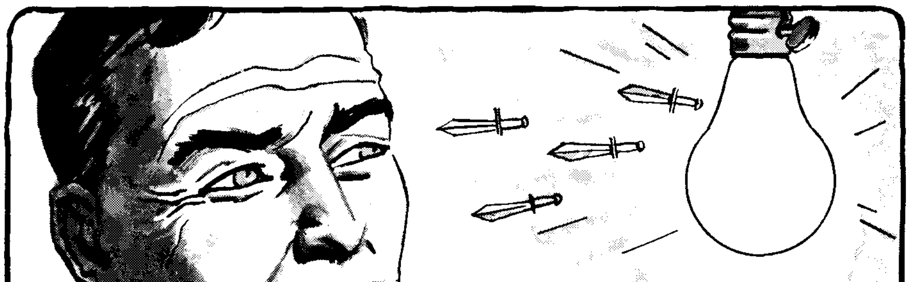

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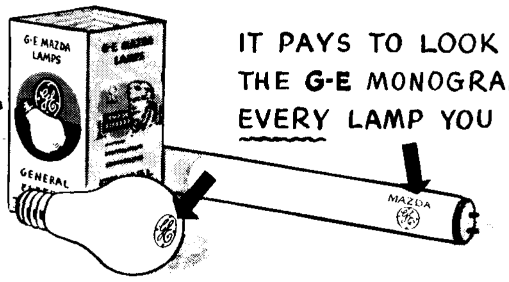

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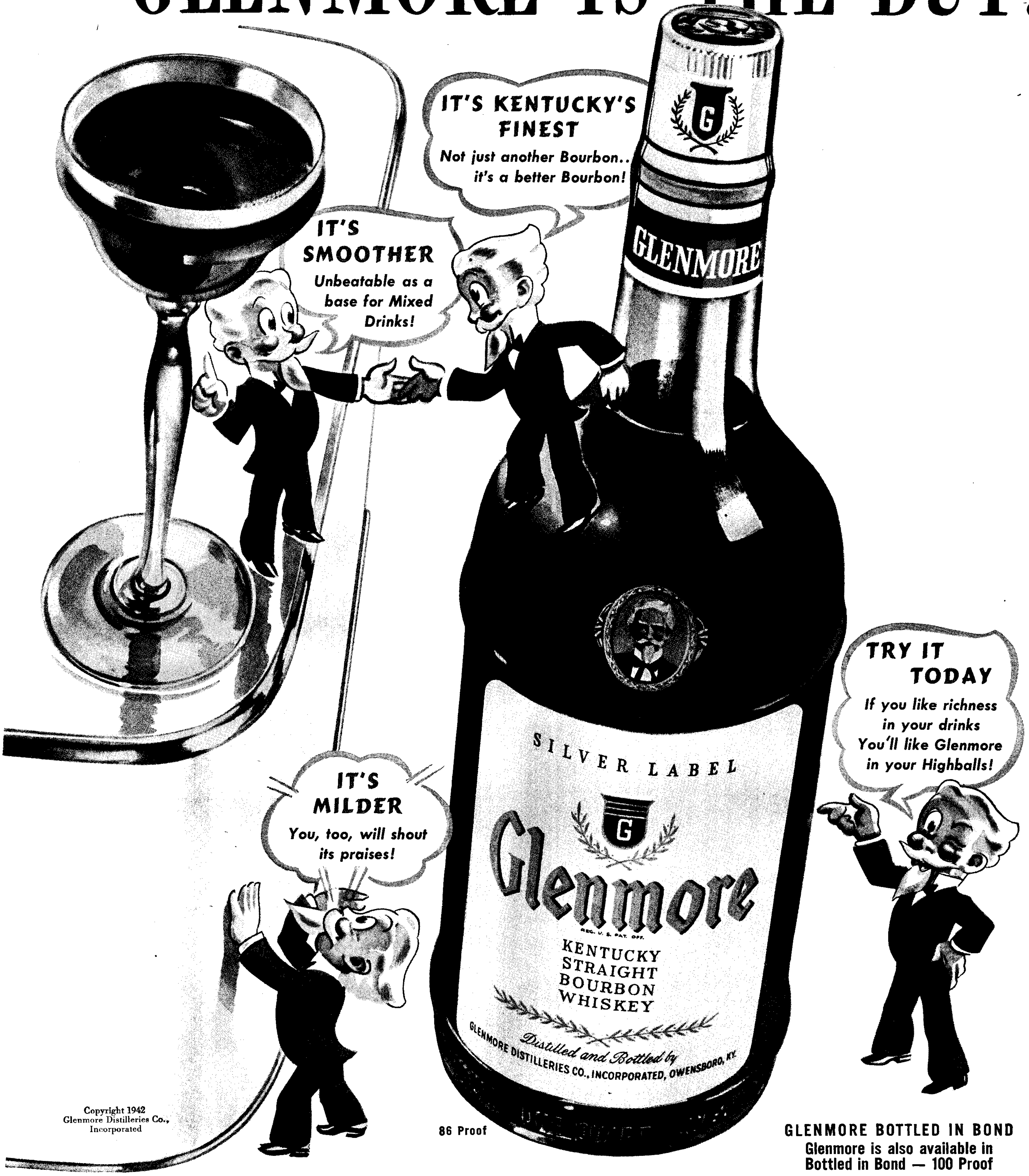
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Autumn Leave

Continued from page 20

the last chapters of *Pride Goeth* . . ." said Mr. Bigelow. "They also had a nice, long chat about war work. Two days later Almendinger went and got a job in a small-arms factory."

"I can see the title of her next book," said Jim sarcastically. "Small Arms and the Man."

"I see that they don't include humor in that officers' training course," said Mr. Bigelow coldly. "I will continue.

"F. J. Cuthbertson was our next casualty. The old gentleman was so inspired by Jennie Bishop's zeal that he and his lumbago went and became a volunteer fireman. Then there is . . ."

MR. BIGELOW continued to catalogue the authors who, drafted by Miss Bishop, were no longer writing.

"Why don't you have a little talk with her?" Jim suggested feebly.

"That," said Bigelow, "is precisely what I was about to say to you. I attempted one little talk with her. It resulted in my having to address a group of Boy Scouts on the subject 'Books are Bullets.' "

"But I don't see what I can do if . . ." Jim began.

"Ah, but you are just the man for the job," Mr. Bigelow interrupted eagerly. He rose and gave Jim's back an urgent pat. "That was always your strong point, my boy—talking to people. I want *you* to talk to Jennie."

Jim shook his head firmly. "Sorry. I'm here for a rest. She doesn't sound like the restful type."

Mr. Bigelow fixed his employee with an indignant eye. "How about your loyalty to the firm?" he asked. "You expect to be with us after the war, don't you? Do you want to return to find grass growing in the editorial workroom?"

"I still don't see what possible good I can do."

"That's your problem," said Bigelow, somewhat irrationally. "I feel certain that, if you put your mind to it, you can convince Jennie that she should spend her five-day week being an editor instead of a recruiting officer among lame, halt and ancient authors. Will you take a shot at it or not? I'm asking it as a favor to the firm."

"Well. . . ." said Jim.

"Good," said Mr. Bigelow. "Jennie spends her mornings at the USO Clubhouse. You'll find her there now." . . .

In one corner of the big room a British sailor with three checkers on his board was striving ineffectually to stop the attack of a Canadian air cadet who had nine of them. In two other corners, members of the U. S. Infantry were writing letters. In the fourth corner, a machinist's mate was eating apple pie. Between these four outposts, several hundred men in uniform were elbowing their ways back and forth, standing in line for movie passes, and giving a general effect of vast and confusing activity.

It took Jim twenty minutes to ferret out the fact that Jennie Bishop was upstairs on the dance floor, and another five to have her located and pointed out to him.

Jim had to ask twice if that really was Miss Jennie Bishop. He had expected something rather forbidding, steely-eyed and jutting-jawed. But the eyes were an entirely different kind of gray than steel. They had a lot of green in them, and they were amazingly large. A crinkly long bob with a lot of red in it completed a general effect that was, in a word, snazzy.

Jim seized her elbow tentatively. "I beg your pardon," he said, "but I wonder . . ."

She looked up and smiled at him. It was a thoroughly disconcerting smile. So disconcerting, in fact, that Jim forgot to finish his sentence.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I can't dance with you right now," she said, glancing at her watch. "In fifteen minutes, maybe, when I'm relieved."

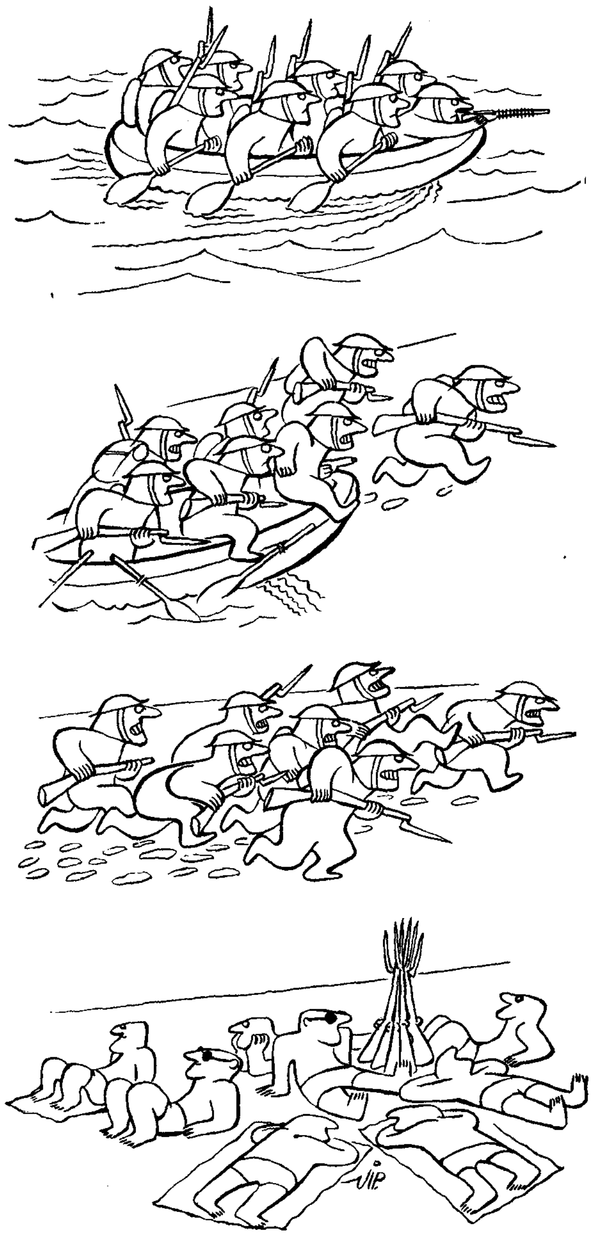
"Think nothing of it," said Jim. "I didn't want—I mean, I'm James Sloan and I wanted . . ."

She smiled again. "I'm Jennie Bishop. And you don't have to feel shy about asking us. We love to dance, really."

"I'm not shy," said Jim with some indignation. "I want much more than to dance with you." He stopped. That didn't sound quite right. "What I mean is . . ."

By this time Jennie had already produced another girl. One named Rita Murch. A girl with an acute case of giggles.

"Pleastameetcha," said Miss Murch, upon being introduced.



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Jim swallowed hard. "Hi," he said, and then looked despairingly at Miss Bishop. "Look. You're making a mistake. I—"

Jennie patted his arm comfortingly. "Now you just go right ahead and dance," she said. "You know perfectly well you're dying to. Rita won't mind if you're no Arthur Murray. Her toes have been stepped on before, haven't they, Rita?"

Miss Murch clicked her gum emphatically. And giggled. "By expoits," she said and led Jim, still struggling feebly, away to the dance floor.

Ten minutes passed before Jim was able to look for Jennie Bishop once more. During this interval he learned that Miss Murch could certainly go for Errol Flynn, that she preferred enlisted men from the South because they wasn't so fresh, that the rumba wasn't so difficult, really—"you just got to make right with the wiggle—like this . . ." and that she had an understanding with a sailor who played the ocarina.

AT LAST Jim got away and rediscovered Jennie Bishop. This time she was proceeding cautiously down one side of the room, carrying a trayful of hot coffee.

Fearful that delay might mean another encounter with Miss Murch, Jim sprinted. He was about to tap Jennie on the shoulder when a large sailor, hastening on some errand of his own, jogged his elbow sharply.

Several things then happened quickly. Jim's intended tap became a shove. Jennie, startled, wheeled, and at the same time attempted to balance her trayful of coffee. Only the wheeling was successful. Eight cupfuls of USO coffee made immediate contact with their logical destination, the U. S. Army man.

"Look out!" cried Jennie.

Jim wiped some coffee out of his hair and painfully inquired, "Why? Is anything worse going to happen?"

The sailor, unaware of the little scene, was already far away, pushing other people. The next few minutes were rather hectic. Jim was rushed to a small room on the third floor where an Army doctor, after examination, reported nothing wrong that a dry uniform and underwear wouldn't cure. Following which, the doctor prepared to depart, leaving Jim alone in what former novelists of his acquaintance called the altogether. "Anything you'd like?" the doctor said.

"Yes, sir," said Jim. "Miss Bishop. The girl who spilled the coffee on me. She'll be wanting to see me."

The doctor eyed him dubiously. "She has quite an opportunity," he said.

"It's quite all right," said Jim. Then, as the doctor looked surprised, he added hastily, "I mean, I'll stay behind this screen."

A few minutes passed. Then Jennie appeared, full of apologies. "Thank goodness you haven't even first degree burns," she said finally. "The doctor says you can go right on dancing as soon as your uniform comes back."

"Darn dancing!" said Jim

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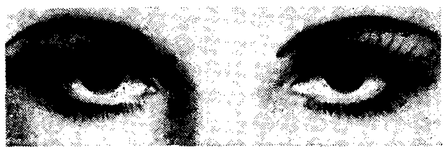

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briefly from behind his screen. He went on to explain that he was B & B's former head editor, which was why he had been trying to talk to her. She was just about to answer when a regrettable mishap occurred.

Engrossed in what he was saying, Jim had been unconsciously pushing his toe through the niche in a segment of the screen. The niche just fitted his toe. Felt cozy. But it was one of those three-part screens that stay up only when they are set just so. Jim's toe disturbed its delicate balance. It collapsed, just as Jennie Bishop was saying, "Now everything is clear to me."

She followed this accurate comment with a shrill, piercing scream. Jim quick-wittedly dove to the floor and rolled himself in the screen as the doctor, accompanied by several husky soldiers, rushed in.

"You're safe, miss," said the doctor grimly. "I was expecting trouble from that bird."

IT WASN'T quite nine-thirty next morning when Jim's phone woke him.

"Hello," the voice at the other end said. "This is Jennie Bishop."

Jim struggled upright in bed and shivered slightly, though it was a warm morning. Any contact with Miss Bishop seemed automatically to breed trouble.

"I was sorry I had to leave right after they—er—let you loose," she said. "I was wondering if you could possibly have dinner with me tonight?"

"Certainly," said Jim. "You bet." He was conscious of a small glow of satisfaction. Obviously, there was something about him which attracted the girl powerfully.

"It's Mr. Bigelow's idea," she continued. "He says you have a great many ideas about the spring list which he wants me to assimilate."

Jim's glow faded. He should have realized that this call was only the result of Clement Bigelow's new role of Machiavelli.

Almost irritably, Jim made arrangement to call for the girl at her apartment—in the East fifties—that evening.

DURING dinner (they went to a little spot off Lexington Avenue that specialized in steaks) Jim couldn't seem to find an appropriate jumping-off place for that talk.

Jennie finally solved the problem for him, just after she had finished telling him about her plan to take a course which would enable her to go into an aircraft plant as a line foreman.

"I have a problem," she said. "You know a lot about the Army, maybe you can help."

"If it's about K. P., I'm an expert."

She stirred her coffee thoughtfully. "It's about Carleton Peevy. He wants my advice on what branch of the Armed Forces to go into and I don't know what to recommend."

For a moment Jim was too stunned to reply. Carleton Peevey was far and away the firm's biggest meal ticket. If Ellen Almendinger was a prop in the house of Bigelow & Bowers, then Carleton Peevy was the whole front porch. Sales of his last three inspirational books had totaled over a million copies.

"Does Mr. Bigelow know about this?" Jim said finally.

"Well, no," said Jennie, biting her lip. "You see, Mr. Bigelow carried on so after Mr. Cuthbertson became a volunteer fireman that we've postponed telling him until Carleton makes his decision."

"Carleton?" said Jim, vaguely disturbed. "I didn't know anyone at the office called Peevy by his first name."

"Oh, yes," said Jennie. "We've been seeing quite a lot of each other lately. Tell me, do you think he's too old for the Tank Corps?"

Jim looked and felt grim. "In my opinion," he said, "anyone with Peevy's cubic content of hot air should enlist as a barrage balloon."

Jennie put her coffee cup down and regarded Jim sternly. "That's not fair. Just because Carleton understands human nature and happens to write one best seller after another is no reason to . . ."

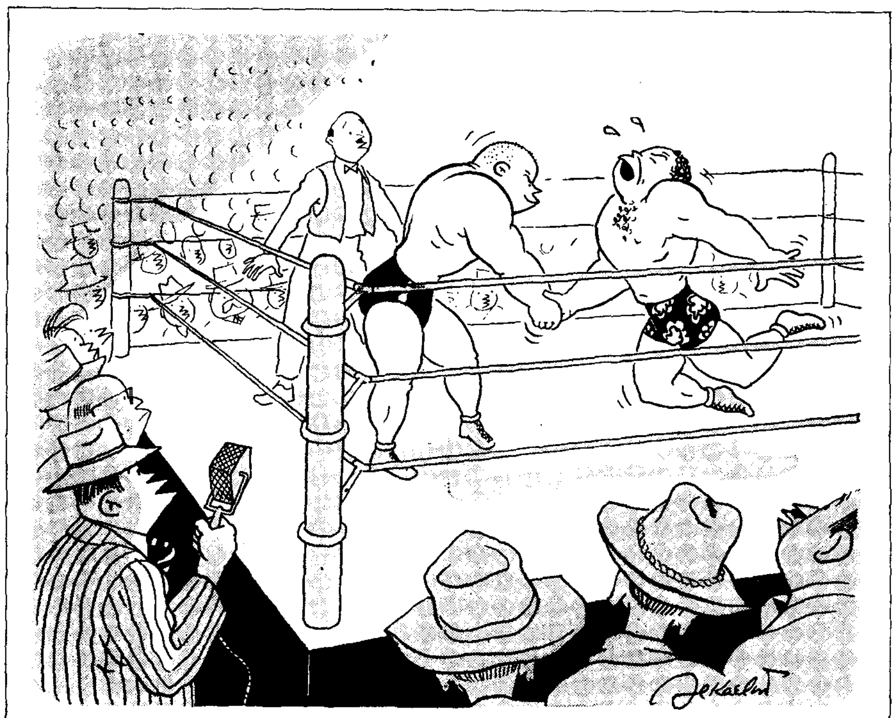
"Human nature!" said Jim. "Hah!"

Jennie looked puzzled. "I didn't know you felt so antagonistic to Carleton," she said. "Forget the whole thing. I'm sorry I mentioned it."

"I do not feel strongly about that *four-ply fourflusher,*" Jim said. "I merely regret, purely academically, that a supposedly intelligent girl like yourself should throw away the best years of her life on a . . ."

"Aren't you leaping at conclusions?" said Jennie. "In the first place, I would hardly call spending a few evenings with Carleton Peevy throwing away the best years of my life. And in the second place, even if I was, I really don't see that it's any concern of yours."

Jim blinked. He had suddenly realized that he didn't see why it was, either.



"The boys are now shaking hands in the middle of the ring!"

COLLIER'S AL KAELIN

In the course of the next twenty-four hours, Jim came to an important decision. His course was clear. In the interests of his country, of Bigelow & Bowers, and of Miss Jennie Bishop, he would spend as many of his waking hours in the girl's company as was possible.

Jim reasoned everything out prettily. He would be serving his country because Jennie was the influence who was pushing Carleton Peevy toward enlistment. If Jim occupied all Jennie's spare time, Peevy wouldn't enlist. If Peevy didn't enlist, that would be the equivalent of a major victory for the United Nations.

Jim remembered the last time he had seen Carleton Peevy. It had been at a celebration party, after Peevy's last book had passed the half-million-copy mark.

Carleton Peevy was a handsome man. More than that, he was a spectacularly handsome man. People oh'd and ah'd when they saw him. No doubt Jennie had too, Jim thought bitterly. Glossy and wavy, his prematurely white hair gave him a statesmanlike aspect to which the rugged strength of his features lent additional authority. To look at his face was to expect nothing but pearls of great wisdom to drop from those beautifully molded lips. What they said when he had sighted Jim at that party was:

"Ah, there, Sloan! Long time no see. Been doing anything I wouldn't do?"

"Probably," Jim had said, his hackles rising.

Peevy threw his beautiful head back and laughed richly, thereby calling the guests' attention to both his profile and his baritone.

"A card, that's what you are, Sloan, a card!" he said. He turned to whoever might be listening. Plenty were. "I'll have you all know that Sloan here is responsible for all the commas in my books. I never know when to put in commas."

THIS happened to be true. What Peevy had omitted mentioning was that Jim was also responsible for the titles, for the complete rewrite jobs, and for the books' original ideas.

Nevertheless, Peevy was a great property. When Jim mentioned to Bigelow the danger that he might be lost to B & B before the completion of his new book, Bigelow turned the color of his cigar ash, swallowed hard several times, and immediately dictated a memo to Jennie telling her to take the whole week off to discuss publishing problems with Jim Sloan.

Jim found his conscience kicking up, however, as far as Jennie was concerned. He told himself that keeping her away from Peevy was an act of common humanity. Nevertheless, he would have felt more altruistic if it hadn't been for the fact that he seemed to *want* to see Jennie.

IN GENERAL, his plan of action worked admirably. During the next six days he accompanied Jennie to two first-aid classes (postgraduate); one meeting of air-raid wardens, and two house-to-house canvassings in her neighborhood on behalf of the scrap salvage campaign. On Wednesday, when Jennie worked for the interceptor command, he met her at five in the morning for breakfast.

All of which meant that Jim got practically no sleep. Strangely, though, he didn't mind. Not once did he find himself yearning for those lazy, easygoing fifteen-mile cross-country treks with full pack at Fort Bragg.

On Friday night, miraculously, the meeting Jennie was scheduled to attend was called off. Jim took her to a movie, to a night club and finally for a walk along the drive. There was a little trou-

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MINE!
MINE!
MINE!
MINE!
MINE!

FOR EXAMPLE:

These are the occupations reported by 6159 of approximately 14,000 preferred stockholders of the Wisconsin Power and Light Company, who replied to a recent questionnaire.

Stockholder's Occupation	*Number*
HOUSEWIVES	1,723
RETIRED PERSONS	978
SKILLED LABOR Carpenters Electricians Mechanics, etc.	714
FARMERS	405
PROFESSIONAL Architects Physicians Nurses, etc.	359
CLERICAL Bookkeepers Librarians Stenographers, etc.	338
PROPRIETORS OF SMALL BUSINESSES Contractors Merchants Restaurant Owners, etc.	281
TEACHERS	230
SALESMEN Retail Clerks Insurance Milkmen, etc.	146
GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES Mailmen Firemen Policemen, etc.	109
JUNIOR EXECUTIVES	97
SENIOR EXECUTIVES	84
STUDENTS	58
TRANSPORTATION Conductors Engineers Ticket Agents, etc.	45
SERVICE MEN (Army, Navy)	15
FOREMEN AND CHIEF CLERKS	10
NO OCCUPATION SPECIFIED	567
TOTAL	6,159

Look at the stockholder list at the right. It's a cross-section of America. Your local light and power company could show a similar list. Chances are, some of your friends and neighbors would be on it.

Besides these thousands of direct investors, there are millions more whose interest is indirect but no less real. Probably *your* savings bank and *your* life insurance company, for example, put a part of *your* money into sound electric securities.

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ble finding a bench unoccupied by the Navy but they finally did it.

"When do you suppose you'll be getting another furlough?" Jennie said.

"Leave," said Jim. "Furloughs are for enlisted men, leaves for officers. I don't know. Might be not at all, might be in three or four months."

"That long?"

Jim nodded. There seemed to be a note of disappointment in her voice. This caused him considerable internal agitation. His pulse began to resemble a 50-mm. machine gun. Suppose it weren't disappointment at all? Panicky that it mightn't be, Jim decided the best thing to do would be to change the subject. That way *he* wouldn't be disappointed.

"What do you think," he said, "of the chances of the spring list?"

Although he couldn't see her face very well, he knew that Jennie was looking surprised.

"Spring list?" she said. "Isn't this a rather odd time to think of that?"

It was. But it was what Jim had happened to think of in order to stop that annoying quickening of his pulse, and besides, if he ever was going to talk about the situation closest to Mr. Bigelow's heart, it was about time that he began. He'd been putting it off all week.

"I mention it because I know Bigelow's worried," said Jim casually. "He seems to think, that by some peculiar coincidence, all of B & B's authors are getting in there to form their own paratroop division, or something."

Jennie lit a cigarette with elaborate casualness. "Yes. He also thinks that it's my fault."

"It's not, of course?"

"Well, yes and no. If they come to me for advice, I naturally tell them what I think."

"Naturally," said Jim weakly. He decided he was glad he was in Field Artillery. Not Intelligence. He was finding the going tough. "On the other hand, everyone can't fight, you know."

"Why not?" said Jennie innocently.

"Well, take Ellen Almendinger, for instance. She'd be better off writing books for the home front than gumming things up at a munitions plant."

"You may be right about her," said Jennie thoughtfully. "I got a letter from her yesterday. Her morale is terrible. The factory paper rejected a poem she'd written for it. She has also contracted rheumatism."

"NOW you're being sensible," said Jim, encouraged. "And don't forget that you're an editor. The one thing an editor must have is writers to edit. What I'm trying to say," he added, beginning to flounder, "is that everything would be better off for everybody if you—well, if you saw to it that our few remaining good authors kept on writing books."

"Mmmmm," said Jennie, in a voice full of suspicion. "The voice is the voice of Jim Sloan, but the words are the words of Clement Bigelow."

Jim tried to laugh convincingly. "Don't be silly. That's just an independent opinion of mine. After all, I'd hate to see B & B go under after forty successful years."

"Oh," said Jennie, sounding somewhat reassured. "I wondered for a minute, because this seemed like such a funny time to talk about business."

"I can think of even more unattractive things to discuss," said Jim with a slight touch of malice. "Carleton Peevy, for instance."

This time Jennie simply sounded irritated. "All right," she said. "I saw him today. He's in splendid health."

Jim, even more irritated, said shortly, "That must make him even more obnoxious than usual. If possible."

To his surprise, Jennie laughed.

"What's funny?" he asked.

"You are," she said. "You are also jealous."

"Nonsense," said Jim. "I . . ." He stopped short. There was that pulse again. This, he told himself, was a direct hit at point-blank range The girl was dead right. He was in love with her. Very much so,

"I've read masses of manuscripts on the subject," said Jennie evenly. "And they all say the same thing. Your symptoms are classic. These manuscripts generally point out, too, that if a man's jealous, there's only one way for him to find out if there's any foundation for it."

Jim slid closer to her on the bench. "I once was a manuscript reader myself," he said. "If any character in a novel said that, she'd be a forward hussy. And the man would put his arms around her—" which Jim proceeded to do—"and then he'd say 'I guess I can take a hint.' "

He kissed her.

WHEN Jim awoke next morning there were no nightingales caroling outside his bedroom window. It just seemed that way. He arose, whistling lustily, warbled in the shower, and thought rosy thoughts about the future.

He and Jennie had been talking about that future until four in the morning. Since less than three days remained of his ten-day leave, they had decided against marrying immediately. This hadn't prevented them from doing a lot of planning on an after-the-war basis—plans that involved a farm way up in Connecticut, quite a large family, dogs, chickens, and maybe a cow.

Jim passed the morning with two long phone calls to Jennie and a gander at engagement rings. Then he called at Bigelow & Bowers to take her to lunch.

"She's with Mr. Bigelow," the phone girl said. "Conference—but I guess you can go right in."

Jim hurried down the office corridor. A sudden disquieting thought had overtaken him. Clement Bigelow was not known in the publishing profession for his tact. Once Jennie told him about her engagement to Jim, he was as likely as not to say something incriminating. Jim had a sound hunch that Jennie wouldn't gurgle with delight at the idea that he had been taking her out all week in collusion with Bigelow—it would be hard to convince her that it had also been from choice.

As he entered Bigelow's office, he noted with relief that his fears were groundless. Jennie beamed at him happily. Mr. Bigelow trotted over, pumped his arm, and said he'd just heard the good news. Nothing, he added fervently, could have been better news. Now Jennie could stay at home and concentrate on her job while . . .

"Thanks," interrupted Jim nervously, edging toward the door. "Come on, darling, we'd better be moving. Lots to do."

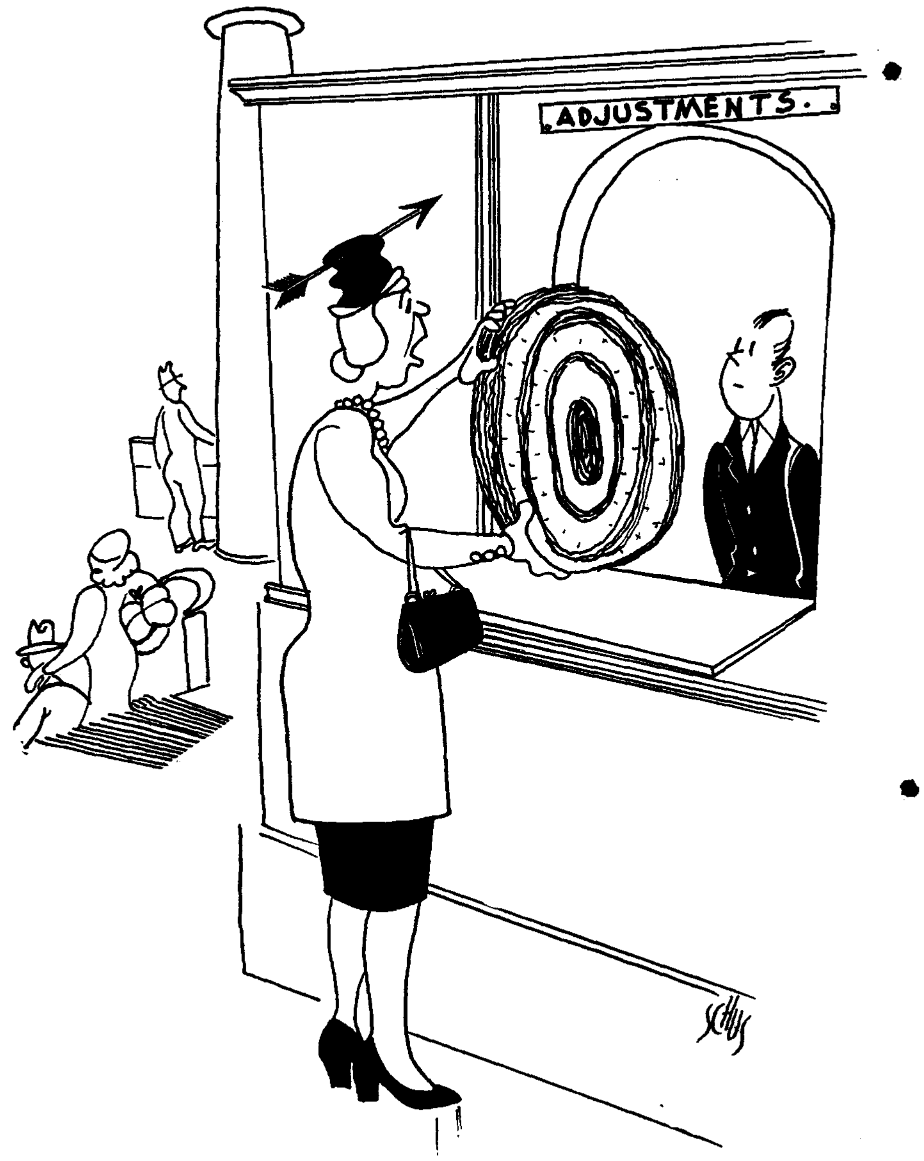
"Nonsense," said Mr. Bigelow heartily, and began rummaging in a cabinet. "We've got to drink a toast to the happy couple."

"I really don't think . . ." said Jim nervously.

"Let's," said Jennie. "I'm in a mood for celebrating."

They drank the toast. Jim tried unsuccessfully to leave. They drank a second toast. Jim again failed in an attempt to get out. Following which, Mr. Bigelow lifted his glass high for the third and final one.

"To Lieutenant Jim Sloan," he said



COLLIER'S "I'd like to return this . . . he refuses to use it!" ADOLPH SCHUS

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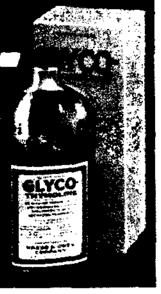


affectionately. "The mos' loyal employee a man ever had. Postman? Pooh! Whatsa little ice or storm or gloom of night? Thassall postmen buck up against. But Jim—" here Mr. Bigelow's emotion overcame him and a globular tear coursed down his plump cheek. "—Jim's even willing to get married for the good old firm."

There it was. Jim was suddenly aware just how a squarely hit target must feel at the moment of impact. Horror-struck, he watched the color drain from Jennie's cheeks. There was a silence in which Jim wished he could hear himself drop.

"So that's it," said Jennie softly. "So you two cooked up this whole low, petty, miserable, scheming trick just so you'd still have a few books to publish. That's why you've been seeing me all week—he told you to. I suppose he told you you to propose, too. I suppose—"

"No, it . . . it only started that way," said Jim urgently. "Can't you see, darling . . ."

"Don't you darling me!" said Jennie, her voice beginning to break. "Pretending to be interested in me. Pretending to be jealous. Actually making love, even—when all the time you just wanted to keep Carleton out of the Army so that—"

"Young woman," said Mr. Bigelow, with an absurd attempt at dignity, "there's something you forget."

"What?" said Jennie.

"You forget," said Mr. Bigelow with crushing logic, "that we can get an advance sale of a quarter of a million on Peevy's next book."

"Shut up—you're drunk," said Jim. "Jennie, won't you listen? If you'd only stop and think for a minute you'd realize . . ."

Jennie, however, was not stopping to think. She paused briefly at the door for one last remark.

"Fifth columnists!" she said with tearful scorn. And departed.

THE reader has doubtless heard of the tremendous advance in communications that has taken place in this modern age of ours. There is, Jim found, one grave flaw in it. Modern science knows no way to get in touch with a girl who won't have anything to do with you. During the next forty-eight hours Jim tried every method including telepathy. Registered letters, phone calls, telegrams—all of these seemed to drop into some bottomless void. He even tried camping outside Jennie's apartment. This resulted only in his witnessing the spectacle of her departure for a date with Carleton Peevy—a beaming, triumphant Peevy who quoted a snatch of inspirational verse to her as they swept past Jim on their way to a cab.

Through an elaborate espionage system—based on widespread bribery of cab operators and phone girls—Jim managed to keep at least a partial check on Jennie's activities during these terrible two days. On the afternoon of their fight she had sent in her resignation to Mr. Bigelow via special messenger. She had dined with Peevy on both nights and, so far as Jim could tell, was spending every available waking hour with him.

All of which spelled one incredible thing—Jennie Bishop, rebounding like a handball, was throwing herself into the arms of Carleton Peevy!

JIM'S train for the South departed at four o'clock on Monday afternoon. At one he dropped in to say goodby to Mr. Bigelow.

"You'll probably be interested to know," Clement Bigelow said, "that Jennie sent someone over for her belongings. She's got a temporary job with Watterson. She's joining the Waacs next month."

Jim didn't answer, just looked gloomy.

"See here, Jim," said Bigelow, looking embarrassed. "I can't tell you how sorry I am that I threw a monkey wrench into things. That liquor . . ."

Jim cut him short: "Forget it. If she had really loved me it wouldn't have mattered. Let's chalk it up to fate."

They shook hands gravely. Jim left and started out through the reception room. He had nearly reached the door when the figure in one of the leather chairs rose and headed toward him. Too late for escape, Jim recognized the face attached to the figure.

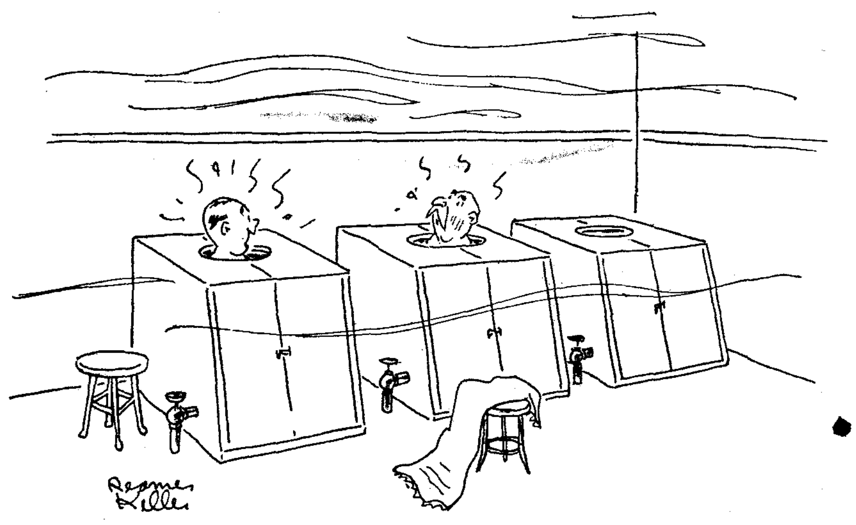
"Ah there, Sloan," said Carleton Peevy, with his usual heartiness.

"Hi," said Jim listlessly, and continued on his way. With one hand on the door, he hesitated. After all, there was no use being a bad loser. The air of blissful content which permeated Peevy's handsome features meant only one thing to Jim. He swung around.

"While I'm about it," he said. "Congratulations. You're a very lucky guy."

Peevy favored Jim with what Jim privately thought of as Beam A—the one reserved for important people or circumstances.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," he said. "Dame Fortune has indeed smiled upon me."



COLLIER'S "I just rented this thing for the entire winter" REAMER KELLER

Jim hadn't thought his heart could sink lower than his boots, but somehow it managed another couple of inches. The last possible hope he had been clinging to had slipped away.

"On the other hand," Carleton Peevy continued, "it is not well to count one's chickens before they are hatched. No, I am not quite out of the woods yet."

Jim looked puzzled. This wasn't much of a way to refer to high romance.

Jim was still more puzzled as Carleton Peevy suddenly came close to him and, weirdly, opened his mouth wide. With one well-shaped forefinger, he indicated his rear teeth.

"You see, Sloan?" he said happily. "It's my rear molars. They're in miserable shape. Then, too, there's the question of my weight. And my eyesight. Not to mention my dyspepsia."

Jim stared at him. "Look, Mr. Peevy—I don't know what you're talking about, but I don't think it's the same thing I had in mind."

Carleton Peevy raised his famous silver eyebrows. "Indeed? I assumed that you were congratulating me on the results of my appearance before my draft board this morning." He smiled a beatific smile. "I can finish the new book, you see. They've decided to leave me in 4F for at least another six months."

Jim's heart leaped back, this time all the way up to his throat, making him slightly incoherent. He grabbed Peevy's lapels hard. "Tell me, does Jennie Bishop know this?"

Peevy shook his head. "Not as yet. You see, Miss Bishop and I had a slight misunderstanding last night." He spread his hands in a gesture indicative of feminine perverseness. "I had been explaining to Miss Bishop how important it was that I be permitted to remain in New York—as a bulwark of morale and a force for good for the home front. I pointed out that if she and I were husband and wife, the draft board might well make an exception in my case and reclassify me in 3A. She was most unco-operative. I am about to speak to Mr. Bigelow about this. I believe an author of my reputation deserves . . ."

THAT was all Jim heard. He leaped out into the hall, running hard. He covered the seven blocks to the offices of Watterson, Inc., in something under three minutes flat.

"I would like to see Miss Bishop," he told the receptionist.

"What is the name?" the receptionist said.

"Tolstoy," said Jim. "My really close friends call me Leo."

The girl was just about to ring Office 17. She stopped and regarded Jim with some alarm. Jim didn't wait any longer. He started for Office 17 at a brisk canter.

Jennie was sitting behind a desk, staring forlornly at a foot-high pile of manuscripts. When Jim entered she tried hard to appear both angry and busy.

"I came here to remark that I love you," Jim said firmly. "And also to add that I don't care if you induce old Bigelow himself to become a Commando."

"Go away," said Jennie uncertainly. "Go away this instant."

Jim shook his head. "Not a chance," he said cheerfully. "This is the one plot I've got to fix up before I leave."

He walked around the desk, took Jennie in his arms and kissed her. At this moment the receptionist opened the door and looked in anxiously. "Is—is everything all right, Miss Bishop?" she said.

"Sure," said Jim. "She's going to publish my book. We are thinking of calling it War and Peace."

Jennie didn't speak until after she had again been kissed. Then she disengaged herself with difficulty, not to say reluctance. "Everything," she said dreamily, although the receptionist had disappeared, blushing, "is lovely. But, darling, how could you . . ."

Jim stopped her in the most effective way. A moment afterward, he said, "Save that till after we're married. What's marriage unless you have something to argue about?"

THE END

Enough alike to be Twins

STRIKINGLY SIMILAR in more than appearance are these young mothers busily doing their bit. Both have two children; both are married to men who earn approximately the same amount of money every year. . . . They live in the same neighborhood; their children attend the same schools.

Yet if you look closer into their situations, you will find important differences. For the first time in her life, Mary Blake, wife of an employee of a local bank, is doing work outside her home. Marie Carter, on the other hand, was a trained nurse before her marriage to a physician.

Similar though their lives may be at present, their problems of readjustment would be sharply different if they were denied the active support of their husbands. One is trained to earn a living; the other is not. One would receive social security benefits; the other would not.

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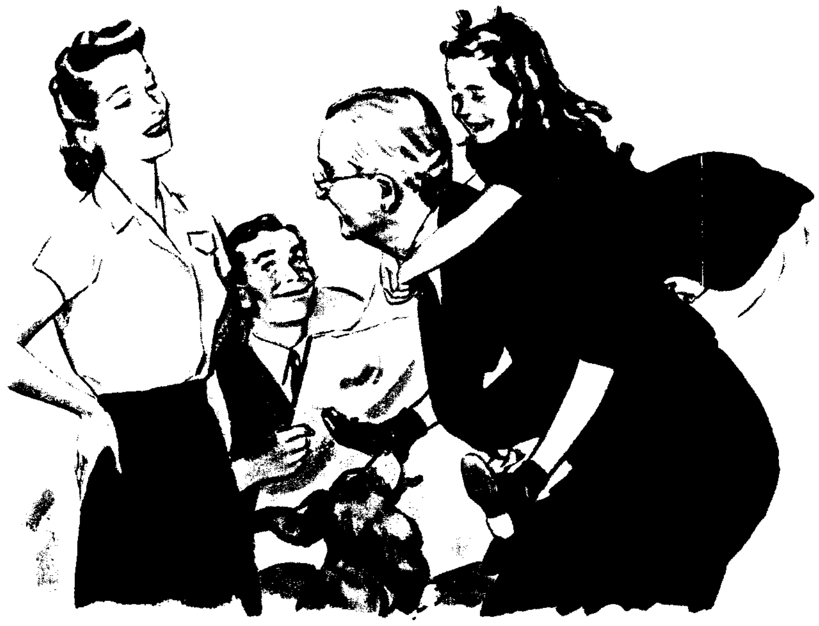
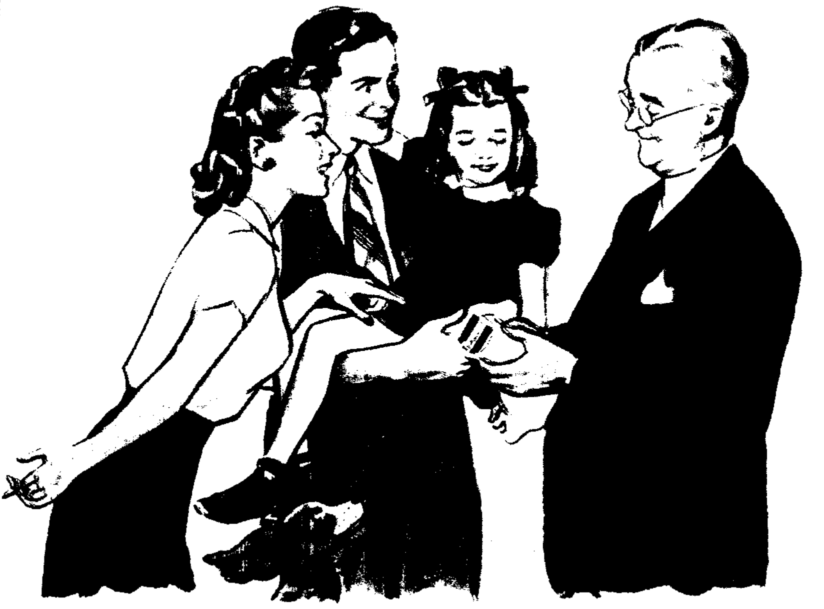
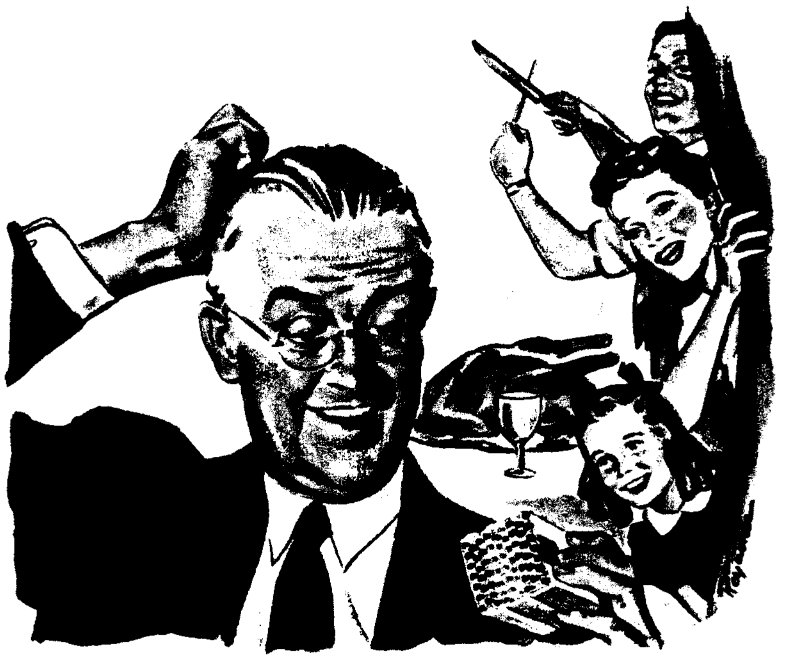


1. "**Jim's dad loves children,** dogs, food—and most of all, an argument! I told him I could tell Raleighs from other brands just by looking at the tobacco. And just as I expected, he bet me I couldn't.



2. "**He took my pack of Raleighs** and some of the other makes and wrapped them all in his big handkerchief, leaving just the open ends of the packs for me to look at. 'Now then, Mrs. Smarty—which is it?'



3. "**The old dear** just *couldn't* figure out how I guessed right. Pure luck? No sirree! Finally I told him—the tobacco in Raleighs is more *golden* in color. You can't help but win. You can see it at a glance!"

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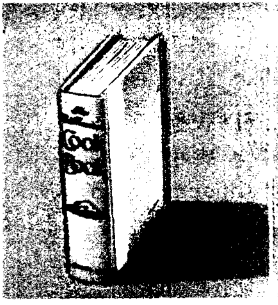

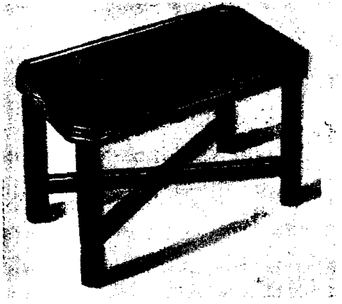

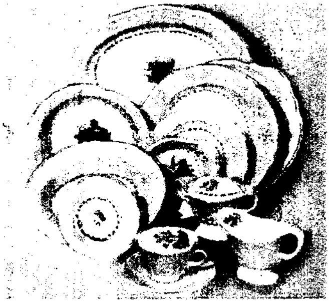

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Ring Twice for Laura

Continued from page 15

"Isn't that what you want me to know?" I asked her. "Isn't that the easiest way to explain the situation?"

"But it's true," she said. "It's . . ."

Shelby interrupted: "See here, McPherson, I won't have you talking to her like that." He didn't wear the death mask any longer. The plaster had cracked. His eyes were narrow and mean, his mouth a tight line.

"Shelby," said Laura, "please, Shelby."

He stood in front of her. His legs were apart, his fists clenched as if I had been threatening her. "I refuse to let this go on, McPherson. These insinuations . . ."

"Shelby, Shelby darling," Laura said. She pulled at his hands.

"I don't know what you assume that I'm insinuating, Carpenter," I said. "I asked Miss Hunt a question. Then I reconstructed a scene which she tells me is accurate. What's making you so nervous?"

The scene was unreal again. I was talking detective-story language. Shelby made it impossible for a person to be himself.

"You see, darling," Laura said, "you're only making it worse by getting so excited."

HE SAT down again, Laura's hand resting on his coat sleeve. You could see that he didn't want her to control him. He squirmed. He looked at her bitterly. Then he pulled his arm away and moved to the end of the couch.

He spoke like a man who wants to show authority: "Look here, if you insult Miss Hunt again, I'll have to lodge a complaint against you."

"Have I been insulting you, Miss Hunt?"

She started to speak but he interrupted: "If she has anything to tell, her lawyer will make a statement."

Laura said, "You're making it worse, dear. There's no need to be so nervous."

It seemed to me that words were printed on a page or rolling off a sound track. A gallant hero protecting a helpless female against a crude minion of the law. I lit my pipe, giving him time to recover from the attack of gallantry. Laura reached for a cigarette. He sprang to light it. She looked in the other direction.

"All I'm asking from you at this moment," I told him, "is the low-down on that bottle of Bourbon. Why have you told one story and Mosconi another?"

She slanted a look in his direction. He gave no sign that he had noticed, but he could see her without moving his eyes. It struck me that these two were clinging together, not so much out of love as in desperation. But I couldn't trust my own judgment. Personal feelings were involved. I had got beyond the point where I cared to look at faces. Fact was all that I wanted now. It had to be black or white, direct question, simple answer: Yes or no, Mr. Carpenter, were you in the apartment with Diane Redfern on Wednesday night? Yes or no, Miss Hunt, did you know he was going to meet her in your house?

She began to speak. Shelby coughed. She glanced frankly in his direction, but she might have looked at a worm that way. "I'm going to tell the truth, Shelby."

He seized her hands. "Laura, you're crazy. Don't you see that he's trying to get a confession? Anything we say . . . will be . . . they'll misinterpret . . . don't talk unless you've consulted a lawyer . . . you can't hope . . ."

She said, "Don't be so frightened, Shelby. Since you didn't do it, you have nothing to fear." She looked up at me and said, "Shelby thinks I killed Diane. That's why he told those lies. He's been trying to protect me."

She might have been talking about the rain or a dress or a book she had read. Frankness was her role now. She put it on like a coat. "Mark," she said in a gentle voice, "do you believe I killed her, Mark?"

There it lay in the lamplight, solid gold, fourteen-karat evidence of Shelby's treachery. Laura had bought it for him at Christmas, a gift she had to charge to her aunt's account. He had told her he lost it, and on Friday when she was trying to make up for her rudeness to Diane, she had seen it in the green pocketbook.

She had got a sudden headache at lunch that day. She hadn't waited to take off her hat to telephone Waldo and tell him she couldn't keep her dinner date. She hadn't mentioned her change of plans because she hated having people ask her questions.

It was still Thursday. Thursday, ten-fourteen P. M. They were to have been married by this time and on their way to Nova Scotia. This was the bridal night.

The lamp shone on her face. Her voice was gentle: "Do you believe I killed her, Mark? Do you believe it, too?"

LAST week, when I thought I was to be married, I burned my girlhood behind me. And vowed never to keep another diary. The other night when I came home and found Mark McPherson in my apartment, more intimate than my oldest friend, my first thought was gratitude for the destruction of those shameful pages. How inconsistent he would have thought me if he had read them.

I can never keep a proper diary, simmer my life down to a line a day, nor make breakfast on the sixteenth of the month as important as falling in love on the seventeenth. It's always when I start on a long journey or meet an exciting man or take a new job that I must sit for hours in a frenzy of recapitulation. The idea that I am an intelligent woman is pure myth. I can never grasp an abstraction except through emotion, and before I can begin to think with my head about any fact, I must see it as a solid thing on paper.

At work, when I plan a campaign for Lady Lilith Face Powder or Jix Soap Flakes, my mind is orderly. I write dramatic headlines and follow them with sales arguments that have unity, coherence and emphasis. But when I think about myself, my mind whirls like a merry-go-round. All the horses, the bright and the drab, dance around a shining, mirrored center whose dazzling rays and frivolous music make concentration impossible. I am trying to think clearly of all that has happened in the last few days, to remember the facts and set them upon the horses and send them out in neat parade like sales arguments for Jix or Lady Lilith. They disobey, they whirl and dance to the music, and all I remember is that a man who had heard me accused of murder was concerned about my getting enough sleep.

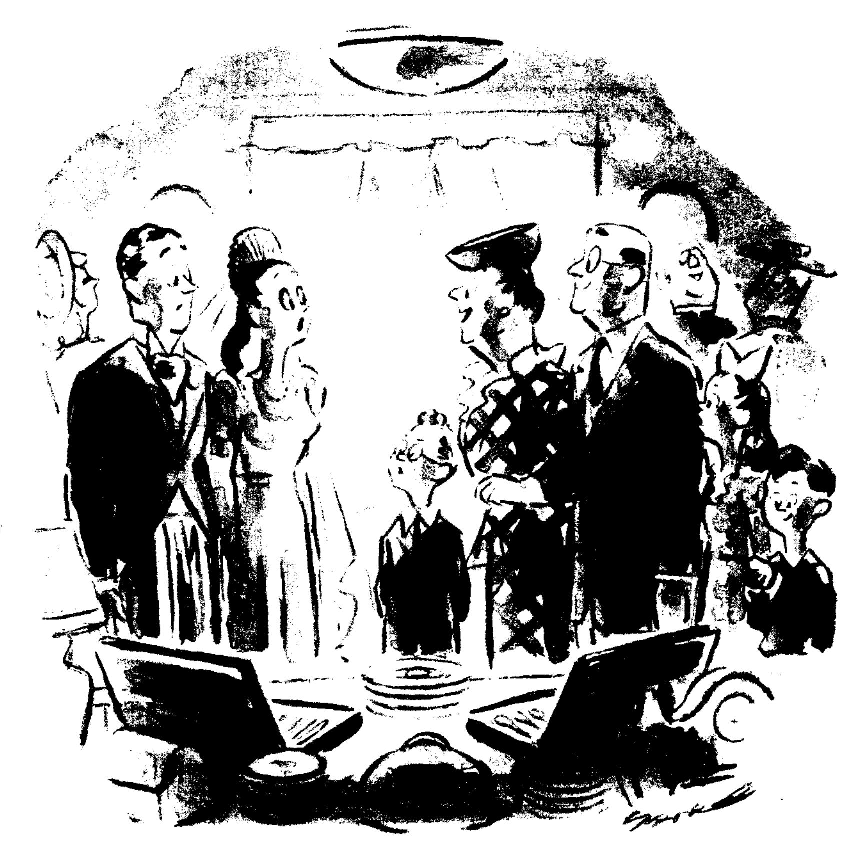
"Sleep," he said to me, "get some sleep." As if sleep were something you could buy at the dime store. After he'd been gone for a little while, he came back with a package from the drugstore. They were pills to make me sleep, but he would only leave me two because he knew how sick I was with fear and worry.

"Do you believe I killed Diane?" I asked him again.

"It doesn't matter what I think." His voice grated. "It isn't my business to think, it's only facts I want, facts."

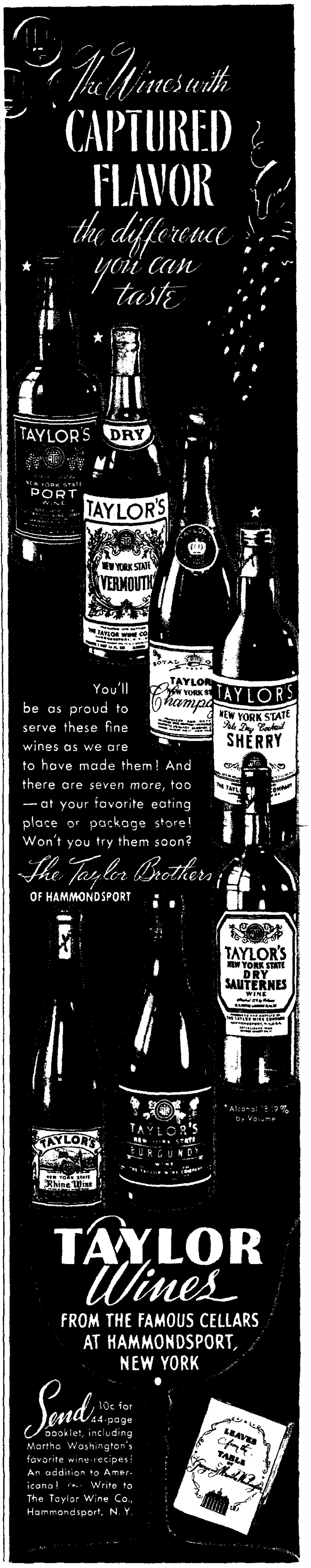
Shelby watched. He looked more than ever like a beautiful tomcat, ready to leap. Shelby said, "Be careful, Laura. Don't trust him."

"Yes," he said, "I'm a cop, you



"We decided to give you service for seven . . . after all, we'll be visiting you most of the time"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE



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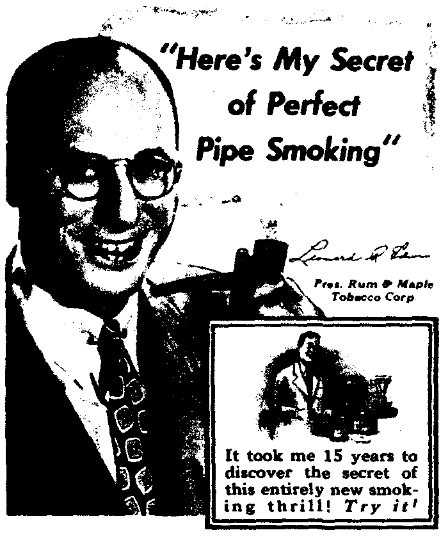

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mustn't trust me. Anything you say might be used against you." His lips were drawn hard over his teeth, he spoke without opening his mouth.

"Are you going to arrest me?" I said.

Shelby became very man-of-the-house, protector of frail womanhood. It was all pretense, his courage was as thin as tissue paper, he trembled inwardly. Shelby used phrases like false arrest and circumstantial evidence, you could tell he was proud of displaying technical knowledge like when he could explain to people about the rules of fencing or backgammon. Auntie Sue once told me I'd grow tired of a six-foot child. Auntie Sue said that when a woman feels the need for a man that way, she ought to have a baby. I kept thinking of Auntie Sue's remarks while Shelby talked about circumstantial evidence and Mark walked around and around the room, looking at things, at my autographed baseball and my Mexican tray and the shelf where I keep my very favorite books.

"She'll get in touch with her lawyer," Shelby said. "That's what she'll do."

Mark came back to me. "You mustn't try to leave here, Laura."

"No, I won't leave."

"He's got a man outside. You couldn't leave anyway," Shelby said. "He's having you watched."

Mark left without another word, without telling me to sleep again or goodby.

"I don't like that fellow. He's a sly one," Shelby said as soon as the door had closed.

"You said that before."

"You're gullible, Laura. You trust people too easily."

I STOOD with my back to Shelby, looking at the shelf with all my favorite books. "He's been very kind," I said, "considering. I think he's nice. You'd never think of a detective being like that."

I felt Shelby's hands stretching toward me and I moved away. He was quiet. I knew, without turning, how his face would look.

He picked up the two pills that Mark had left on the table. "Do you think you ought to take these, Laura?"

I whirled around. "You don't think he's trying to give me poison!"

"He ought to be hard-boiled. You'd expect him to be tougher. I don't like his trying to act like a gentleman."

"Oh, pooh!" I said.

"You don't see it. The man's trying to make you like him so you'll break down and confess. That's what he's been working for all along, a confession. Darned caddish, I'd say."

I sat down on the sofa and pounded my fists against a pillow. "I hate that word. Caddish. I've begged you a million times to quit using it."

Shelby said, "It's a good English word."

"It's old-fashioned. It's out of date. People don't talk about cads any more. It's Victorian."

"A cad is a cad, whether the word is obsolete or not."

"Quit being so Southern. Quit being so righteous. You and your gallantry!" I was crying. The tears ran down my cheeks and dripped off my jaws. My tan dress was all wet with tears.

"You're nervous, sweet," Shelby said. "That cad has been working on you subtly, he's been trying to wear you down."

"I told you," I screamed, "that I wish you'd stop using that word."

"It's a perfectly good English word," he said.

"You said that before. You've said it a million times."

"You'll find it in any dictionary," he said.

"I'm so tired," I said. I rubbed my eyes with my fists because I'm never able to find a handkerchief in a crisis.

"It's a perfectly good English word," Shelby said again.

I jumped up, the pillow in my arms like a shield against him. "A fine one you are to talk about cads, Shelby Carpenter."

"I've been trying to protect you!"

When he spoke like that, his voice deep with reproach, I felt as if I had hurt a helpless child. Shelby knew how his voice worked on me, he could color his voice with the precise shade of reproach so that I would hate that heartless woman, Laura Hunt, and forgive his faults. He remembered as well as I the day we went duck hunting and he bragged and I said I despised him, and he won me again with the tones of his voice; he remembered the fight we had at the office party and the time he kept me waiting two hours in the Paramount lobby, and our terrible quarrel the night he gave me the gun.

All of those quarrels rose in our minds now, there were almost two years of quarrels and reproach between us, and two years of love and forgiveness and the little jokes that neither could forget. I hated his voice for reminding me, and I was afraid because I had always been weak with a six-foot baby.

"I've been trying to protect you," Shelby said.

"We're right back where we started from. We've been saying the same thing over and over again since five o'clock this afternoon."

"You're getting bitter," he said, "terribly bitter, Laura. Of course, after what's happened, one can't completely blame you."

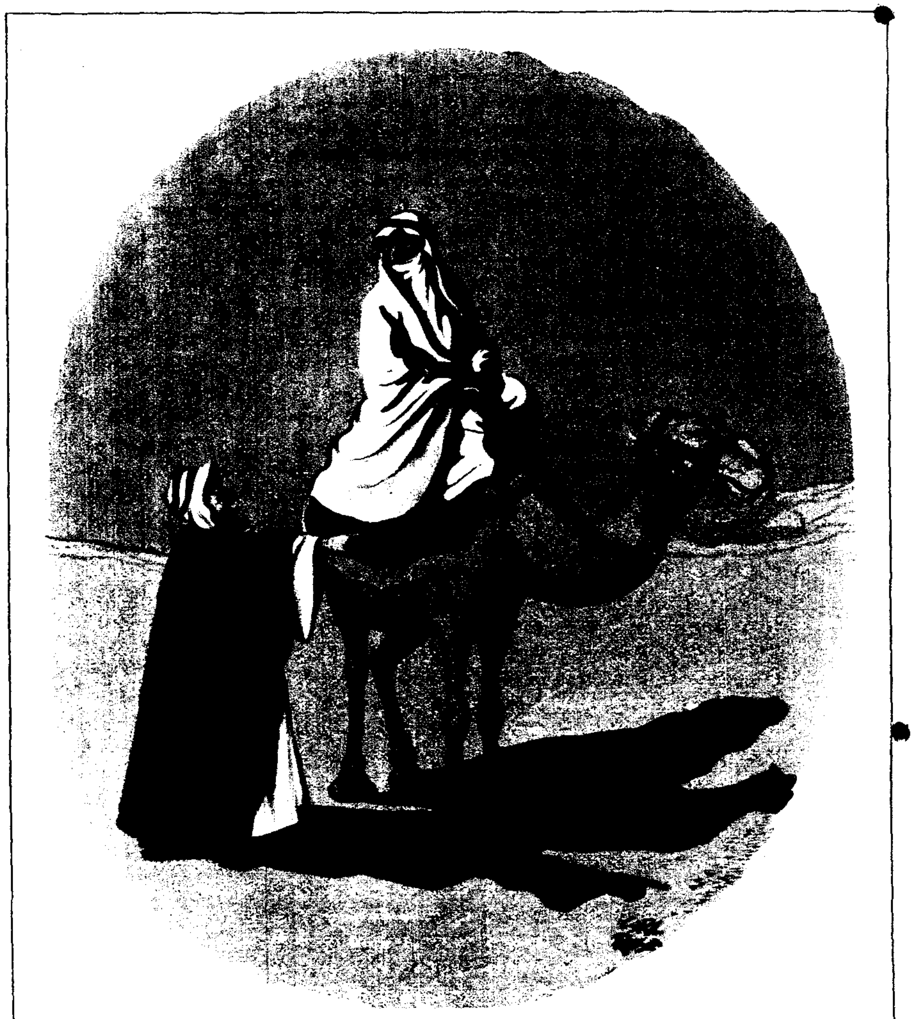
"Oh, go away," I said. "Go home and let me sleep."

I took the two white pills and went into the bedroom. I slammed the door hard. After a while I heard Shelby leave. I went to the window. There were two men on the steps. After Shelby had gone a little way, one followed him. The other lit a cigarette. I saw the match flame and die in the misty darkness. The houses opposite mine are rich people's private houses. Not one of my neighbors stays in town during the summer. There was only a cat, the thin, yellow, homeless cat that nuzzles against my legs when I come from work at night. The cat crossed the street daintily, pointing his feet like a ballet dancer, lifting them high as if his feet were too good for the pavement. On Friday night when Diane was killed, the street was quiet, too.

SLEEP, he had said, try to get some sleep. Two pills weren't enough. When I turned out the lights, the darkness whined around me. The old dead tenants came creeping up the stairs, their footsteps cautious on the tired boards. They sighed and whispered behind doors, they rattled the old latches, they plotted conspiracies. I saw Diane, too, in my aquamarine housecoat, I saw her with dark hair flowing about her shoulders, running to answer the doorbell.

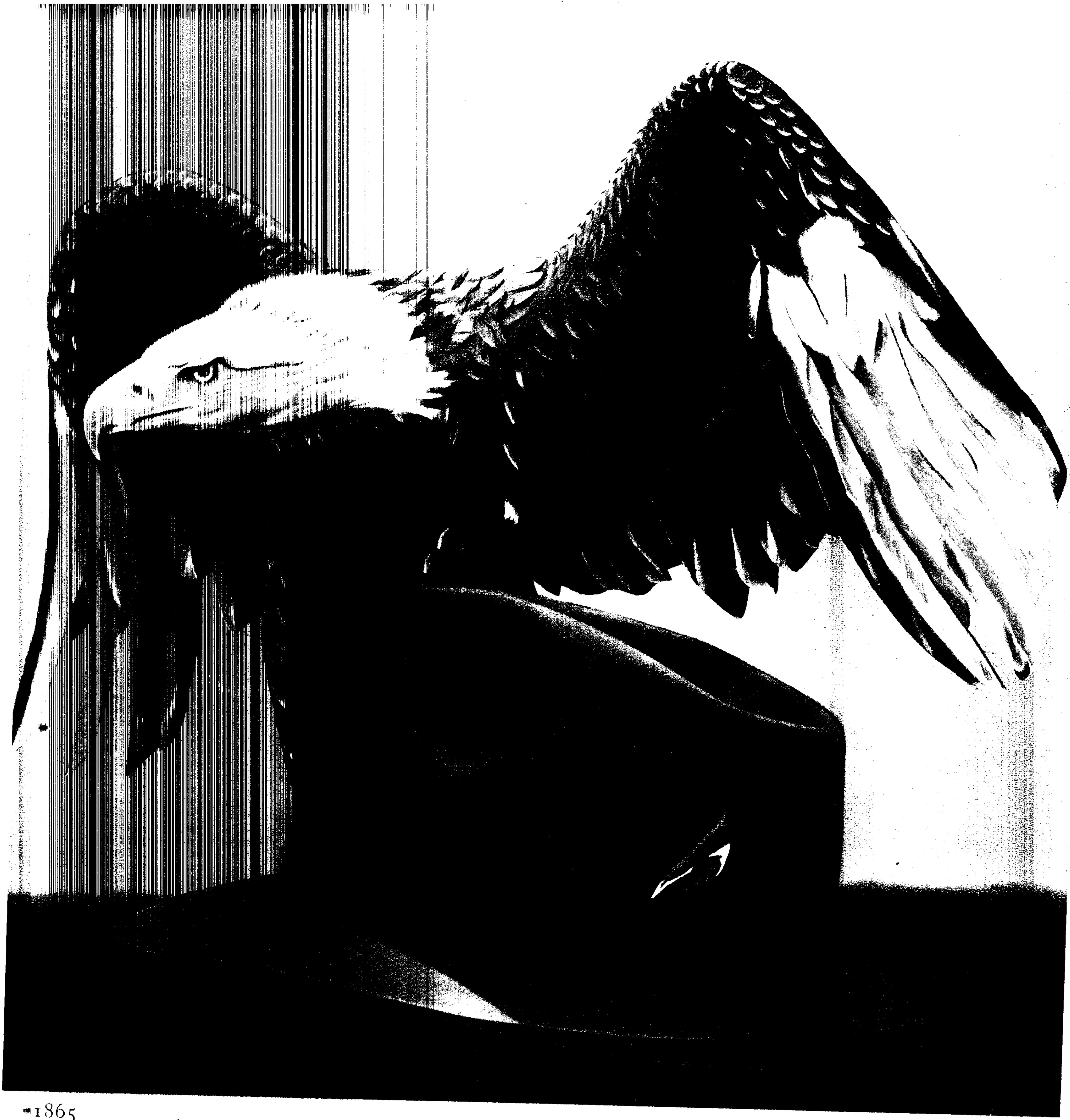
The doorbell had rung, Shelby told me, and he stayed in the bedroom while she ran to answer it. As soon as she had opened the front door, he heard the shot. Then the door snapped shut. After a time that might have been thirty seconds, or thirty years, Shelby said, he had left the bedroom. He tried to speak to her, his lips framed her name, but his voice was dead. The room was dark, the light came in from the street lamp in stripes through the Venetian blinds. He saw the pale silk of my robe spread about her on the floor but he could not see her face. It seemed gone.

When his blood had thawed, Shelby said, he had stooped to feel for the place where her heart should have been. His hand was paralyzed, he felt nothing, he knew she was dead. He went to the



"You go straight until you come to a battalion of burned-out mark 4 tanks; turn sharp left and then right at an exploded ammunition dump, and straight ahead to a wrecked Messerschmitt. . . ."

COLLIER'S CARL ROSE



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telephone, meaning to call the police. When Shelby told me about that part of it, he stretched out his hand as he had stretched it toward the telephone, and then he pulled his hand back quickly just as he had done that night. If the police had known he was there in my apartment with Diane, they would have known, too, who had killed her, Shelby said.

"That was your guilty conscience," I told him. "Guilty because you were here. In my own house with her. You wanted to believe *that,* because you were ashamed."

"I was trying to protect you," Shelby said.

THIS was early in the evening, after Mark had gone off for dinner with Waldo, and before Mark came back with the cigarette case.

Auntie Sue told me I was a fool when I bought that cigarette case. I am so gullible that I trust a detective, but Auntie Sue didn't even trust Uncle Horace to make his will; she sat behind the curtains while he and the lawyer figured out the bequests. Auntie Sue said I'd always regret the cigarette case. I gave it to Shelby because he needed grandeur when he talked to prospective clients or had drinks with men he'd known at college.

Shelby had his airs and graces, manner and a name that made him feel superior, but these were things that mattered in Covington, Kentucky, not in New York. Ten years in and out of precarious jobs hadn't taught him that gestures and phrases were of less importance in our world than aggressiveness and self-interest; and that the gentlemanly arts were not nearly so useful as proficiency in double-dealing, boot-licking and pushing yourself ahead of the other fellow.

The tea was pale, pale green with one dark leaf curled in it when I saw the cigarette case in Diane's hand. I saw Diane's pointed magenta nails curving over the edge of the gold case, but I could not look at her face. The tea had a delicate Chinese smell. I did not feel pain or anger, I felt giddy, I said to Diane, "Please, dear, I have a headache, do you mind if I leave now?" It was not like me to be calm. I tell the truth shrilly, and then I am sorry. But this was deeper, so deep that I could only watch the leaf floating in the teacup.

Shelby had given her the cigarette case so that he might feel rich and generous, too. Like a gigolo seeking revenge against a fat old dowager with a jet band binding the wattles under her chin. It was all clear then, as if the tea leaf had been my fortune in the cup, for I knew why Shelby and I had quarreled so that we could go on pretending to love. He was not sure of himself, he still needed the help I could give him, but he hated himself for clinging to me, and hated me because I let him cling.

They had been lovers since April eighteenth. I remember the date because it was Paul Revere's ride and Auntie Sue's birthday. The date smells of cleaning fluid. We were in a taxi on the way to the Coq D'Or where Auntie Sue was having her birthday party. I wore my sixteen-button fawn gloves, they had just come from the cleaner and the smell was stronger than the odor of taxi leather and tobacco and the Tabu with which I had scented my handkerchief and my hair.

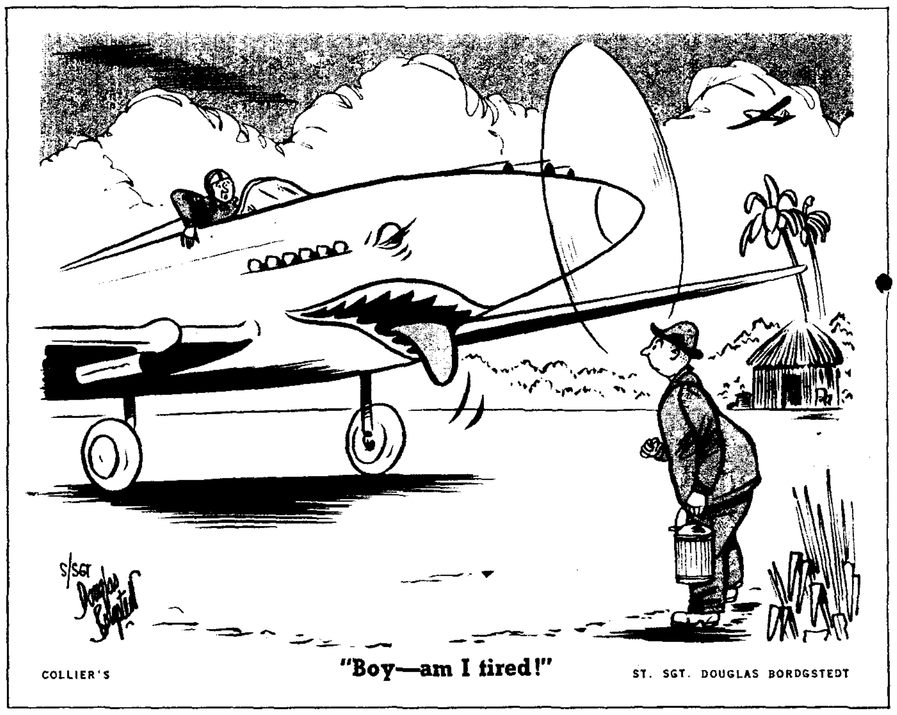
That was when Shelby told me about losing the cigarette case. He used the hurt voice and his remorse was so real that I begged him not to feel it too deeply. Shelby said I was a wonderful woman, tolerant and forgiving. Patronizing fool, he must have been thinking as we sat in the taxi, holding hands.

Lovers since April eighteenth. And Friday was the middle of August. Diane and Shelby had been holding hands, too, and laughing behind my back.

When I walked through the office after lunch, I wondered if all the faces knew and were hiding themselves from my humiliation. My friends said they could understand my having fallen in love impulsively with Shelby, but they did not see how I could go on caring. This would make me angry. I would say they judged unfairly because Shelby was too handsome. It was almost as if Shelby's looks were a handicap, a sort of deformity that had to be protected.

USUALLY I anger quickly, I flame and burn with shrill vehemence and suffer remorse at the spectacle of my petty female spleen. This time my fury had a new pattern. I can feel that frigid fury now as I remember how I counted the months, the weeks, the days since the eighteenth of April. I tried to remember when I had seen Diane alone and what she had said to me; and I thought of the three of us together, with Diane humbly acknowledging Shelby my lover; and I tried to count the evenings that I had spent alone or with other friends, giving Shelby to her on those evenings. How tolerant we were, how modern, how ridiculous and pitiful. But I had always told Shelby about dining with Waldo and he had never told me that he was seeing Diane.

"Desperate," my mother used to say, "I'm desperate," when she locked herself



COLLIER'S "Boy—am I tired!" ST. SGT. DOUGLAS BORDGSTEDT in her bedroom with a sick headache. I always envied her, I wanted to grow up and be desperate, too. On Friday afternoon as I walked up and down my office, I whispered it over and over. "Desperate, desperate, at last I'm desperate," I said, as if the word were consummation. I can see the office now, the desk and filing case and a proof of a Lady Lilith color ad with Diane on a couch, head thrown back, breasts pointed upward like small hills. I feel, rather than smell, the arid, air-conditioned atmosphere and I tense my right hand as if the letter opener were still cutting a ridge across my palm. I was sick, I was desperate, I was afraid, I hid my face in my hands, my forehead against the wood of my desk.

I telephoned Waldo and told him I had a headache.

"Don't be difficult, wench," Waldo said. "Roberto has scoured the markets for our bachelor dinner."

"I'm desperate," I said.

Waldo laughed. "Put your headache off until tomorrow. The country is a good place for headaches—that's all it's fit for. Have your headache among the beetles. What time shall I expect you, angel?"

I knew that if I dined with Waldo, I should tell him about the cigarette case. He would have been glad to hear that I was done with Shelby, but he would have wrapped his satisfaction elegantly in sympathy. Waldo would never have said, "I told you so, Laura, I told you at the start." Not Waldo. He would have opened his best champagne and, holding up his glass, would have said, "And now, Laura, you've grown up, let us drink to your coming of age."

No, thank you, no urbanity for me tonight, Waldo. I am drunk already.

When Shelby came to my office at five o'clock, I rode down in the elevator with him, I drank two dry Martinis with him, I let him put me into the cab and give Waldo's address to the driver just as if I had never seen the cigarette case.

ON SATURDAY I thinned my sedum, transplanted primroses and started a new iris bed near the brook. On Sunday I moved the peony bushes. They were heavy, the roots so long that I had to dig deep holes in the ground. I had to keep myself occupied with hard physical work, which soothed me and emptied my mind of Friday's terror.

When the gardener came on Monday, he said that I had moved the peonies too early, they would surely die now. Twenty times that day I went to look at them, I watered them gently with thin streams of tepid water but they drooped and I felt ashamed before the victims of my impatience.

Before the gardener left on Monday, I told him not to tell Shelby that I had killed the peony bushes by moving them too early. Shelby would never have mourned the peonies, but he would have had cause to reproach me for doing a man's work in the garden instead of waiting until he came. It was curious that I should say this to the gardener because I knew that Shelby would never dig and mow and water my garden again. I was still defiant of Shelby, I was trying to irritate him by absent treatment, and provoke imaginary argument so that I could hurt him with sharp answers.

Challenging Shelby, I worked in my house, washing and polishing and scrubbing on my hands and knees. He always said that I shouldn't do menial work, since I could afford to hire servants. He could never know the fulfillment of working with your hands in your own house. My people were plain folk, the women went west with their men and none of them found gold, but Shelby came from "gentle" people, they had slaves to comb their hair and put on their shoes. A gentleman cannot see a lady work, a gentleman opens the door and pulls out a lady's chair and brings a cutie into her bedroom.

I saw then, working on my knees, the patterns our marriage would have taken, shoddy and deceitful, taut emotion woven with slack threads of pretense.

The fault was mine more than Shelby's. I had used him as women use men to complete the design of a full life, playing at love for the gratification of my vanity, wearing him proudly as a chorus girl wears her silver foxes to tell the world she owns a man. Going on thirty and unmarried, I had become alarmed. Pretending to love him and playing the mother game, I bought him an extravagant cigarette case, fourteen-karat gold, as a man might buy his wife an orchid or a diamond to expiate infidelity.

And now that tragedy has wiped away all the glib excuses, I see that our love was as bare of real passion as the mating of two choice vegetables which are to be combined for the purpose of producing a profitable new item for the markets. It was like love in the movies, contrived and opportune. And now it was over.

TWO strangers sat at opposite ends of the couch. We tried to find words that had the same meaning for both of us. It was still Thursday evening, before dinner, after Mark and Waldo had left. We spoke softly because Bessie was in the kitchen.

"This will all blow over in a few days," Shelby said, "if we sit tight and match our stories properly. Who'll know? That detective is an ass."

"Why must you keep on calling him *that detective?* You know his name."

"Let's not be bitter," Shelby said. "It'll only make it more difficult for us to go on."

"What makes you think I want to go on? I don't hate you and I'm not bitter, but I couldn't go on. Not now."

"I tell you, Laura, I only came because she begged me so. She begged me to come and say goodby to her. She was in love with me. I didn't care two hoots about her, honestly, but she threatened to do something desperate unless I came up here on Friday night."

I turned my head away.

"We've got to stick together now, Laura. We're in this thing too deeply to fight each other. And I know you love me."

"Shut up! Shut up!" I said.

"If you are innocent, then how could you have known about the Bourbon bottle, how could you have responded so instinctively to the need to protect me?"

"Must we go over it all again, Shelby? Again and again and again?"

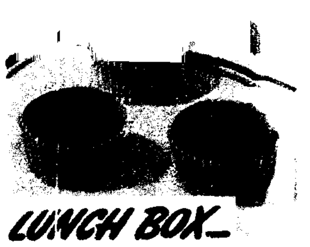
"You lied to protect me just as I lied to protect you."

It was all so dreary and so useless. Three Horses had been Shelby's brand of Bourbon. He had been buying it for himself when he started coming to my house, and then I began buying it so he'd always find a drink when he came. But one day Waldo laughed because I kept such cheap whisky on my shelves. He named a better brand, and I tried to please Shelby with expensive Bourbon. His buying the bottle of Three Horses that night, like his giving Diane the cigarette case was defiance. Shelby's defiance of my patronage.

Bessie announced dinner. We washed our hands, we sat at the table, we spread napkins in our laps, we touched water to our lips, we held knives and forks in our hands for Bessie's sake. With her coming and going, we couldn't talk. We sat behind steak and French fries, we dipped our spoons ceremoniously into the rum pudding which Bessie had made, good soul, to celebrate my return

PARTY—

Peach Short-Cake with Gingerbread layers. M-m-m! Add water to mix . . . bake layers . . . spread with whipped cream and fruit.



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Mouth-watering gingerbread, and a glass of milk . . . real *nourishment* there! Only the choicest ingredients in Dromedary mixes.

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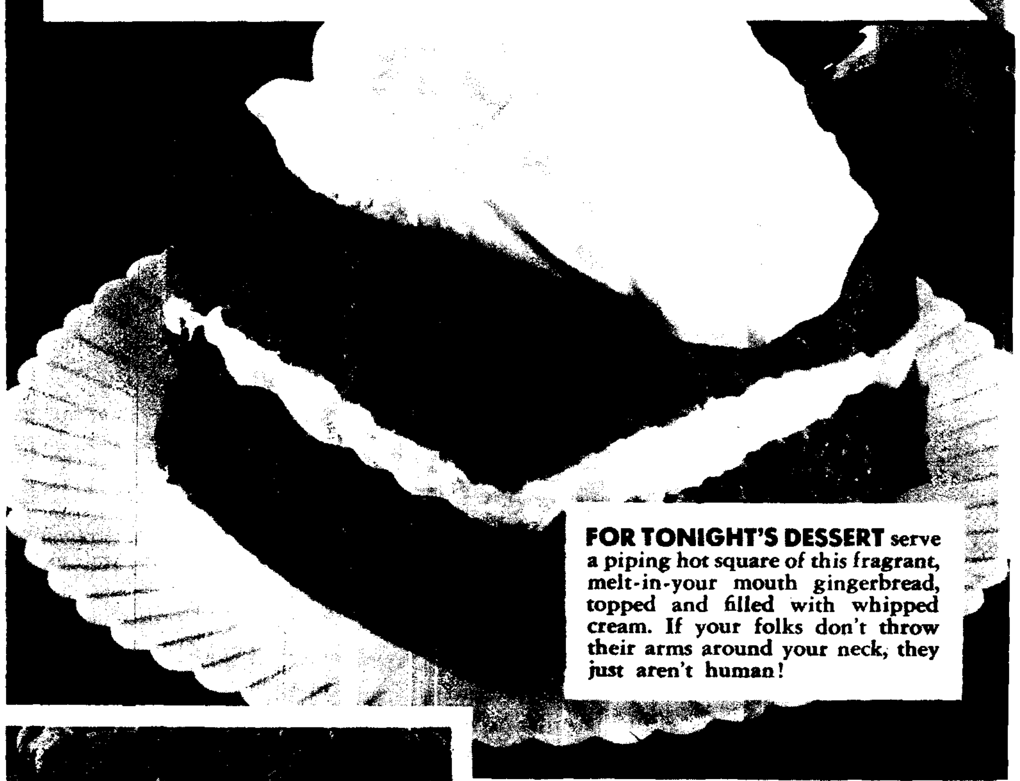

FOR TONIGHT'S DESSERT serve a piping hot square of this fragrant, melt-in-your mouth gingerbread, topped and filled with whipped cream. If your folks don't throw their arms around your neck, they just aren't human!

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with whole pieces of chocolate!

You'll want to send them to boys in the service, children at school — they're so tasty, so easy to make.

Just add 1/3 cup water and a 7 oz. package of semi-sweet chocolate pieces to Dromedary Gingerbread Mix. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in a moderate oven — 350°.

DROMEDARY

GINGERBREAD MIX

ENJOY THE WORLD'S ONLY PASTEURIZED DATES—DROMEDARY!
DROMEDARY Gingerbread Mix

AND HERE'S HOW TO MAKE RICH CHOCOLATEY DEVIL'S FOOD:

DROMEDARY Devil's Food Mix

Add water
to DROMEDARY
DEVIL'S FOOD
MIX

Bake 35 to 40
minutes and look
what you get!

Dark delicious cake . . rich and chocolatey . . tender and velvety . . . Makes cookies too. Try it!

What's good for COLLYWOBBLES?

When eyes are bigger than stomachs, and youngsters overeat, they often get "colly-wobbles"—the stomach distress that follows too much of a good thing. Such a stomach needs gentle treatment. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

Never Upset an Upset Stomach! *Don't pile more trouble* on an upset stomach by *adding* to its upset with overdoses of antacids, or harsh, drastic physics!

Take PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither antacid nor laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls... thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Ask your druggist for a bottle today!

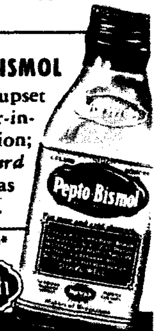
Recommended for children as well as adults. Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL
. . . *to relieve* sour, sickish, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn . . . *And to retard* intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea.

Makers of Unguentine*
Norwich
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

PEPTO-BISMOL
FOR UPSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.



from death. After she had brought the coffee to the table before the fire and we had the length of the room between us and the kitchen door, Shelby asked where I had hidden the gun.

"Gun!"

"Don't talk so loud!" He nodded toward the kitchen door. "My mother's gun; why do you suppose I drove up there last night?"

"Your mother's gun is in the walnut chest, just where you saw me put it, Shelby, after we had the fight."

The fight had started because I refused the gun. I was not nearly so afraid of staying alone in my little house as of having a gun there. But Shelby had called me a coward and insisted upon my keeping it for protection, had laughed me into learning to use it.

"The first fight or the second fight?" he asked.

The second fight had been about his shooting rabbits. I had complained about their eating the iris bulbs and the gladiola corms, and Shelby had shot a couple of them.

"Why do you lie to me, darling? You know that I'll stick with you to the end."

I picked up a cigarette. He hurried to light it. "Don't do that," I said.

"Why not?"

"You can't call me a murderess and light my cigarette."

NOW that I had said the word aloud, I felt freer. I stood up, stretched my legs, blew smoke at the ceiling. I felt that I belonged to myself and could fight my own battles.

"Don't be so childish," Shelby said. "Can't you see that you're in a tight spot and that I'm trying to help you? Don't you realize the chances I've taken, the lies I've told to protect you, and last night, driving up there? That makes me an accomplice after the fact. I'm in a bad spot myself, and for your sake."

"I wish I hadn't phoned you last night," I said.

"Don't be petty, Laura. Your instinct was sound. You knew as well as I that they'd go up and search your place as soon as they discovered that you were back."

"That's not why I called you."

Bessie came in to say good night and tell me again that she was happy that I had not died. Tears burned the edges of my eyes.

WHEN the door had closed behind her, Shelby said, "I'd rest easier if I had that gun in my possession now. But how can we get it, with detectives on our trail? I tried to shake the fellow, I took the back road, but the cab followed me all the way. If I'd as much as searched the place, I'd have given it away instantly. So I kept up the pretense of sorrow, I stood in the garden and wept for you, I called it a sentimental journey when that detective . . ."

"His name is McPherson," I said.

"You're so bitter," Shelby said. "You'll have to get over that bitterness, Laura, or you'll never be able to fight it out. Now, if we stand together, my sweet . . ."

Mark returned. I gave Shelby my hand and we sat on the couch, side by side, like lovers. Mark turned on the light, he looked into my face, he said he was going to speak the truth directly. That was when he brought out the cigarette case and Shelby lost his nerve and Mark's face became the face of a stranger. It's hard to deceive Mark. He looks at you as if he wants you to be honest. Shelby was afraid of honesty, he kept losing his temper like a schoolboy and it was, in the end, Shelby's fear that told Mark that Shelby believed me guilty.

"Are you going to arrest me?" I asked Mark.

(To be continued next week)

TOO MANY COOKS

NOW that members of Civilian Defense first-aid classes are going to Northwestern University football games in Evanston, Coach Lynn Waldorf has to admit that their presence has complicated things an awful lot.

There was the injury to Bill Schatzer, for instance. Bill plays halfback for the Iowa Naval Pre-flight School team, the Sea Hawks, coached by Bernie Bierman. In the course of the game that Northwestern played with the Sea Hawks, Schatzer was hit with a resounding thump and stayed down. The Northwestern trainer came trotting out, found the player was merely stunned, so he waved four huskies onto the field to cart Schatzer to the dressing room.

It was midnight that Saturday before Northwestern's telephone quit ringing. Two hundred calls came in, all carrying the irate complaint: "You should never move an injured man until a physician examines him for breaks. A stretcher should be used. You can do more damage than the original injury by moving a victim and hauling him around by the legs and arms."

When the first-aiders finally subsided, Northwestern's Sports Publicitor Walt Paulison made his weary way home. At the front door he was met by his spouse.

"Oh, so you're home, eh?" she greeted him. "What an idiotic thing that was this afternoon! Why, you folks might have killed that boy!"

With a sigh for the good old days, Messrs. Waldorf and Paulison have been heard to murmur, "There was a time when only the alumni jumped on you."

The Letter Box

Continued from page 11

a pocket handkerchief when not in use.

The material was shot silk of green and amber, and the effect against the golden tan of her slender limbs was enough to make any ordinary man want to turn cart wheels. Perched on her head was a floppy nonsense in straw, like an umbrella that had lost its ribs, and she wore large dark glasses with white rims, which made Dennis positively crazy to know what went on underneath. In choosing a nose she appeared to have taken the first thing to turn up over an insolent mouth of geranium red.

As he approached she was eating grapes dipped in toffee, which she had just acquired from a white-aproned vender who was retiring from the presence uttering a strange cry that sounded like "Walla-guimot."

With her mouth full she looked up and said, "So you're Dennis the Stout of Heart. I won't shake hands because I'm eating a walla-guimot."

Unable to command any reply adequate to either of these observations Dennis smiled largely and, scaling the ladder to the top board, performed a classical swallow dive into the sea. Being embarrassed he remained under water until he reached the raft some distance from the shore. On the raft was a giggle of lovelies, kicking the sea about with pink and crumpled toes. One of them said, "What a heavenly dive! Will you teach me to do it?"

As there appeared to be no safety at sea, Dennis betook himself shoreward for another look at Joan. "What are they?" he asked.

"What are what?"

"Guillemots."

"Oh, walla-guimots, you mean. Just fruit dipped in toffee. Sometimes he does nectarines instead of grapes."

"Good heavens," said Dennis, "what an amazing idea!"

JOAN'S brow creased and she asked if he was trying to be funny. He said he wasn't, so she asked why he didn't ask when first she mentioned them.

"I don't suppose I had quite worked it out," he replied, staring at the concrete blocks beneath his feet, "and I was half afraid you were pulling my leg. How'd it be to tool along somewhere and have a drink?"

Joan said she was in favor.

Dennis' spirits soared. "Then I tell you what, you see that little brassard over there?"

"Little what?"

"Brassard—with the colored awning and tables under it."

Joan valiantly swallowed a great shout of laughter and inquired seriously, "Don't you mean *brasserie?*"

"What's the difference?"

"Well," she replied, "the one keeps people under control and the other doesn't. But what about it, anyway?"

"I'll bet I swim there under water quicker than you can walk."

"All right," said Joan, "that's what you bet."

He took it for granted that the bet was on and disappeared into the sea with hardly a splash. Emerging breathless but triumphant at his goal he was dismayed to observe that she was still sitting on her deck chair, ironically clapping in a way painfully suggestive of a nurse applauding the fatuous performance of an infant. He could not understand why, until she explained, a few moments later, that drinking was a sociable business, and seeing who could get one first did not appeal to her. He saw the point but was astonished that such a girl should prefer walking along the *plage* with him to making a jolly event of the business.

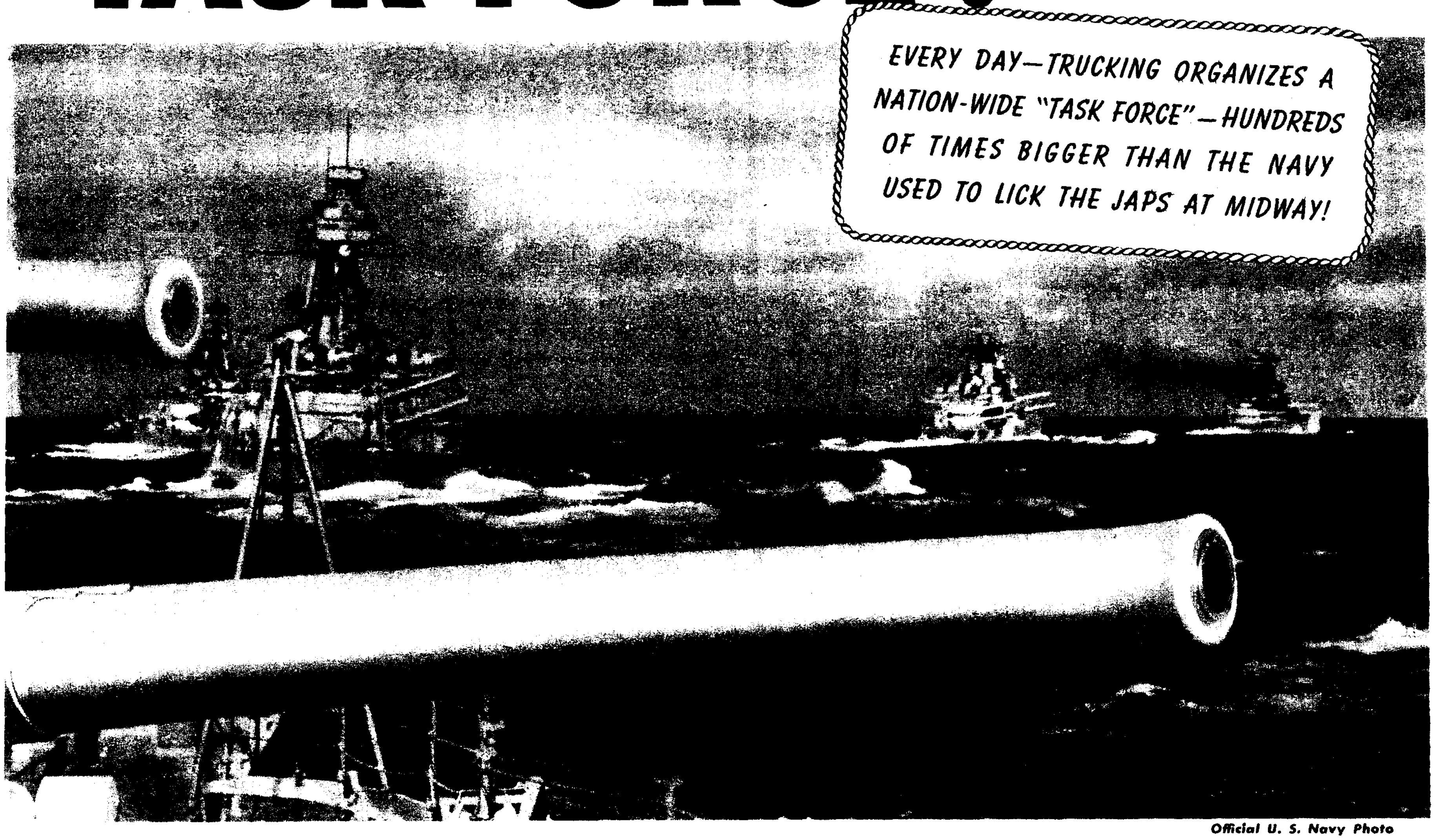
At her suggestion they ordered *"champagne naturel,"* and uncommonly good it proved to be. In the shade of the awning she had removed her sunglasses and revealed a pair of gentian blue eyes. Until she asked what was the matter Dennis did not realize that he was staring at them as if under hypnotic influence.

"It's—er—your funny-colored eyes, if you don't think me frightfully rude."

"Why, what's so funny about them?"

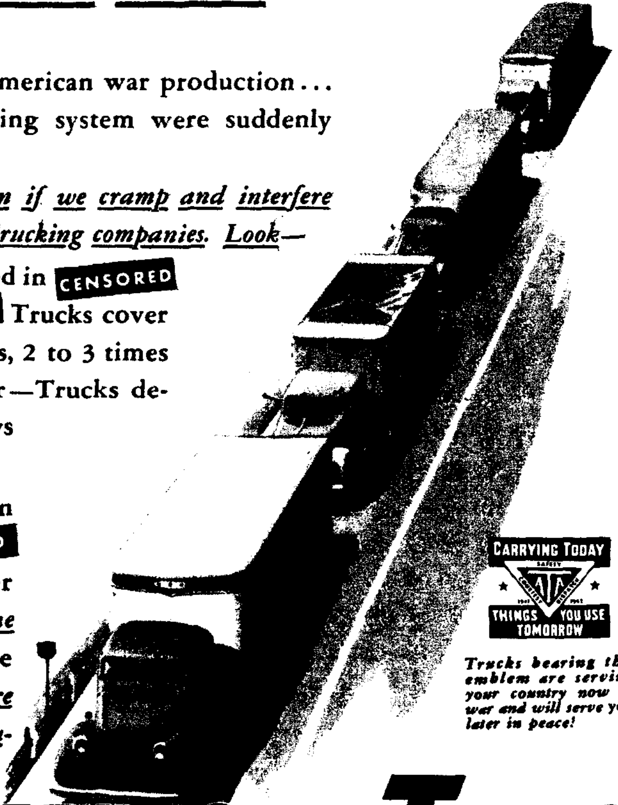
"Oh, I didn't mean funny ha-ha, but the fact is they reminded me of a swimming pool I saw in Miami when I was playing golf with an English team. It belonged to a millionaire who'd made a packet out of importing dates of all

TASK FORCE?


EVERY DAY—TRUCKING ORGANIZES A NATION-WIDE "TASK FORCE"—HUNDREDS OF TIMES BIGGER THAN THE NAVY USED TO LICK THE JAPS AT MIDWAY!

Official U. S. Navy Photo

• Behind all the Truck Shipments of Vital War Material, there's a vast, highly trained, team-working Organization . . . that makes America's Trucks the fastest, most flexible Freight Transport System in the World!



Can you imagine the chaos in American war production . . . if the superbly organized Trucking system were suddenly broken up!

Yet—that's just what will happen if we cramp and interfere with the operations of the nation's Trucking companies. Look—

Manufacturer CENSORED located in CENSORED has to ship CENS parts to CENSORED Trucks cover this 900-miles distance in 50 hours, 2 to 3 times *faster* than by rail! And remember—Trucks deliver goods over super-highways built largely by Truck taxes.

Plane-manufacturer CENSORED in CENSORED receives raw CENSORED from U CENSORED o. Trucks deliver these vitally needed materials in *one* day. Ordinary freight would take three full days! *Actually—if it were not for Trucks, this important manufacturer would be compelled to shut down due to lack of materials!*

And so it goes . . . on long or short hauls—Trucks accelerate America's war production—thanks to the "know-how" organization and skill *back of* America's trucks!

The nation's truck drivers—and the men *behind* the drivers—are doing one swell job in helping America win this war. Let's *defeat—immediately—* any attempt arbitrarily to limit the smooth working of this great freight transportation system!

NOT CENSORED

. . . but open for your inspection in the files of ATA are hundreds of letters from war plants telling about the irreplaceable service rendered by trucks. The keynote in all of them is this: "Reduce trucking company service—and our whole war program will bog down. Our production system is built on truck transportation."

CARRYING TODAY
ATA
THINGS YOU USE TOMORROW

Trucks bearing this emblem are serving your country now in war and will serve you later in peace!

THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CANADA DRY
PALE GINGER
CANADA DRY
NEW YORK

How to lift a man's spirits If that hard-working husband of yours sometimes comes home these days with his smile turned upside down, here's something to lift those drooping corners into a cheery grin: Food . . . a cheerful word . . . and a breezy, brimming glassful of brightly bubbling Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Here's tang that makes you sparkle—with an *invigorating* lift that makes any world seem brighter. Try it on the next frown he wears and see if it doesn't turn on your favorite smile!

If sometimes you can't get all the Canada Dry Ginger Ale you want, please don't blame your dealer. Wartime restrictions on bottle caps, sugar, and particularly on fine imported ginger make it difficult for us to keep up with the growing popularity of Canada Dry, "the Champagne of Ginger Ales."

CANADA DRY "THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES"

things but who played a darn' good game in spite of it. If he hadn't cut his drive on the seventh and been trapped short of the green on the long sixteenth I honestly believe he would have run away with the match."

"What a ghastly thought!" said Joan. "But tell me about the pool. What was so funny about that?"

"Well, nothing, except the color—a most extraordinary blue. I got the idea they must have dyed it with sulphate of copper."

Joan was watching him with her chin buried in her hands. "That's what I do with my eyes," she said. "Every morning, regular as clockwork, with sulphate of copper. It hurts dreadfully, of course, but I think it's worth it."

All through that perishing tale about the swimming pool Dennis had known he was talking drivel, but concurrent with that knowledge was a forlorn hope that she might not rumble the fact. In desperate need of some avenue of escape his eyes fell upon a number of skipping ropes, supplied by the management for the entertainment of their guests. Seizing one, as a dying man grasps at a straw, Dennis started to skip with furious speed and agility. He did not know whether to be glad or sorry at the sudden appearance of the rest of the party, who paused, in dismay, to behold his antics.

"Is there any charge for looking on?" one of the girls inquired sweetly.

Dennis' reply, "Just doing a bit of a workout. Finest exercise in the world," in no way restored his self-confidence.

Carlton Grey, a clever devil who wrote novels, looked from Joan to Dennis and back again. "They tell me," he said, "that in the mating season the male mandrill not only assumes prismatic colors, but performs, in the sight of his adored, antics of a most surprising nature."

He was never nearer getting a punch in the nose than at that moment.

Joan had risen and her cheeks were red under their tan. "Time—for lunch," she said shortly.

IN THE glorious, sun-drenched days that followed, Dennis suffered torments from his lack of words. He was in love but failed to discover any means of conveying the fact to Joan. A girl who presents a dead serious pan, with a hint of suppressed laughter behind it, is a dangerous subject to approach with a declaration of passion. He had considered resorting to the time-honored practice of saying it with flowers but he feared that they might be received with hoots of derision. Now and then he summoned up courage to buy her candied fruits from the "walla-guimot" man, or comfits from his heavily mustached rival.

But these offerings failed to bear to her the message of his heart.

There were times when her still look became almost petulant, like the expressions worn by an audience at a tedious play who are waiting for something to happen. On the whole, however, she endured his society without spoken or tacit complaint. Funnily enough, she was at her most sympathetic when other members of the party tried to make him look a fool.

In this agreeable diversion Carlton Grey excelled. Dennis understood why, for it was clear that he had a yen for Joan; but what was not so clear was the drift of his remarks. In the handling of words Grey was as tricky as a conjurer. What, from an ordinary person, might sound like a pat on the back, was a kick in the guts by the time Grey had done with it. But although Dennis developed a profound hatred for Grey, from the fact that gusts of laughter followed every crack he made, it was vain to deny that he was amusing.

Apart from his own inventions, and they were bad enough, the beggar indulged in the practice of spouting bits of poetry. He lacked the common decency to wait for a moon before doing so, but would wreck what otherwise might have been a pleasant sun bath after lunch under the cliffs with streels of stuff that would make a healthy-minded individual blush to the roots of his hair.

On either side of the valley in which the village nestled, the cliffs rose sheer to a height of two or three hundred feet. Viewed from the beach they appeared to be unscalable, but at one place what looked like a goat track ribboned down in zigs and zags to a wedge of rock jutting out into the sea.

DENNIS was stretched on the shingle when first he noticed the track, and wondered if there would be any chance of clambering up that way. His reflections were disturbed by that appalling blight Grey declaiming a verse the author of which deserved to be shot:

> " '*Who were your lovers? Who were*
> *they who wrestled for you in the*
> *dust?*' "

"Draw it mild, old boy," said Dennis. "There is a limit."

It was one of those well-intentioned remarks which, although inspired by chivalry, make everyone feel uncomfortable. One or two of the girls picked up handfuls of stones and threw them at nothing, while an immediate desire for cigarettes overtook the men.

Carlton Grey rolled over and looked at Dennis with innocent astonishment.

"But I would have thought that wrestling for your beloved in the dust was right down your street, Wakefield."

"Even if it were, I shouldn't make a song about it," said Dennis stiffly.

Grey pointed an accusing index finger at Joan and demanded in ringing tones:

> " '*Did monstrous hippopotami come sid-*
> *ling toward you in the mist?*
> *Did gilt-scaled dragons writhe and*
> *twist with passion as you passed*
> *them by?*' "

Dennis sat up, yawned and stared at his beach shoes.

"Quite candidly," he said, "you're not half as funny as you think you are."

"Now that," said Grey, "is a challenge; for no man criticizes another's humor without believing his own is superior."

Joan said, "Why not give it a miss?"

But Grey waved her suggestion aside, and went on:

"I have never doubted that our friend Wakefield is a positive scream, but whether his sense of humor is keener than mine is an open question." He drew from his pocket a biscuit-thin platinum watch and looked at the dial. "But knowing his competitive instincts, I suggest that each of us has five minutes to prove which is the funnier. Joan shall be timekeeper and the rest will act as judges. Give her the watch, Wakefield, wait for the gong and seconds out of the ring."

Dennis took the watch but did not pass it on. With his eyes on the cliff he appeared to be lost in thought. Halfway up was a cavity in the chalk oddly suggestive of a letter box. Having taken stock of its position he turned to Grey with a smile.

"I'm game," he said, "quite game. By the way, are you fond of this watch?" And he compared the time it registered with the one he wore on his wrist.

"Next to my mother," said Grey, "it is my dearest possession."

"Right. Then I'll put it in a safe place."

To their general astonishment he

vanished round the jut of rock and reappeared a few seconds later, on top of it. Here he paused to examine the cliff face, then started to scramble upward like a chamois.

"No—don't!" cried Joan, and from Grey came a startled, "What's the idiot think he's doing?"

Viewed from the beach, that climb was one of those crazy, breakneck adventures that seem as if they must end in disaster. Dennis, moreover, did not appear to exhibit even average precaution. Clinging to the brittle chalk he went up like a fly on a wall, pausing at the letter box to grin down and shout to them, "It'll be safe as a bank in here, old boy."

They saw him thrust the watch into the cavity and complete the climb to the top as though the devil was behind him. Arrived there, he sat for a moment swinging his legs over the void and looking at his wrist.

"Two minutes and forty-eight seconds," he sang out. "Bet you a wallaguimot, Grey, you can't do it in less."

But Carlton Grey made no reply—he was feeling too sick. One of the girls was laughing hysterically and Joan got up and started to walk away, quickly.

"Wait for me," Dennis called and started the descent.

No one dared watch that fresh insanity, but Dennis was not even out of breath when he rejoined them.

"Two seconds under the five minutes, Grey," he said. "Well, that's my idea of humor, now go ahead and be funnier."

But since Grey manifested no inclination to do so, Dennis shrugged his massive shoulders and set off in pursuit of Joan.

He overtook her where the brook, which scurried through the village of Veules les Pervanches, was swallowed up by the shingle. Joan's face was dark with anger and her eyes blazed reproachfully.

"I'm not speaking to you," she said, "and if I did you would hate it."

"I can't see what I've done to deserve that."

"You can't, but we did. People aren't frightfully keen, during a summer holiday, on having corpses hurtling down on them from a couple of hundred feet."

"But there was nothing in that climb," he protested. "Matter of fact, I rather enjoyed it."

"All right, you enjoyed it—but as the only one who did, you can go on enjoying yourself by yourself for the rest of the time you're here."

And with her nose more than ever in the air she left him—flat.

That night Dennis smoked a pipe, all by himself and a lurk of spiders, in the summerhouse. In a mood of blue despair he told himself that the wise thing would be to pack his traps and melt silently away.

At this point in his reflections he heard the voices of Joan and Carlton Grey approaching the summerhouse. His obvious course was to sheer off, but, as he rose to his feet, his motor senses were paralyzed by the realization that Grey was proposing. The proposal was couched in terms that no girl could be expected to resist, and Dennis was holding his breath in the certainty her answer would be yes, when Joan said a most astonishing thing.

"If I say yes, Carlton, will you give me a present?"

Clearly Grey was suffering from a nasty jar but he managed to reply. "You shall have a single-stone diamond ring as big as an acid drop."

"I wouldn't like that," said Joan. "I want something personal."

"Give it a name," he said.

"Your watch," said she.

There was a moment's hesitation, then: "Don't be silly, darling; you know perfectly well where that fool put it."

"Perfectly," she agreed, "but without your watch how can I tell the right time to say yes? Well, I'll be seeing you at the Casino, perhaps."

The remark was followed by the light rustle of retreating footsteps and, a moment later, by a quiet but forceful imprecation.

DENNIS held his ground in a state of profound bewilderment. Joan's attitude was a puzzle for which a drink might possibly supply the solution. Apparently Grey had the same idea, for when Dennis arrived at the American Bar, Grey had got there first and was lowering a stiff one. He looked up with a friendly smile and asked what Dennis would have.

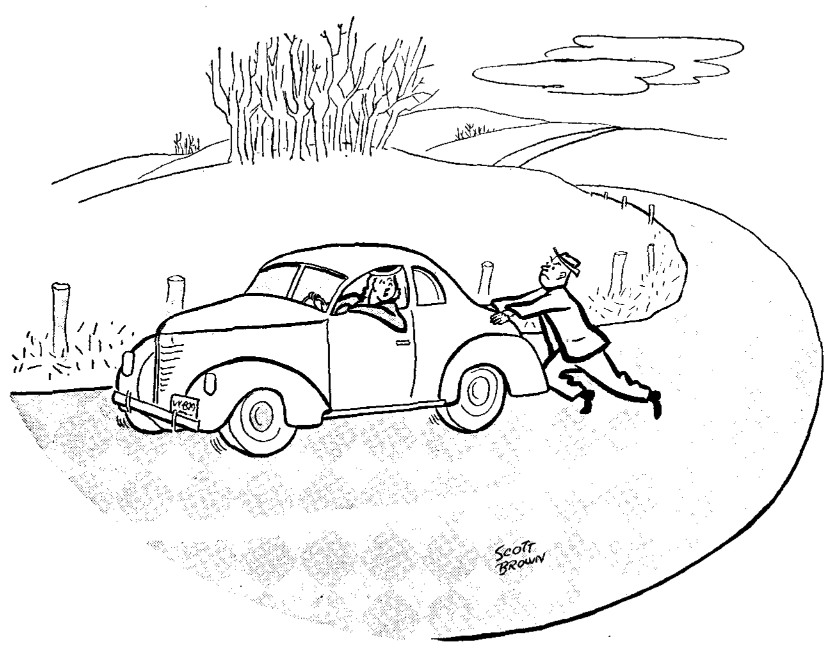
Dennis accepted the offer warily and they took their drinks to a table in the window bay.

"To the better man," Grey toasted him, "for you put it across me very neatly this afternoon."

"If so—sorry," mumbled Dennis, "but the truth is I was rather riled."

"And not without reason," was the generous rejoinder. "So how about getting me back my watch and calling it a day?"

Dennis Wakefield gave a low, mirth-



"Shall I tell you when the speedometer gets to thirty-five?"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

Smoke gets in THEIR eyes!

UNION PACIFIC

Furnace fires glow and smoke surges from the stacks of thousands of industrial plants producing an ever-increasing quantity of planes, tanks, guns and other implements of war. That's the smoke that gets in the eyes of the Axis.

Raw materials and completed units are loaded on long rows of freight cars, go rumbling across country in a never-ending procession, hauled by gigantic locomotives followed by trails of smoke—smoke that smarts the eyes of Hitler and Hirohito.

Smoke 'em out!—that's our job. Union Pacific, the Strategic Middle Route connecting West with East, is doing its part by "keeping 'em rolling." Thousands of Union Pacific employees are working tirelessly—and buying War Bonds generously—for victory!

★ ★ ★

The Progressive
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
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DON'T PUT UP WITH THE TORMENT OF SIMPLE PILES
USE PAZO!
LATER
YOU WERE RIGHT! PAZO RELIEVED THE PAIN, PROMPTLY

Don't just suffer the agonizing pain, torture, itching of simple piles. Remember, for over thirty years amazing PAZO ointment has given prompt, comforting relief to millions. It gives you soothing, welcome palliative relief.

How PAZO Ointment Works

1. Soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. 2. Lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. 3. Tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. 4. Provides a quick and easy method of application.

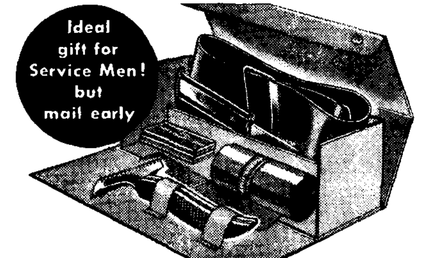
Special Pile Pipe for Easy Application

PAZO ointment has a specially designed, perforated Pile Pipe, making application simple and thorough. (Some persons, and many doctors, prefer to use suppositories, so PAZO is also made in suppository form.)

Get Relief with PAZO Ointment!

Ask your doctor about wonderful PAZO ointment and the soothing, blessed relief it gives for simple piles. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today!

THE GROVE LABORATORIES, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.



QUICK, SLICK SHAVES

3 times as many

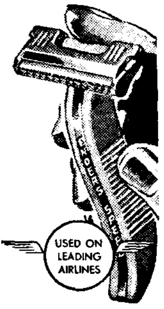
Look what you get in this popular Enders Speed Kit:

1. Enders Speed Shaver—world's fastest shave. Blade clicks in instantly, nothing to take apart. New type head gives clean shaves first time over. Prevents nicks, scrapes, razor burn.

2. Semi-automatic leather strop. Triples life of blades.

3. Two packs of blades; shaving stick, comb, serviceable compact case.

$2.50 postpaid, if drugstore can't supply. Ask for Christmas mailing carton. It's free.



ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. C. MYSTIC, CONN.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of **Cystex** goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under the money back guarantee so get **Cystex** from your druggist today for **only 35c.**

less laugh. "Nothing doing," he replied.

Grey tried to preserve his good humor and asked if it wasn't a mistake to carry a joke too far.

"I didn't carry it as far as all that," said Dennis, sweetly. "Wouldn't take ten minutes to get it back yourself."

"No—probably not, but—er—it was you who put it there."

Dennis nodded and became suddenly grave. "I know, and it was a darned silly thing to do. Between you and me, old lad, that climb was a stinker. I was never more scared in my life. But I'll give you a check if you'll let me know what the watch cost."

Grey jumped to his feet. "It's cost me more than you'll ever repay, you—cretin."

"Good," said Dennis and went out laughing.

The last three days of the holiday were like sitting on a volcano on the eve of an eruption. Once or twice Dennis contrived to get Joan to himself but the mere act of doing so was like putting a gag over his own mouth.

Before breakfast on the last morning he decided to recover the watch and set off, sulkily, to do so. On the beach he met Joan coming back from the direction of the cliffs.

"Sorry you won't be with us on the boat," he said, for she was going to join her mother in Paris.

"I can't see that it would have made much difference," said she.

"No—except to sort of round things off."

She looked at him gravely and critically, then sighed. "But I've an idea that you're the kind of man who never will round anything off—without a lot of help."

"'Fraid I don't follow."

"You follow, all right, but you never lead. That's why I wrote," said she.

"Wrote?"

"Um, a letter. I posted it a few minutes ago."

"To me?"

"To you—though when you'll get it goodness only knows."

His heart missed a beat. Then he saw that she was smiling and knew that the whole thing was a leg pull.

"Would you like to do me a favor and get back that watch of Carlton's?" she asked.

Dennis' face turned from butter to rock. "No, I wouldn't because I know what you want it for," and in a torrent of angry words he repeated what he had overheard from the summerhouse.

As she listened, Joan's eyes and mouth hardened and when she spoke, her words were like a shower of sparks from a whetstone:

"You blithering idiot, as if that watch makes the smallest difference to my feelings for him!"

That was the last thing they said to each other and she did not even wave from the carriage window of the Paris express.

But on the Channel steamer, something absolutely mystifying occurred, for Carlton Grey took from his pocket a biscuit-thin, platinum watch to look at the time.

The letter Joan said she had written to Dennis never arrived.

AS THE invasion craft neared the French coast a silhouette of cliffs appeared against a rift in the night rack. Then, with a howl like souls in purgatory, the fighters and bombers swept over and the fun began.

For twenty minutes the strafe lasted and spouts of flame greened and crimsoned the sky. Then, like the start of a marathon, the commandos made for the beach.

As Dennis went overboard and splashed through the shallow water, he heard Kenrick sing out, "Looks like a picnic, boys!"

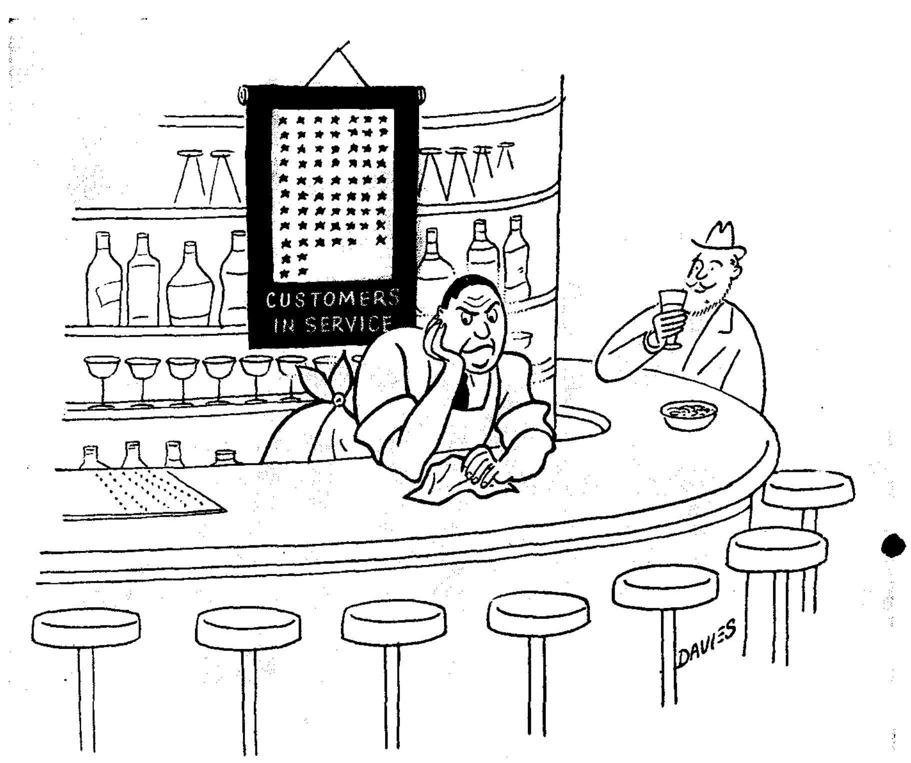
He spoke too soon for, from the cliff top on the right, a single machine gun stammered into action and raked the *plage* with bullets. Its fire concentrated on the narrow gut leading to the village, and to have passed that way might easily have cost a hundred lives. An order was shouted to take cover, and the landing party backed up against the breakwater while a battery of trench mortars went into action from behind a jetty.

Kenrick was cursing that his timetable would be thrown haywire, but his lamentations were drowned by the barking mortars and the grump-grump of their projectiles searching the cliff top for the machine-gun nest.

DENNIS marked the flash and made for Kenrick at the double. "Look, sir," he shouted, "I know this coast like the back of my hand. There's a scramble up the cliff to the spot where those beggars are shooting from. Say the word and I'll see what I can do about it."

"How long'd you be?"

"Well, my best time was two minutes, forty-eight seconds, in daylight. Say three and a half from scratch and have the toc-emmas lay off while I do the doings."



COLLIER'S GEORGE DAVIES

Kenrick, who had eyes like a cat, saw he was in earnest. "What are you waiting for—a letter from the War Office?"

Dennis waited just long enough to set his watch and was off like a rocket.

"And come back the same way," was yelled after him.

In making the ascent Dennis took a few hair-raising chances, for it was no time to be overparticular about personal safety. His danger was increased by falling chalk dislodged by the explosions above. Halfway up, something struck the cliff face and a whole avalanche roared down. Dennis thanked God for the letter box at that moment, for it gave him something to plunge an arm in and steady himself against the blast. Within the cavity his fingers closed round what felt like a tobacco tin. "Put me in your pocket," it seemed to say.

"Holy smoke!" Dennis gasped, "I s'pose it couldn't possibly be . . . ?"

But this was not the moment to satisfy his curiosity. He had a job to do.

Just under the brow of the cliff he flicked up the shutter of his wrist watch to see the time. He had done the climb in three minutes sixteen seconds, which meant that there were fourteen seconds to go before the trench mortars ceased firing. He resolved not to wait a second longer than the agreed time, for his faith in Kenrick was implicit. The last of the crackers exploded precisely on time and his head popped over the top of the cliff as a rain of muck showered earthward.

He had chosen an unlucky moment, for the machine gun, artfully concealed in a turf-covered pillbox, less than fifteen yards away, sent a stammer of bullets screaming past his ears. Unwilling to be shot to bits at point-blank range, he edged along under the cliff edge and did not reappear until he was just behind the post.

From the fact that the machine-gun crew were laughing excitedly when Dennis lobbed in a couple of Mills bombs, they may be said to have died happily.

In the silence that followed those twin bursts, a cheer was raised from the beach below, and by the light of the burning village he saw single shapes merge into a solid mass that surged through the gap. Then, turning his back on the whole adventure, Dennis opened the tin to find out how much Joan had or hadn't pulled his leg.

The letter was written in pencil on notepaper of the hotel which was now blazing so merrily that he could read every word:

"Oh, you awful, awful wet! Oh, you appalling dumbbell! Must a girl shout it aloud before you know she loves you? Must she put her arms round your silly neck and kiss your idiotic mouth before you find it out? You are the best and worst thing that ever happened to me and I hope you die miserably and alone in a padded cell.

"July 22d, 1938. JOAN."

TWO minutes and nineteen seconds later somebody seized Kenrick's arm and shook him violently.

"Go away, whoever you are," he shouted.

"B-but that's just what I want to do," sobbed Dennis. "I want to go away—now. I want to go home this very instant."

Kenrick turned an astonished face. "Are you up the pole, Wakefield? Lost your nerve or something?"

But Dennis was fairly dancing with excitement.

"Lost my nerve—nothing. I've just found it, you fathead. But I want to go home. I want ten days' leave. I'm going to be married. Let's get out of this blasted place—now!"

THE END

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Chosen by
UNITED PARCEL SERVICE *in* PEACETIME
are Doubly Valuable Now!

In ordinary times, delivery service such as United Parcel Service renders in Chicago, New York and other large cities is a tremendous public convenience.

But in war-time, it's much more than that. It's a big aid toward winning the war, because it conserves so much gasoline and precious rubber. Serving many stores and shops, it prevents a wasteful duplication of delivery mileage. Too, one delivery by the U.P.S. saves trips . . and rubber and gasoline . . for hundreds of householders. Such consolidation is advocated by the government as an emergency measure.

U.P.S. goes still farther, though, in conserving not only rubber and gasoline, but also steel and motor power. Here's how: In Chicago, for example, where it serves three of the largest department stores and more than 150 shops, a fleet of fourteen Fruehauf Trailers is used . . . .

- **RUBBER AND STEEL ARE CONSERVED** because a Truck-and-Trailer combination uses about 10% less weight of tires and 25% less steel than do the two trucks required to carry the same payload.
- **FEWER TRUCKS ARE USED** because any truck, *pulling* a Trailer, can haul two or three times as much as it is designed to *carry.*
- **GASOLINE IS CONSERVED** because each U.P.S. truck, pulling a Trailer, uses far less fuel than would the two or three trucks it replaces.

If there's a hauling job where costs must be figured under a microscope, it's parcel delivery. Fractions of pennies add up fast!

That's why U.P.S. decided to try Trailers. And it's why, in less than two years, it purchased a total of fourteen . . all Fruehaufs.

U.P.S. uses the "shuttle system" . . one truck handles three Trailers. While the truck is pulling one Trailer, the two others are being loaded and unloaded. Truck and driver are never idle. That's a further big economy . . and conserves still more rubber, steel, gasoline and motive power for the war job.

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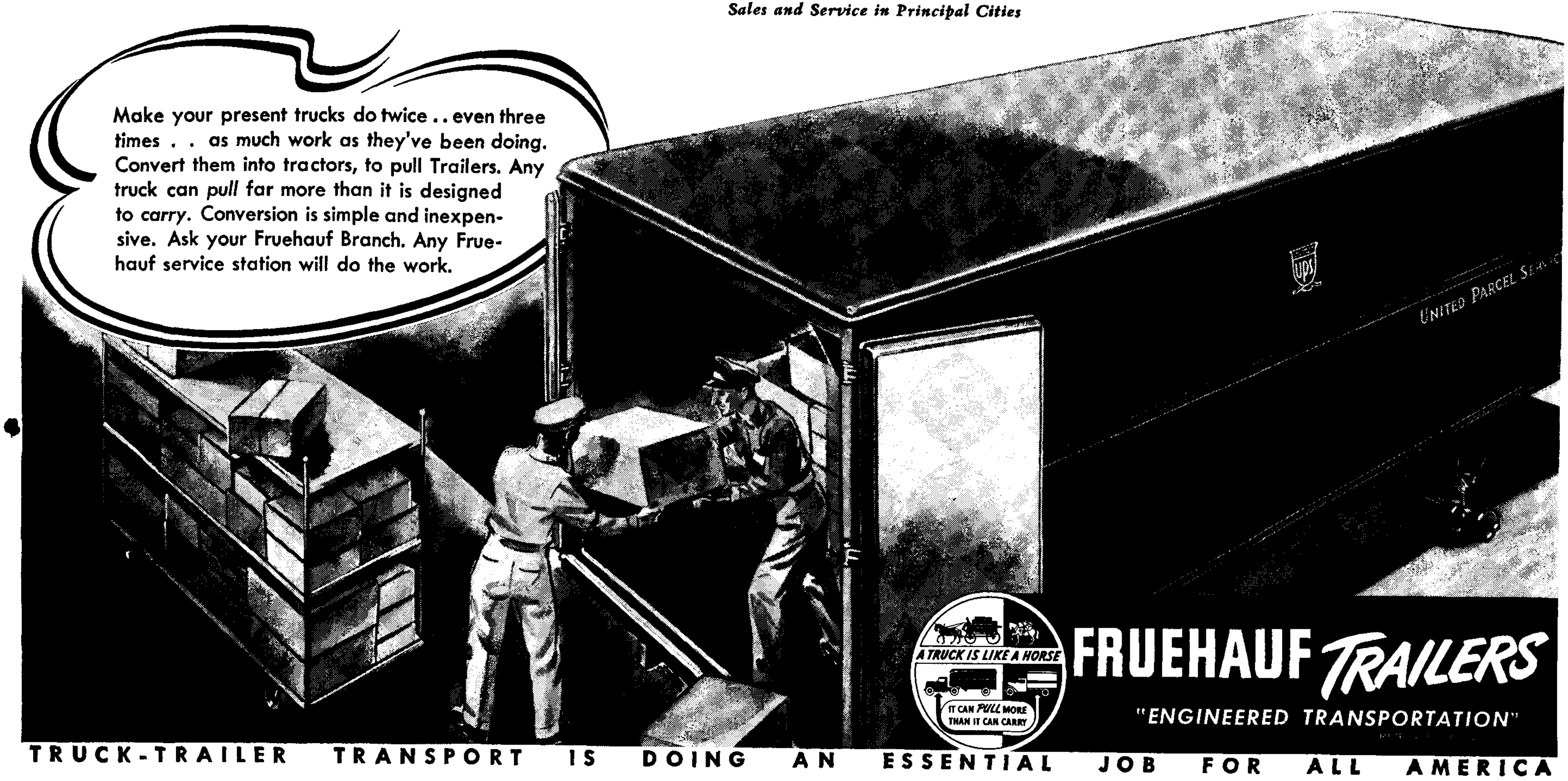
FRUEHAUF TRAILER COMPANY, DETROIT
Sales and Service in Principal Cities



Make your present trucks do twice . . even three times . . as much work as they've been doing. Convert them into tractors, to pull Trailers. Any truck can *pull* far more than it is designed to *carry.* Conversion is simple and inexpensive. Ask your Fruehauf Branch. Any Fruehauf service station will do the work.

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IT CAN *PULL* MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

FRUEHAUF *TRAILERS*
"ENGINEERED TRANSPORTATION"

TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA

SILENT FERRIES

By Robert McCormick

Gliders in close formation behind a towing plane (still on the ground) of the Marine Glider Detachment

Getting soldiers and equipment to the middle of the fighting in a big hurry is the job of the troop-carrying gliders. Here's what our motorless transports can—and can't—do

WHEN you watch the big gliders swoop down with the silence, grimness and accuracy of an eagle pouncing on a rabbit, you think of invasion. Gliders and invasion—it's a matter of simple association, like bread and butter.

The Army once gave no official encouragement to such an idea, but it became so obvious that the principal function of gliders would be toting men and weapons on short hops—perhaps across the English Channel for a second front—that even the Army finally admitted it. Some day gliders may be good for other things, but much of what you hear these days of the "unlimited possibilities" of gliders is flapdoodle. Their limitations, as of this moment, are greater than their possibilities.

Anyhow, the gliders are coming; big fellows capable of carrying astonishing quantities of troops and equipment. The Army Air Forces have a 15-place job and are undoubtedly working up to larger craft. The Marines talk quite freely of motorless ships capable of carrying one dozen or two dozen fully equipped troops.

Several big gliders ready for test flights were lined up at Wright Field when we got there. Two of the larger, loaded with nine soldiers, squatted behind a C-47, the equivalent of the DC-3, the most common commercial airliner. Although the gliders were just about the size of the transport, they looked less substantial. They were made of wood and canvas, and painted bright blue and yellow; and the absence of propellers allowed them to squat low on the ground.

The C-47 was warming up, and just as we approached, it cut loose. Straining like a small mechanical tornado, it yanked the gliders behind it into a long and noisy run. The gliders soon rose a few feet in the air but the bomber was still roaring along the earth, showing no signs of leaving, it must have covered twice the distance it would need to get up alone before its own wheels finally lifted from the ground. It flew almost flat far into the distance, struggling to get enough speed and altitude to bank into a wide circle around the field.

After the C-47 got off, an observation plane taxied along towing three two-place training gliders, buglike little fellows also frivolously done up in blue and yellow paint. All four got up with much less trouble and were followed by another similar formation. Last came an antique bomber of uncertain designation, pulling a single 15-place glider. The whole conglomeration pushed up to six thousand feet, and the gliders cut loose.

A Silent Maneuver

We were installed in a tent somewhere near the middle of Wright Field, representing the enemy to be attacked by glider-borne troops. If we had relied upon sound detectors for warning of the attack, we would have been surprised right out of this world, for in all their maneuvering the gliders were silent as clouds. They had been detached from their towing planes well out of reach of the sound-detecting devices. During their minutes aloft, they kept their formations almost as well as skilled pilots in power-operated planes.

The first audible signal we got of the approach was a high-pitched swish as the hardwood runners of the big jobs hit the grass at something like fifty miles an hour, but by that time the gliders were only a few feet from our canvas bastion, pouring armed troops all over us.

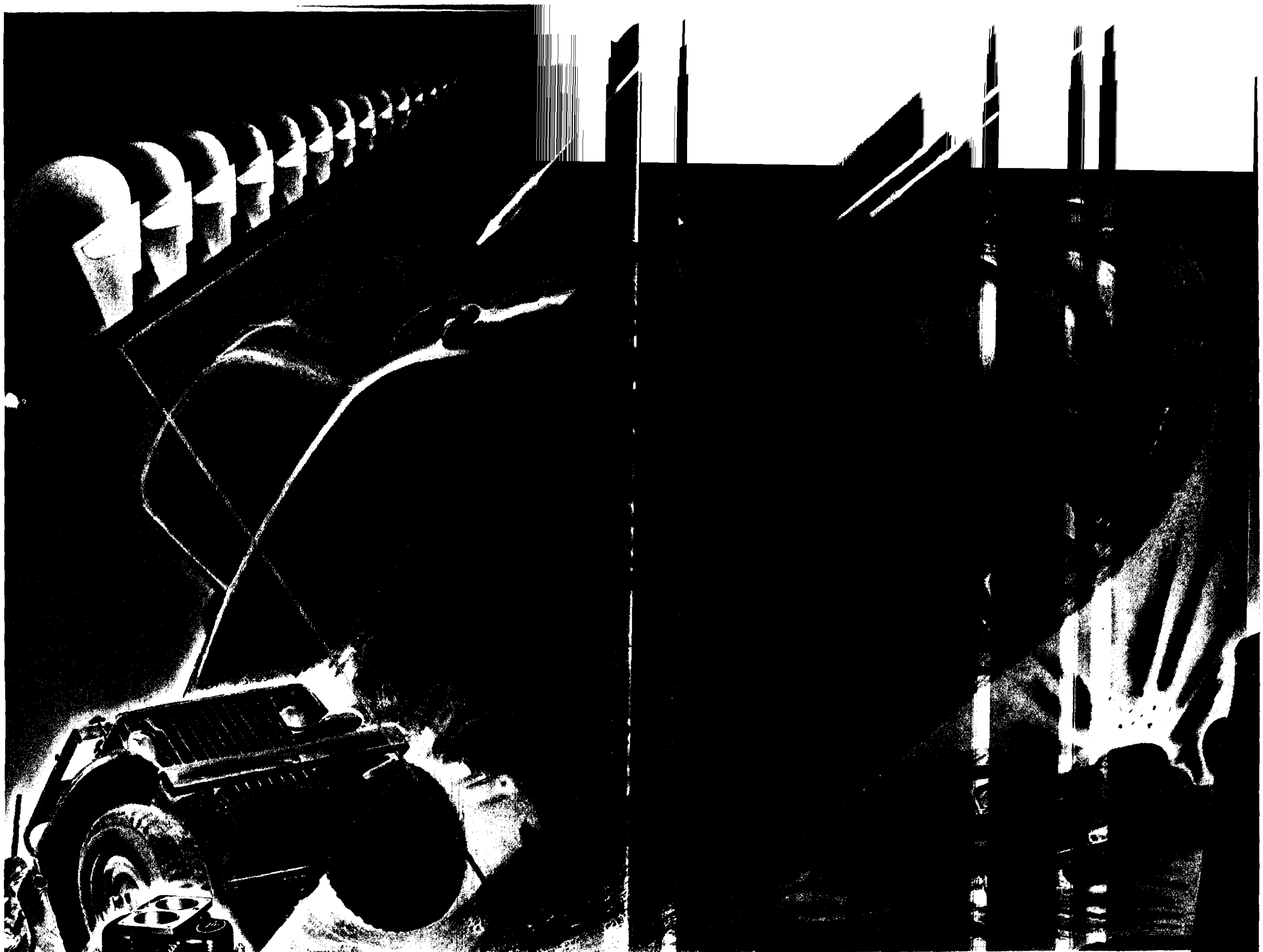
The Germans snatched many a bridgehead in their march through the Low Countries with just such attacks.

They used gliders in at least four major battles: the capture of the Belgian fort Eben Emael, in Crete, in the Middle East, and in Russia.

Even at Crete, where the gliders were expected, they were successful because the British were unprepared for the quantities of soldiers they belched out. Yet they were small, compared to what the Germans have now. They had wing spans of 80 feet, and carried from twelve to fifteen fully armed men. They came down anywhere. One whisked down in the royal palace grounds at Canea in an attempt to capture the king of Greece, who had already fled.

Bigger ships were used in carrying men and supplies to General Rommel in Libya and Egypt. Some bore more than twenty men, or more than two tons of cargo, slowing the tow planes down to

(Continued on page 90)

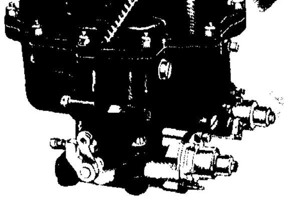


"The Invisible Crew"
of Our Bullet Belching Monsters

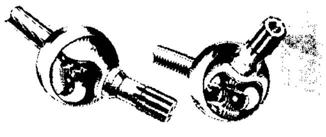
From Libya to the Solomons, in every battle, America's mechanized monsters roar into combat like steel-clad dragons. In many tanks and combat cars, there are two crews: a crew of courageous American fighting men, and with them, sharing in every action, *The Invisible Crew*—precision equipment built by Bendix.

The Invisible Crew gives breath to the engines of these monsters. It carries their brawn to wheels and treads. *The Invisible Crew* steadies and controls the weight and momentum that otherwise would make them blundering, senseless giants.

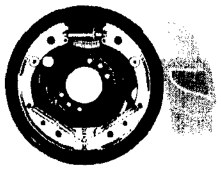
On every front—land, sea and air—thousands of other Bendix members of *The Invisible Crew* perform vital war tasks of control and instrumentation for the invincible crew, America's fighting men. And as this war for peace and freedom reaches 'round the globe—the heart and skill of thousands of Bendix workers are poured into the fighting perfection of America's war machines.



"STROMBERG" CARBURETORS turn gasoline into the 'breath of life' for engines which drive our mechanized fighting equipment. Miserly with fuel, they're lavish with power.



"BENDIX-WEISS" Universal Joints transmit the vital torque from the crankshaft through varying angles to wheels and sprockets, delivering constant speed over the roughest going.



"BENDIX" BRAKES give drivers of combat cars and ordnance vehicles positive control for descending steep grades and making sudden stops without shock or damage to vital equipment.

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...our fighters on every front.
Buy War Bonds and Stamps.

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BODY MECHANICS

By Phoebe Radcliffe

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LARRY MONAHAN AT THE SPERRY GYROSCOPE COMPANY

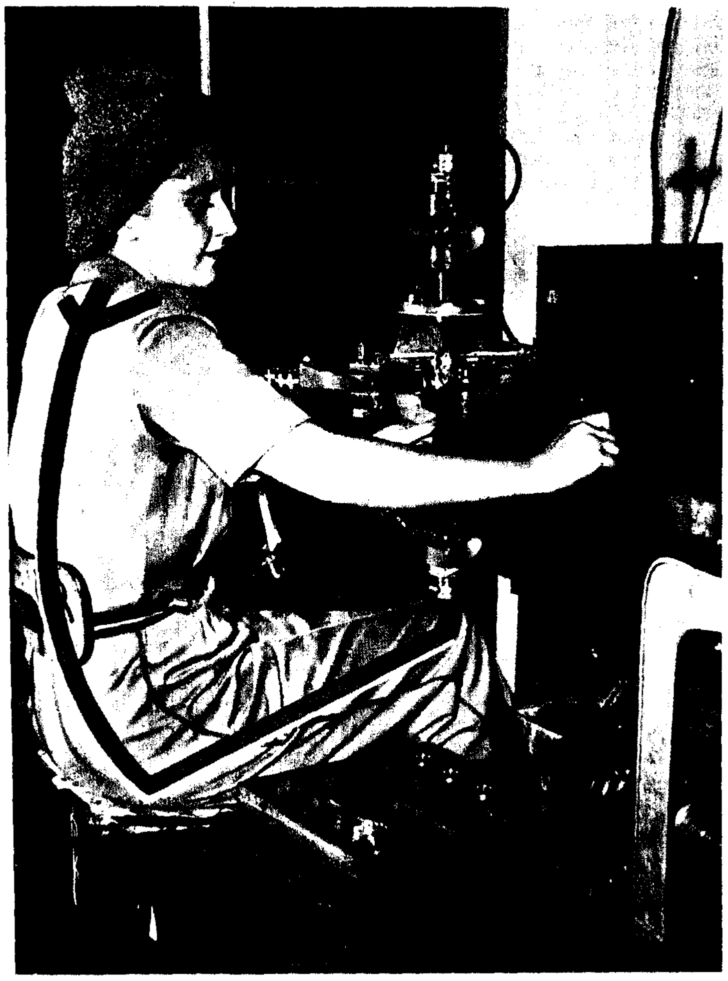
GIRLS from office, home and school are pouring into the war plants. They are being trained in the use of machine tools, drills, presses, torches. They'll learn to work well and fast. But if they would take time out now to study the machine that runs the machines—the human body—they'd save themselves a lot of unnecessary strain and fatigue.

Once you put your mind on it, the theory of body mechanics is simple. It's just this: The body should be held straight, but relaxed. Imagine that the parts of your body are blocks piled on top of one another. Keep one part directly above the next, but don't stiffen. It takes steady, everyday attention to get this good habit. The following easy exercises, practiced d will help you to it by stretching taut muscles, rela all tension.

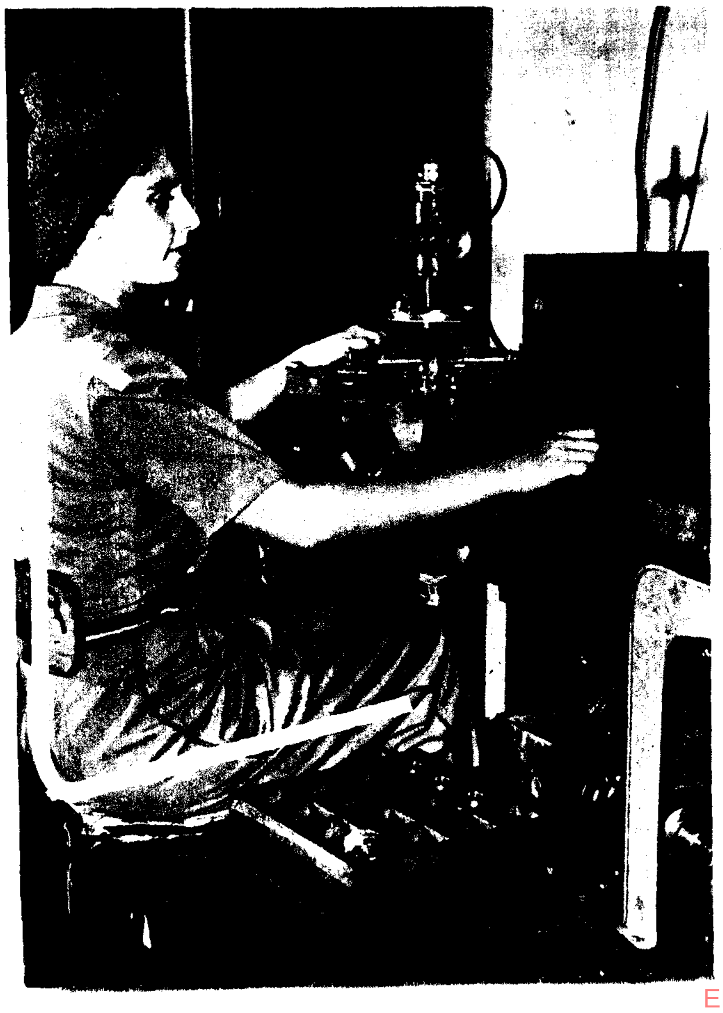
For strengthening back and abdominal muscles be done on the floor or in bed):

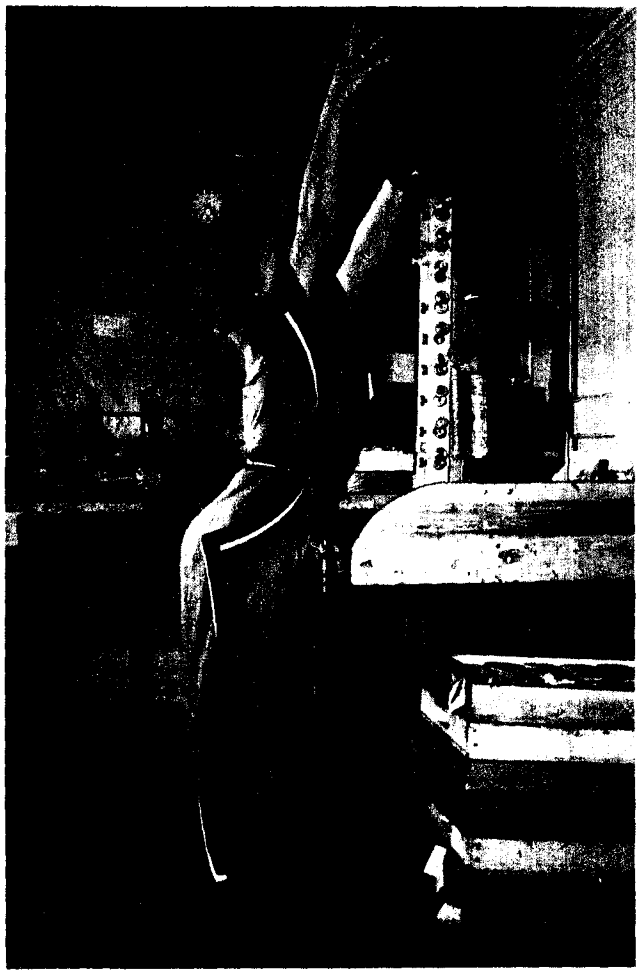
1. Lie on your back with knees up, feet flat. S out your abdomen as far as you can, keeping your flat. Then draw it in. Do this four times. Now, up the tip of your spine, forcing your back at y waistline to hug tight to the floor. Four times. Re both four times, doing them alternately.

2. Lie on your back, folding arms over your h with knees bent, feet flat. Raise your hips, kee

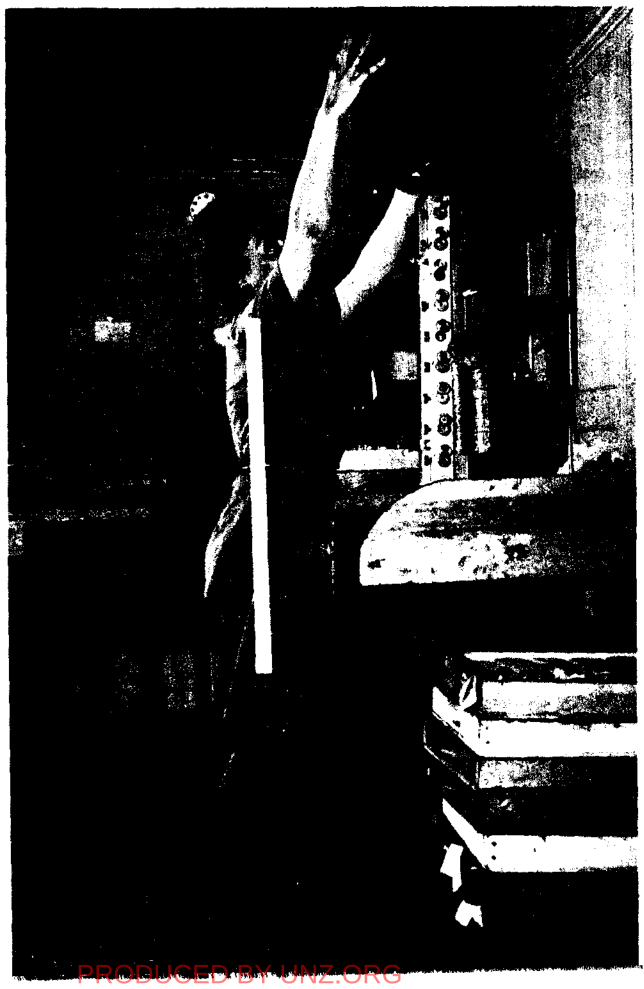


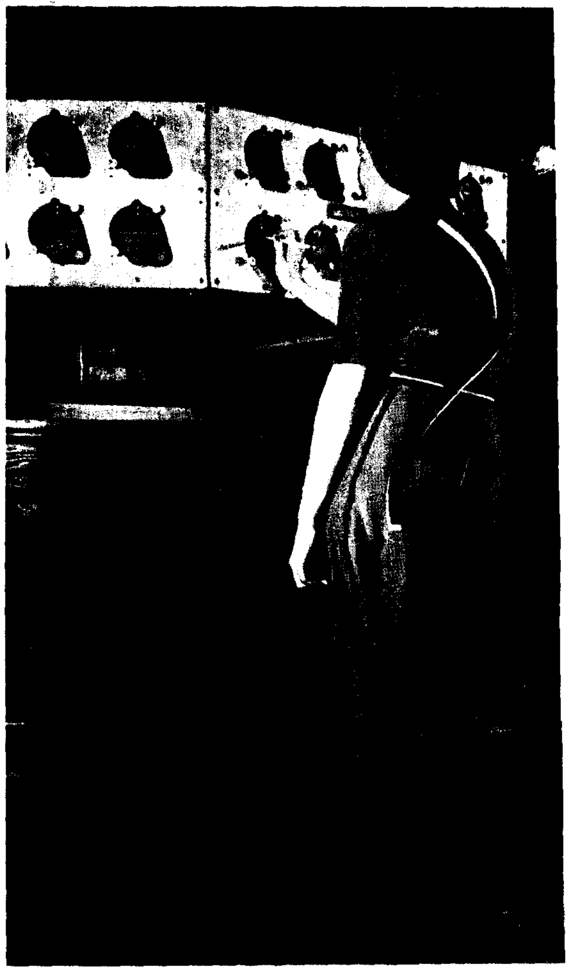
The earnest young woman above probably will wake up tomorrow morning with a nasty little crick in her back. She is concentrating on a precision job and has managed to squinch herself so that her shoulders are tensed and her back bent. She should relax as below, keeping straight but not stiff. Note the easy downward slope of shoulders, the nice flat back. Change your position whenever you like



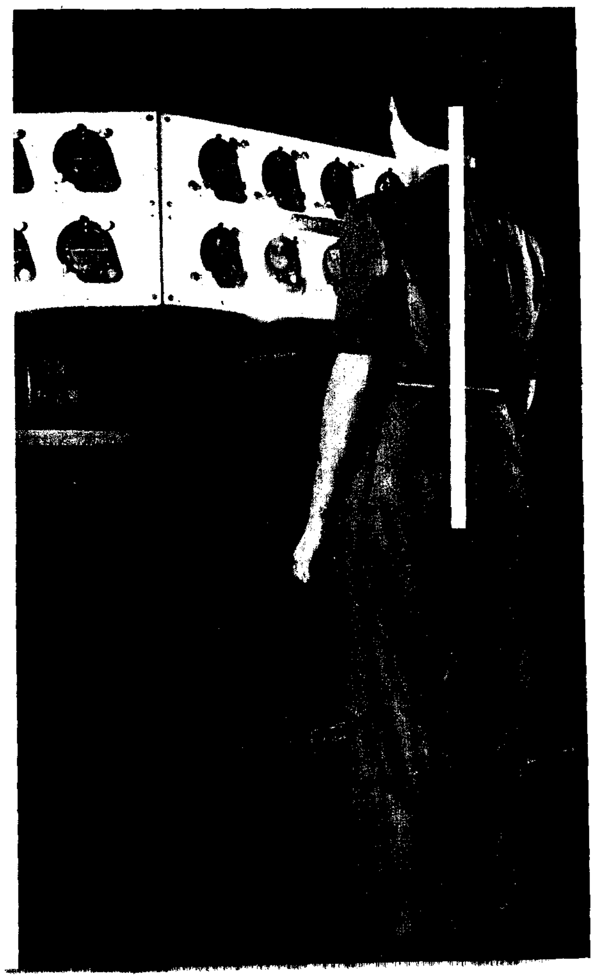


Don't laugh at the peculiar stance on this young lady. You probably look sway-back yourself in similar situations. We all have a tendency to buckle at the waist when reaching up, throwing our hips out of line, straining our backs. Safe way to reach is shown below. Keep your back flat, carry your hips well forward, clinching them together. Free your head, keep a lift in your chest





The debutante slouch, as you can see, is not on harmful, but also most unattractive. It throws yo body out of line, jumbles your insides a bit, causi friction and strain. You must keep the parts of yo body in a direct line, one above the next. In th way you maintain natural balance. You can sta for hours with a minimum of fatigue and no backac

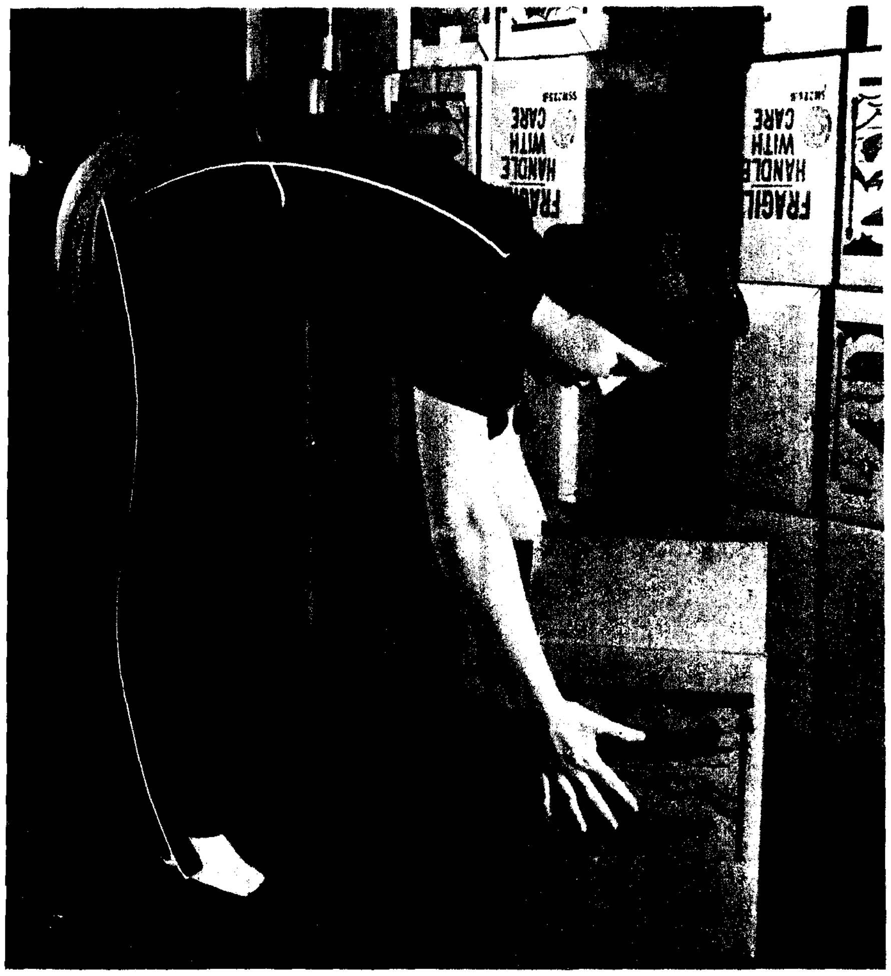


shoulders touching the floor, until
back forms an unbroken line from
; to shoulders. Eight times.
Lie on back, arms folded above
Arch back until it is four inches
floor and body is supported by
ders and heels. Clinch hips to-
r, return to floor. Eight times.
or developing chest:
Stand erect, inhale, rising on toes.
hands to shoulders, then extend
over your head. Exhale, lowering
, sinking to heels. Eight times.

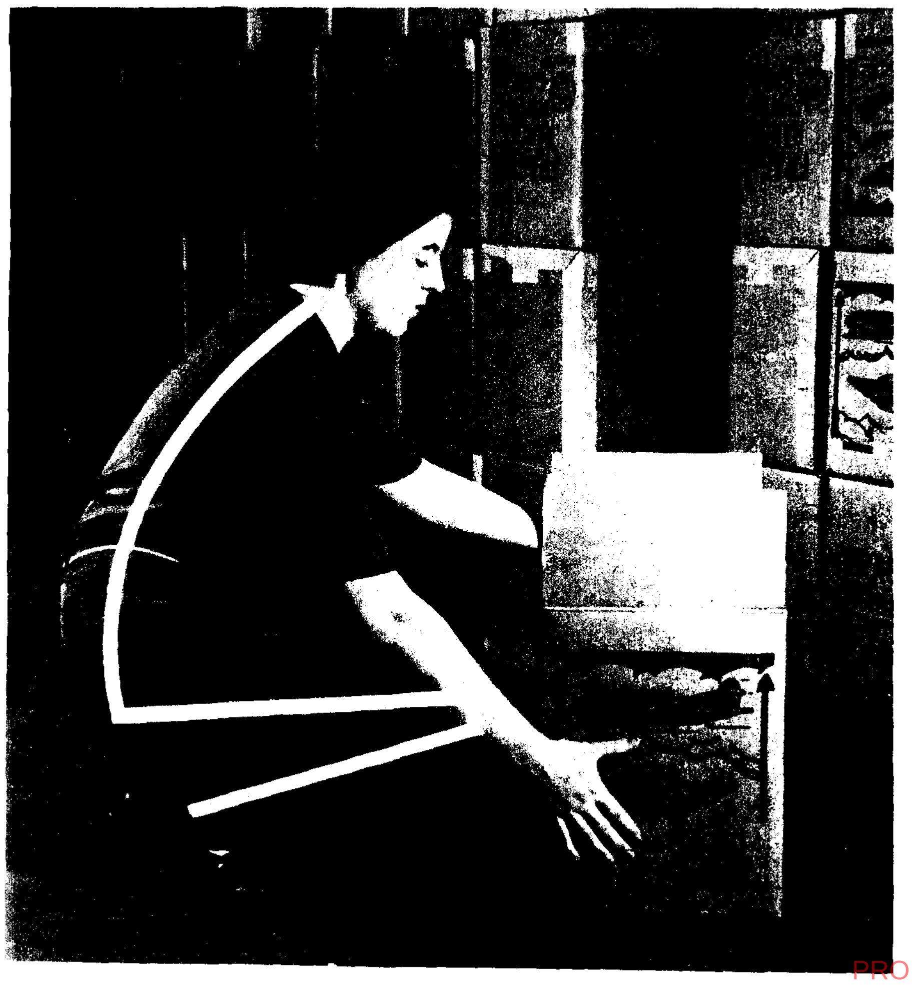
For relaxing:

1. Close eyes and roll head slowly in a deep circle, freeing all tension. Circle with your shoulders slowly, in a shrugging motion. Eight times.

2. Stand tall, then slowly curl up caterpillar-fashion. Begin by dropping head on chest, letting arms fall loose. Keep on curling until head reaches knees. Head, shoulders and knees must be completely relaxed. Straighten up slowly, beginning at the back, until erect, head coming up last. Three times. ★★★



ou creak and groan before you can bend from the waist and get as close to the
r as the worker above, that's fine, because you shouldn't do it. Bending in
way to pick up heavy weights is dangerous—it creates a disproportionate pull
he back muscles. The trick is to squat down beside your heavy weight, one
slightly in advance of the other, knees turned outward. By doing this, you
e the leg and thigh muscles do all the hard work. If these muscles have been
of use, practice deep knee bends at night to get them back in good shape



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You can afford to be particular when you buy a sports coat today! And because you want the most in comfort, the most in style and lasting quality—be practical and insist on an ALBERT RICHARD Coat. These handsome coats have everything you demand—sturdy, quality materials . . . expert styling, accurate fit. Furthermore, you get the exclusive features of Action-Fit*—Albert Richard's unique tailoring feature that gives you extra roominess across the shoulders, freedom-of-arm action combined with plenty of style. Yes, for real knockabout, gadabout wear—be the man who wears an Albert Richard Coat . . . the sports coat chosen by so many outstanding athletes. Thousands of U. S. army and navy flyers are wearing outfits made in our factory. A wide selection . . . in quality leathers, gabardines, poplins and woolens. At your favorite store; or write to ALBERT RICHARD COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.

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HELP UNCLE SAM conserve precious wools. Wear durable, weather-resistant *outer garments* that will take long, hard wear. You'll walk more, too—saving tires and oil. Remember: "Get in the scrap"—and buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.

ALL THIS –
AND BREAKFAST, TOO!
ITS BITE SIZE
BITE SIZE
READY TO EAT
Shredded Ralston

Appetizers—Arrange Shredded Ralston and cubes of ready-to-eat sausage alternately on toothpicks, topping each one with a pickled onion. Delicious appetizers.

Party Pick-Up—Melt ½ cup butter in skillet. Add pkg. Shredded Ralston. Sprinkle with 1½ tsp. salt. Stir while heating 5 minutes. Serve as nuts, croutons in soup or with fruit juice.

Sugarless Candy—Sweet-tooth thrill for young and old. Easy. Thrifty. Wholesome.

Just do this: Put 2 cups Shredded Ralston in pan over medium heat. Cover with mixture of ¼ cup strained honey and 1 tsp. grated lemon or orange rind. Fold over gently until glazed—about 3 minutes.

Yes . . . and *what* a breakfast! One look and eyes brighten. One taste and smiles appear. Here's nourishing whole wheat in crisp, tempting bite size form—with an unforgettable flavor that takes the "ho hum" out of breakfast. A cereal so just-right in taste, size and crispness it comes in handy from morning to night. It's thrifty, too! Costs less per ounce than most nationally advertised ready-to-eat cereals, only half as much as some. Enjoy Shredded Ralston regularly. Remember Uncle Sam says—eat whole grains every day!

A Little Worse Than Peace

Continued from page 19

is carrying a baby up and down the path. He amuses it by walking and he uses up his own heavy time. A little boy of three hangs onto him. The mother is washing on their front porch. The front porch is a concrete strip, sunken below the path; the room where they live is a basement; it costs $4 a month. They would like to live in one of the wonderful government housing developments but somehow that never happened. And now with the war, and the materials not coming—"Only $20 a month now," he says. Then he asks, "Is it true the Navy is going to take over the Falansterio?" That is a great modern, clean, government-built apartment block, an escape from The Pearl, from the Little Mud. "If they do, then we have no hope; then there is no place to go."

We say they surely won't, knowing nothing about it. He seems happier and tells his wife that the war is not so bad, and you would think they were going to move tomorrow.

Two little Puerto Ricans have just come in on the plane from Santo Domingo. The woman had never been in a plane before and was sick all the way. They saved up their money and came by plane since the sea is not safe. Now they are opening their possessions for the customs inspection. They have come home because it is better to be at home in time of war, it is safer and it is the right thing to do. In Santo Domingo they heard fine stories of all the work here, how everyone had a job and, with the war, wages had gone up.

They brought back treasures: a handsome new saddle, a biscuit tin full of fresh eggs, a cheese wrapped in a newspaper. These are all solemnly inspected, and they get into the car which will deposit them at the airport gate. At the gate they must take a taxi, but there are no taxis, so they take their things across the road to a bar and leave them with the boy who washes the glasses. They will just go for a walk and see the town. It has been such a long time since they were here.

Pride in Their Preparations

They see mounds of dirt which they are told are air-raid shelters. The man who tells them this is very proud to show off his knowledge; they have everything here, guns and air-raid shelters and everything. They have even had blackouts.

The populace has used the air-raid shelters now, for some time, as comfort stations or lovers' lanes; but the little people coming home know none of this. They see for the first time the guns. They are walking hand in hand now, and a jeep comes by, and then they step back on the pavement quickly as a great Army truck lumbers past. There never was so much traffic. And all these new things!

"To carry the cannons in," the man explains learnedly, pointing to a wrecking truck.

His wife admires his knowledge. They stop to watch a home-guard outfit drilling and they stand and admire a group of American soldiers, immaculate in that shiny sateenlike khaki of the new uniforms.

"How pretty!" the woman says, looking after them. The war seems terribly exciting.

The woman's family live in the Eleanor Roosevelt Homes. They will take a taxi out there, though it is expensive, because this is a homecoming. As they drive up, they see the little stucco houses—blue, white, yellow modern boxes, like a large permanent tourist camp. The church and the school are tall and very impressive. The streets are wide, paved and clean. Each little house is smothered in its own greenery. They both think this is beautiful beyond words. They remember where the family lived before the government built these houses.

Now there are cries of welcome and kissing all around and they can scarcely manage to get the things out of the taxi and into the house, for embracing one another and asking questions and all telling one another how wonderful they look. The eggs are handled very carefully. Eggs cost 70 cents a dozen, in case you can get them. The cheese will be fine on bread, in place of the butter you cannot buy. The saddle is admired and touched. They look at the house; there are two small bedrooms and a living room and a kitchen and running water.

Houses Hard to Get

The woman studies all this most carefully. Only $9.50 a month for such a place? They will have to rent a house here right away. But that is not so easy, her mother says; many people want to live here; there are not enough houses. Since the war, no more can be built. The boats do not bring the things to build with, the mother explains.

Then they are all sitting in the living room, rocking in the fine cane rockers. They talk of work. A cousin has come to welcome them. He is very lucky, he says; he has a good job working for the Army. The newcomers are impressed.

"Yes," he says, "the Army and the Navy are building many things." He earns $1.60 a day. There are men, educated in this trade, who earn as much as $8 a day.

"Don't tell me!" the woman says, wide-eyed, amazed. Then of course her husband will get work with the Army, too.

"It is not so easy," the cousin says. "We have all the people we need now. Maybe you can, maybe you can't. Don't be too sure!"

They sit and rock, talking of work and the war, how much more food costs, what you can buy, who has gone into the Army. Oh, yes, some of the neighbors' boys are away being soldiers. They talk of the great scare right after war started and the blackouts and how everyone thought the Germans were coming. They can laugh about that now, but it wasn't funny at the time. They talk of the people who have lost their jobs and the people who have got other jobs and are paid more. *La guerra*, they say to one another. But where the war is, or who is fighting it, or what it is about, they do not yet know. The two little people are happy to be home anyhow. That is the main thing. This is the place they really love.

Outside, a young girl is walking up and down holding a fat, blond, happy and very ugly baby in her arms. She would like to have someone to talk to. If you are only eighteen you cannot sit home all day with the child and do housework; you want a little company, a little excitement. She lives just down the street in three rooms, and her husband does not get home until late.

"Why don't you come in," she says, "and talk a while?"

On the table, there is a picture of herself in white satin, and her husband, just as small and young as she is, with a tiny black mustache and an earnest expression and a rented tuxedo. That was taken when they were married.

"Do you want to see the dress?" she asks. She brings it out of a closet. (The baby, Johnny, has been parked on a cushion and is happily tearing up a newspaper.)

The dress is a little yellow now, rumpled and somewhat soiled. It cost $22 and it was very fine. She has rented it three times already and loaned it free to some other girls. She got $6 the first time she rented it and $4 the other two times. It must be nervous or hot work, getting married in these parts; the dress is a little sweaty, too.

"I'd make it into a dance dress," she said, "if we ever went dancing; but you know how it is when you get married. You don't go out much any more. Besides, I won't have anyone to dance with. My husband is crazy to go in the Army. He doesn't know how long there will be any shoes left to sell, he says; but mainly he is just crazy to go in the Army."

"Why?" we ask.

She tells us naïvely and perfectly honestly: "Because he thinks it will make him so strong." (And many think it will be three good meals a day and a pair of shoes. And they are all correct.)

She herself studied in the first-aid class; a lady here taught them. It was very, very interesting; you learned about bandages and how to make soap. She would like to do anything at all in the Civilian Defense, anything she could for the government.

"Why?" we asked again, not knowing what the answer would be this time.

"Why?" She smiled—lovely blue eyes, lovely little freckled face and turned-up nose—and said shyly, as if it were a very private and secret confession, "*Por la patria!*"

If her husband did volunteer for the Army (and there has been no draft, there are more volunteers than can be used), he would go out to the induction center at Fort Buchanan and squat in the shade alongside a hut with other boys and men, waiting to take his intelligence tests and his physical examination. Perhaps he would find the tests easy and perhaps he would find them impossible. The tests are in Spanish, since only a fourth of the Puerto Ricans speak English at all. Perhaps the doctor would say he was all right, but perhaps the doctor would find he was poor material.

Why They Like the Army

There is some poor material, pitiful material, volunteering so gladly and being unacceptable. The long years of peace were not rich years. Semistarvation and overcrowding and dirt and disease leave a dreadful mark. Schools have not been too plentiful and if there are schools, you must have time to go to them, and time means not working in the sugar fields or on the tobacco or coffee plantations or in the factories. Time for schooling means less food for the home.

"Children are the wealth of the poor," someone said. They are about all the poor have, and here they have them at the rate of a 25,000 net increase in population each year. There are too many people for the island to support—hundreds of thousands of them. Only those who have best survived the peace can hope to get into the war.

After a few days at Fort Buchanan, these boys move on to Camp Tortuguero where they are trained for eight weeks —and again weeded out. Tortuguero looks new and raw, a rash of hutments and barracks and tents sprung up out of the red clay. The Puerto Ricans try very hard to stay in the Army. The Army is wonderful. You are somebody when you're in the Army and you earn $50 a month and can send money home to your family. If you have a wife, she gets money too, and there is more money if you have a child. You are doing important work and you don't have to worry for anything, and neither do the old people or the wife at home. Besides, there are pleasures—movies, sports, a USO club. It is something extraordinary to be a soldier.

Eight men, wearing the blue fatigue uniform, were waiting near the colonel's office. They seemed very sad; they knew they were going to be sent home because they could not make the grade. Was the work hard? Oh, no, the work was easy, the work was good.

"I always wanted to be a soldier, since I was a child," one said.

"What counts here is character," another said hopefully. In Spanish that would mean many things: good will, obedience, devotion, honesty. Character, unfortunately, was not enough; he had to understand a Garand rifle and apparently he could not.

Lure of the Army

"Better than working in the sugar fields?" we said.

"Man," one of them said, "it is much better than anything you will ever know."

But now he would have to go back to that. In a year he can earn about $150 cutting cane. It is back-breaking work and $150 is not much, anywhere you live. He would go back to a red-mud-colored house near the fields, with a gas drum to catch water in and a gas drum to use as a cookstove. He would live in that shaky house, two rooms of it, with his family and relatives.

As you pass on the road in the evening, you can see, in all the houses, someone swinging hopelessly in a hammock in one room, waiting for night and then for the next day. There is one hammock and one bed usually, and then there is also the floor to sleep on.

This boy wanted desperately to stay in the Army. The war for him and for those like him means escape, means at last a chance to learn, to move, to see things, to handle something other than a machete. It means being somebody and it means eating all you want.

But there are other young Puerto Ricans who are smarter and more fit, and they can stay in the wonderful Army. (How well they look, you think, how bright and alert and well fed and clean! It is amazing to think of a war as a health cure.) These four boys are almost old soldiers by now, having been seven weeks in the Army. They have gentle voices and shy, gentle manners and they are surprised by every question, because they have never thought about themselves before.

Why are they in the Army? It seemed a good thing to do and they like it. You work very hard all day and it is quite interesting. Sometimes, in the evening, when you have time to think, you are homesick. Sometimes, reading the paper, everyone gets excited and thinks: Oh, if we could only go out there (though they do not exactly know where "out there" is) and kill the enemy! But, of course, they say shyly, that is only the excitement from reading the papers. What they are doing is defending their homeland. After the war? Oh, after the war they will do whatever they can. Meantime they send money home and they are defending the country. The money is needed at home. One has many brothers out of work, and his mother is old. There is his money and the money his sister earns doing needlework. Then we talk about this needlework.

The women are waiting in the hall of a factory. This factory says that it is the "Tiffany of the Needle." The women came on Friday and Saturday and there was no work, and now they

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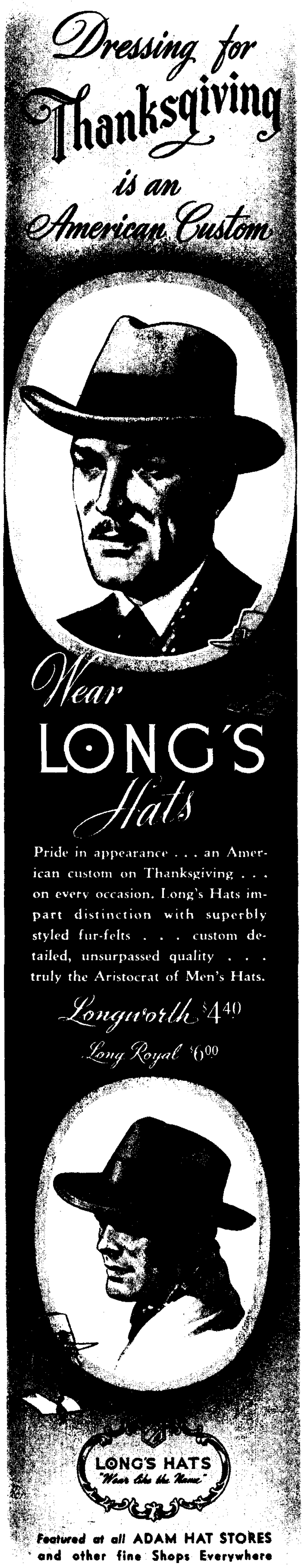

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are waiting again, on Monday morning. It is because of the war. The cut cloth is not shipped in from New York; there is no shipping space anyhow to send it back finished. The needlework industry was ruined before the war when wages were raised to a *minimum* of $8 a week. But some of it goes on, and pieceworkers can take the children's dresses and the underwear and nightgowns home, and if they work very hard, maybe they can make $1.25 a day when there is anything to sew.

"But what do you do if there is no work?" we asked.

One girl was bold; she said, "We do without necessities."

The others laughed at this, when she spoke, embarrassed, as if she had said something vulgar or shocking.

Another woman spoke up. "There is much hunger," she said, and the others all looked down at their hands, as if one should not mention these things. The sister of the soldier was twenty and had done piecework for five years. Their eyes look very tired, all of them, and their bodies are bent. One woman wore a needle stuck through the collar of her dress, like some awful sign of service.

"We get along as best we can," one of them said; "it may be better after the war."

The war! The war is a strange thing. For some, it has meant work and wonderful wages, or a chance to be in the Army. For many, it has meant the jobs disappearing. Stores must shut when no new goods arrive; gasoline stations and garages cannot continue when gasoline is rationed and tires are irreplaceable; the island government cuts down on employees when taxes from automobile licenses and rum do not come in; construction stops when there are no materials. For everyone, it means less and more expensive food.

The thin top layer of society has not been seriously affected by the war. If you have money, you can buy what you need to eat except butter, always. I was constantly told there was no butter but had it at every meal—very yellow, very strong, but still butter. Not much meat, though at the two best grocery stores they had a plentiful display, and in one store they had a two months' supply of beef.

There is gasoline rationing, but it does not seem to have worked any great hardship, and the streets are still crowded with private cars. You are reduced to smoking terrible cigarettes unless you have friends in the Armed Forces who will give you a pack of American cigarettes now and then.

Daily life seems to go along, almost untroubled, and—with exceptions—the upper classes seem as unaware of the war as previously they were indifferent to the conditions of peace. With exceptions again (and the exceptions are fine people), the upper class of Puerto Ricans has chosen to inhabit a self-centered world where the two main occupations are making profits and making politics. Someone said ironically that the budget of the insular government was the second largest industry on the island, giving employment and profits scarcely less than the sugar industry.

Political War Against Tugwell

The politics are a peculiar, unsavory local product, for which the Puerto Ricans themselves are entirely responsible. If you see only the front pages of some of the papers, you would think that this war was not a war against Fascism, but a special little private war against Governor Tugwell.

This amazing performance, this loud, violent and libelous kind of political attack, which seems to me to be comparable only to the carryings-on in France before the war, astonishes Americans who are newcomers to the island and depresses and disgusts those Puerto Ricans who care deeply for the welfare of their country and not for any special interests of their own.

Informed, responsible Puerto Ricans will tell you that 90% of the population *live on an average yearly income of* $340 for a family of six and will then point out that the 10% must obviously make sacrifices to correct this. They will tell you that 50% of the island receives government relief in some form. They will tell you that 50% of the foodstuffs of the island are imported. In time of war, this is disastrous; at all times, it is unsound. They will tell you that out of 325,000 school children examined, 200,000 were found to suffer from malnutrition.

The basis of all the trouble, they say, is that 1,887,000 people live on 3,400 square miles of this island (in the United States, the population density for a like area would be 139,400) and there is therefore less than one acre of land per person. They say that the governor is earnestly and steadily trying to improve the lot of the Puerto Rican people, and if the war hadn't come, his work would be much further along.

You feel that they are all waiting for the war to be over, this great catastrophe of the whole world, so that they can get back to work on their own catastrophe: a homeland which they love but which does not provide its people with a decent chance for life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Army Gets on Well

Despite all this, Puerto Rico is far from a bad post, from the point of view of the American boys. They get on easily with the Puerto Ricans, who are courteous and kind; and the Puerto Ricans regard them as an amazing phenomenon, a privileged, joking, healthy horde swarming over the island. Of course, Puerto Rico is a foreign country.

"Sure, I know it's American territory," said the soldier from Ohio. "But it's not like the old U. S., see what I mean? And they don't speak Spanish where I come from."

The soldiers and sailors are very funny about it: they take everything as it comes, using a favorite expression when anyone is baffled or sore because of the differences between here and home.

"You'll get used to it," one will say to another. "You'll get used to it, buddy."

They say this with cheerful resignation when they see the San Juan streetcars that run only in one direction, when a policeman cannot give street directions in English, when the torrential tropical rain turns their barracks into moored houseboats standing on stilts in a muddy lake, when they ask a girl to go out to the movies and find they are taking along a chaperon, too.

They have come to do a job which they are doing well and about which very little can be written. When they are off duty they have a good time, in a climate cooler than Florida, and they talk about home. "Where'd you say you came from? Say, have you ever been to Springfield?" . . . "Did you ever get to Montana?" . . . "What's going on in L. A.?"

In San Juan, the enlisted men's club at the Naval Air Station is a great modern building with a swimming pool, a movie theater, a library, a bowling alley, a soda fountain, a barbershop, a store, a tailor, writing rooms, tennis tables and a boxing ring. The Army post has a golf course (with one green inside the moat of the 16th century Morro Fortress), an outdoor movie, a swimming pool and an enlisted men's club as well. The USO is a palatial building where dances are held every week so that Americans can meet Puerto Ricans; and there are a few attractive but quite expensive night clubs, as well as colorful but less stylish places where beer costs ten cents.

The Naval Air Station has worked up a troupe (to the immense pride of the *recreational director*) which can put on an hour and a half of vaudeville acts, and they travel about giving special shows at other stations and camps. Though they are not able to leave their post, mobile movies and mobile libraries serve all detached units. There are interservice boxing matches and tennis tournaments and in season, all over the island, everyone goes in for the great passion of Puerto Rico—baseball.

It is not bad here at all, but they see the planes flying over, destinations unasked but pretty well guessed, and they wish they were going where the action is.

NOT WANTED for the Duration

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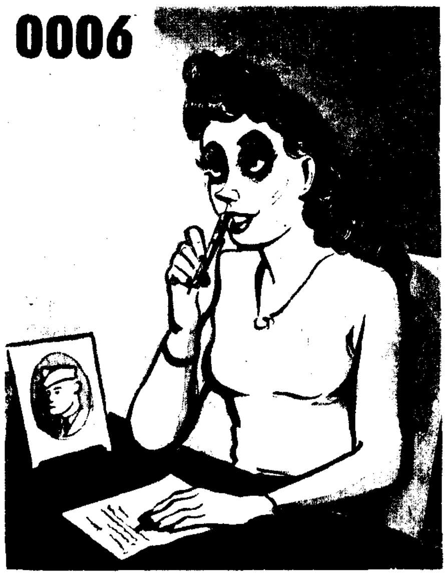

SOLDIER HECKLER

Gal who writes her drafted boy friend all about the wonderful times she's having; and if she isn't, cooks up wild tales to keep him jealous.

From the land, you scarcely feel the action that is going on right here—the intense and steady war on submarines. You see the patrol planes go out, and you see the inshore patrol—small gray boats with a white stripe down the side—plodding like watchdogs around the land, and you see the convoys come safely in. This close submarine war makes no noise at all and is not talked of any more than it is seen. In fact, in some strange way, the war is not talked of—it exists.

Russia and Australia and England and Egypt are oceans away, and there are hundreds of thousands of people on Puerto Rico who have never heard of them. What happens in those countries decides what can happen here. But the war here is like a powerful force, like the weather itself, like the hurricanes this island knows so well. It has changed the looks of the land, and touched and shaped all these lives, and it is everywhere and inescapable, yet somehow remote.

From the sea or from the air, Puerto Rico still looks like a green and peaceful paradise.

THE END

What *Every Woman* wants to know about a Man...

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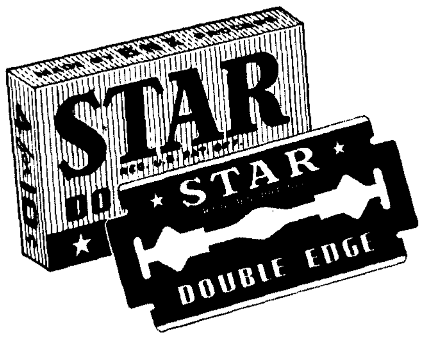

STAR
DOUBLE EDGE BLADES

For Double Edge Razors!

Beau Pummel

Continued from page 14

Beau Jack was always there, trying to keep his eyes open and staying with me to the bitter end."

One of the rewards for this loyalty was the chance Milligan gave Beau Jack to fight in a battle royal, when Milligan was ordered to stir up some entertainment for the members just before the 1936 Masters'. Beau Jack was the youngest and lightest fighter in the mad mob scene that night, but to the surprise of his mentor and the delight of the members, he cleaned up.

In the late spring of 1940, Milligan brought Beau Jack up North with him when he took over his annual summer job at Long Meadow Country Club, near Springfield, Massachusetts. It was a memorable milestone in Beau Jack's career. Earlier, Milligan had approached Clifford Roberts, a New York broker, who is president of the Augusta Club, and suggested that Roberts underwrite Beau Jack's argosy.

Roberts wasn't especially interested at first, but his friend Richards Vidmer, then sports columnist for the New York Herald Tribune and now a major in the U. S. Army Air Forces in London, told him he thought Beau Jack was a fine prospect. Vidmer had not seen him fight but was impressed by Milligan's account of his prowess. Besides, Vidmer had a friend named Chick "Hercules" Wergeles, a voluble little New York sports figure who wanted a fighter to manage.

Beau Jack, Incorporated

It was agreed to raise $500 to get Beau Jack started. Twenty-three men, most of them members of the club, chipped in, and Milligan gave them all a written promise that they would be paid back out of the first profits Beau Jack accrued.

Besides Roberts, the stockholders were Bartlett Arkell, founder of the Beech-Nut Company and its president for fifty years; Clarence J. Schoo, a Massachusetts box manufacturer; Dwight Ellis, New England textile man; Frank Crumit, the actor; Billy DeBeck, the cartoonist; Vidmer; Bobby Jones, now Captain Robert Tyre Jones of the Air Forces; Alvin O. Holder, president of a Buffalo department store; J. Gordon Gilfillan, retired president of Jell-O; Alfred Severin Bourne, the sewing machine heir; Burton F. Peek, an executive of the John Deere Plow Company; Frank A. Willard, a partner in Reynolds and Co., New York brokerage; Louis H. Brush, Ohio newspaper publisher; William E. Robinson, advertising manager of the Herald Tribune; E. D. Slater and James E. Brownlee, executives of Frankfort Distilleries; Grantland Rice, dean of American sports writers; T. Suffern Tailer, young New York social figure who is now Lieutenant Tailer; Henry A. Hurst, Philadelphia linen merchant; L. B. Maytag, of the washing machine company; Charles Green, Laurel, Mississippi, lumberman; and E. R. Fitzgerald, Chicago traction magnate.

Honorary shares in Beau Jack were gallantly presented to Mrs. Tom Yawkey, wife of the millionaire owner of the Boston Red Sox, and to Mrs. Grantland Rice. As for Beau Jack, when word leaked out that he had that kind of backing, some of the boxing writers dubbed him the Stork Club Slugger or El Morocco Mauler, both of which terms confused him mightily.

In the bewildering North, Beau Jack met and was immediately stupefied by Hercules Wergeles. In all his born days, Beau Jack had never heard anybody talk as fast or as much as Wergeles.

Wergeles converses with every movable part of his body. His main job is that of publicity man for the New York Football Giants and anything else nice that comes along. He's a square guy and has steered Beau Jack into a lot of nice touches, kept his name in print, upped his purses from $25 to $1,500, and now has him on the verge of title fights and big dough. Most of all, Wergeles caused Mike Jacobs to like Beau Jack.

"Everything's according to Herle," Wergeles told us, as he moved around his office like a broken-field runner. "Beau Jack don't need no tankers. He's fought forty-five times and he win forty of them. Throw out the first three loses. He was a baby. He didn't want to hoit the bums he was fightin', because they were nice to him. Ain't that crazy?

"That leaves Freddie Archer. Archer win twice from Beau Jack here in New York, the end of last year. The first time is December eight'. Throw that out. How's a guy gone to fight when Poil Harbor's on fire? The next time is December twenty-nint'. Throw that out. The judges get struck blind, or something, for Beau Jack win by a city block. Besides, he had pneumonia."

Beau Jack carried his pneumonia back to Augusta, after the two losses to Archer, who now is campaigning in the welterweight division. It was Beau Jack's first trip home since becoming a city boy. With him, he took a bare minimum of clothing needs: two steamer trunks, a battery of suitcases and a battalion of hatboxes for his pork-pies, all of which are equipped with feathers.

Uncle Jesse busted out laughing at the first sight of him, but he became a doddering hero worshiper when Beau Jack began distributing largesse. At Palmetto Pond, Beau Jack appeared one night in his zoot suit and brought down the house with his high dicty splits, bounces and *entrechats,* while his favorite orchestra, Cab Calloway, pounded out something elemental on the juke.

But the thought of being near the golf club and not working never entered Beau Jack's mind. Let the silk-hatted customers in Madison Square Garden demand him; he had some bootblacking to do for Mr. Bowman. There were tables to wait on, and golf bags to tote. And so Beau Jack, who had been making between $500 and $1,000 for a comparatively few minutes' work in the ring, readily went back to working for dime and quarter tips.

The Pin-Money Boy

He can do this because he has no concept of money. When he slapped Billy Murray dizzy at the Garden last August—Murray later swore that Beau Jack had eleven arms—he made $1,500 for thirty minutes of work. Wergeles was so overcome by his performance that he gave Beau Jack five dollars of the $1,500. Beau Jack was deeply touched. It meant a heavy raise in his allowance. The bulk of his purse, as usual, was banked for him.

Beau Jack's allowance was $1 a week during his first year (1940) in the ring, when he fought sixteen times and scored eight knockouts. In 1941, when he fought twenty-one times and scored eleven knockouts, Wergeles gave him $2 a week. He stayed on the $2 allowance until the Murray fight when Wergeles, mellowed by the fact that Fight Manager Al "Weskit" Weill bet and lost money on Murray, voluntarily jumped Beau Jack's income. Wergeles was pleased, too, because Jimmy Grippo, the magician who manages Murray, tried to hypnotize Beau Jack before the bout. Beau Jack just stared back, quizzically, nearly hypnotizing Grippo.

Friday, November 13th, may be a lucky day in Beau Jack's life, as he will then meet Allie Stolz, No. 1 lightweight contender, at Madison Square Garden. And that means a shot at Champion Sammy Angott's title for Jack—if he wins from Stolz.

Despite his clothes, Beau Jack lives a quiet life. He isn't going the way of many hot-shot Negro fighters.

"I can't bother with no girls," he told me seriously. "They liable to mess me up."

No Fleshpots in Flatbush

Harlem is too gay for him, so he lives in Brooklyn at the home of his colored trainer, Sidney Bell. They jog five miles through Brooklyn streets as early as four o'clock each morning. Beau Jack is always in good condition. Before he left Augusta, the members lectured to him on the joys of the Spartan life. He was warned against every known fleshpot, so much so, in fact, that one of his counselors recently wheezed, one morning after celebrating a Beau Jack victory, that *he* had listened to the advice he gave Beau Jack.

"We owe a lot to Henry Armstrong," Milligan told me. "Henry permitted Beau Jack to train with him when we first came North. He gave Beau Jack a lot of confidence and warned us never to try to change his battle-royal style. Henry figured that it would confuse a lot of fighters to have Beau Jack throwing punches at them from all positions, and it turned out just as Henry said it would."

"He never tried to hurt me when we worked together," Beau Jack suddenly said, quite excited at the memory of his association with the poetry-writing little Negro who simultaneously held the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight championships. "He'd dig me good in the belly now and then, to see if I'd moan, but I wouldn't. Once he tole me, 'Beau Jack, you's the strongest boy for being so young I ever did see.' Didn't he say that, Mr. Bowman?

"I figga like this when I fight," Beau Jack ran on. "If I figga I can't out-*box* a man I try to out-*fight* him. And if I figga I can't out-*fight* him, I try to out-*box* him." He leaned back, breathless from his long speech, and inspected his pork-pie.

Beau Jack's fights in New York are almost society news. A dozen or so of the stockholders are usually in New York when their charge does battle. They dine together before the fight, often in black tie, take a box at the Garden and have a party after the fight at Roberts' suite in a hotel just off Park Avenue. They are justly proud of what they have enabled their shoeshine boy to do for himself, and when Beau Jack isn't thinking about his zoot suit and his hawg farm, he is mighty proud of them, too.

Beau Jack doesn't want much else out of life. He has shaken hands with Joe Louis. He was so overwhelmed that, to his everlasting regret, he forgot what Louis said to him during their brief chat. Also, he has seen Satchel Paige pitch. If he has a formal ambition, it is to meet Paige socially, and Sammy Angott, the lightweight champion, professionally.

THE END

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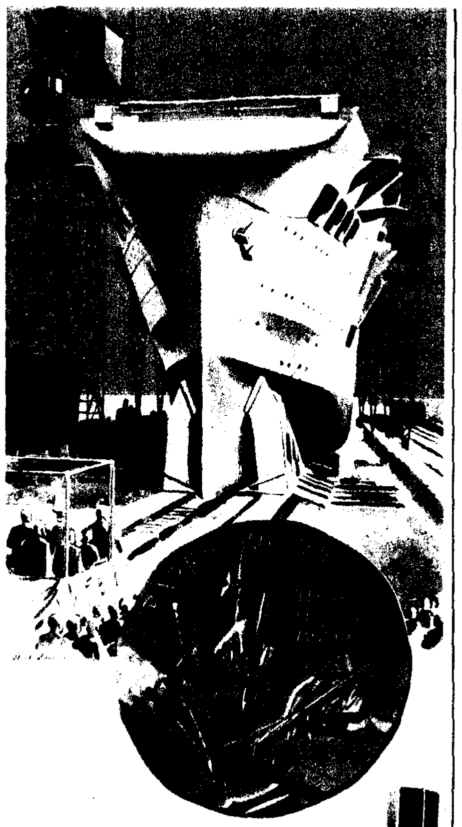

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Silent Ferries

Continued from page 80

around a hundred miles an hour. Fighter-plane escorts frequently went along to protect the lumbering air cargoes, flying over strong units of the British navy patrolling the Mediterranean below. One type of Nazi glider has a wing span of 180 feet, almost as great as the span of Glenn Martin's famous flying boat Mars, and greater than that of Boeing's Flying Fortresses. The British also have successful large craft. One is capable of carrying a light tank.

These military gliders bear no more relation to the spindly sailplanes used by amateur glider enthusiasts than a thin-shanked jumping mare bears to a Percheron. The military ships are air trailers, made for heavy work.

We Mustn't Expect Miracles

Such air trailers have definite military uses, which we were slow to recognize. But in our belated enthusiasm for them, we have probably gone slightly berserk and glorified them as miracle weapons out of proportion to their actual value. The vision of long trains of big gliders, for example, is strictly a vision. Small ships can be towed en masse, but not the big babies. Not now or soon. A plane can tow more than it can lift, but there are limits. While the whole business in this country is still so much in the experimental stage that the limits aren't yet very clear, it seems at present that a tow plane can best haul 50 to 75 per cent of its own gross weight, which means that the B-19 could tug between 40 and 60 tons. But of this, maybe half would be the weight of the gliders themselves (if we had gliders that big), leaving a maximum useful load of about 30 tons, the weight of just one medium tank. And we have only one B-19.

A plane with an excess of take-off power, like one of our interceptors, could probably haul two or three times its own weight. But it weighs relatively little to begin with, so it still wouldn't carry much, and the gliders would have to be designed for high speeds in the air, which means they would land too fast to be safe.

You don't get something for nothing when you hitch gliders behind a tow plane. The plane slows down and uses more gasoline in direct proportion to the weight it hauls. Some figures indicate that bomber ranges can be enormously increased by carrying gas in gliders.

The rosiest statistic pictures a plane towing an amount equal to its own pay load—doubling its capacity—with a loss in efficiency of only 12 per cent. But that's on paper.

In one actual test case, a particular bomber was assigned to carry an extra 500 pounds of cargo. First, it was put in the plane itself, and 500 pounds less gasoline was carried to balance it off. Then the 500 pounds of gasoline was put in a glider and sucked down into the tow plane as needed. The bomber had almost exactly the same range with both stunts. If the gas in the glider were used up first and the glider thrown away, you gained something, but it was a trifle wasteful. Also, nobody has yet figured out how to blind-fly a glider while it's being towed.

Such is the situation now. We are moving fast, however, and we no doubt will sometime do things with gliders that seem dreamy at present. More efficient gliders are coming up; tow planes will become aerial locomotives, carrying no more freight themselves than do normal truck tractors; wonderful progress is being made in evolving blind-flying technique and equipment. The future of gliders rests on the basic fact that it's easier to tow than to carry.

On the basis of glider performance known positively to be practical today, many aeronautical experts consider the ship immediately valuable in only a few specific situations. If the haul is short enough so that the weather is known ahead of time, and a plane can carry more gas than it needs, the extra fuel can be put into hauling gliders. And if the plane has more power on the take-off than it actually requires to get into the air, that surplus power can likewise be devoted to lifting air trailers. If the cargo is too bulky to fit in a conventional airplane fuselage, a fat glider may be able to handle it.

These considerations, plus the quietness of the air trailer and its ability to land where airplanes fear to venture, explain why it fits so cozily into the pattern of Allied invasion. The English Channel is a short hop; jeeps, guns and men could be dumped quickly in isolated spots behind French coast defenses; the landing parties could get a measure of air protection from English-based planes.

Both the A.A.F. and the Marines are campaigning for glider pilots, invasion or no invasion. But there's some question of how difficult it is to fly one of the things. When recruiting began, the A.A.F. thought glider pilots need know only a few fundamental facts about handling power planes. Now they consider their first program inadequate, but even so, a candidate must have only a private flying license or go through eight weeks' primary training at a Civil Aeronautics Administration school. Then the A.A.F. gives him four weeks of elementary dead-stick landings in cub-type planes, another four weeks in small gliders, and four additional weeks in 15-place troop-carrying gliders—a total of 100 hours in the air.

The Marines are different. They figure a glider pilot should be able to handle a power plane of the same size as the glider he will use, which means he must have experience in multiengine ships. All Marine glider pilots are regular Navy fliers, although recently the Corps began taking enlisted men to be trained as copilots.

Piloting a glider is simple in one respect—the tow plane does the navigating. Otherwise, the glider must do precisely what the plane does. The idea that the glider just bumps along behind, letting the plane do all the work, is too easy to be true. On the take-off, the glider gets up first and must race along a few feet off the ground at high speed while the tow ship finally overcomes the extra drag and gets up.

Mistakes Are too Costly

In flight, the pilot has to follow exactly the right place behind the tow plane. If other gliders are in tow, he must also keep his place in formation—no child's task in itself.

In a landing, the glider pilot has to be right the first time. If he undershoots or overshoots the field, he can't gun his engine and try again, nor do his skids have brakes to control the run. He's down to stay, for better or worse. The pilots I saw at Wright Field and the Marines' Parris Island training center repeatedly brought their powerless ships down to within inches of where they wanted them, but they were all experienced airplane pilots.

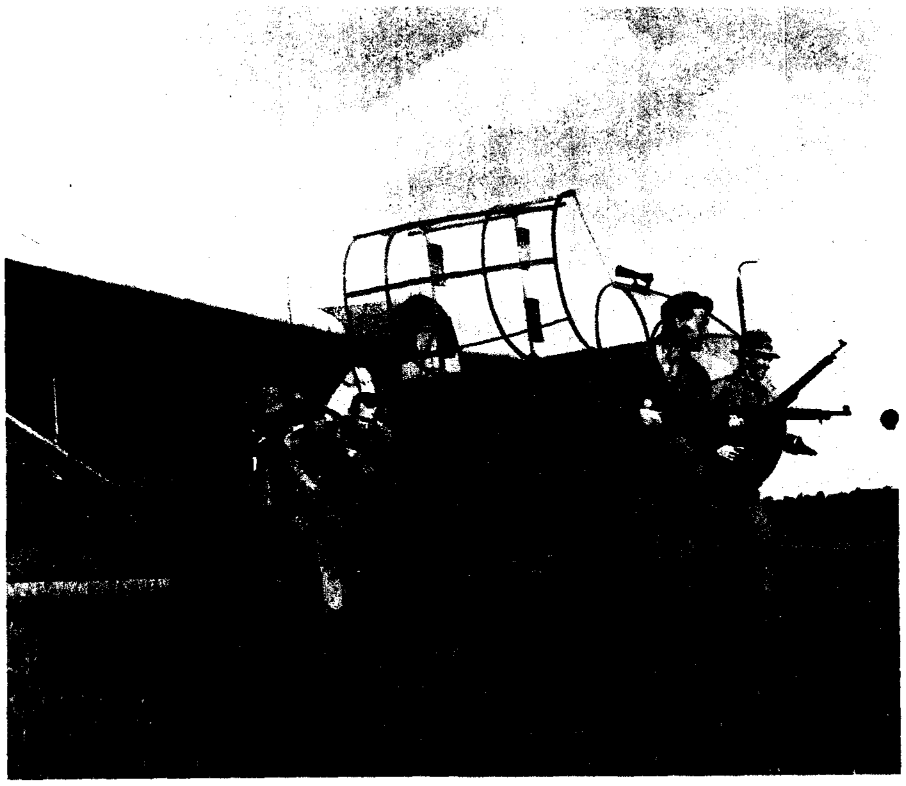
Many veteran fliers believe sincerely that the only difference between flying gliders and power planes is that, since you haven't a motor, you have much less control over gliders, and consequently you must have greater skill.

Much is made of the fact that Germany trained large groups of prewar pilots in gliders, but rarely are we reminded that she was forbidden to have power planes, and that if she hadn't used sailplanes as trainers, she wouldn't have had anything faintly resembling pilots.

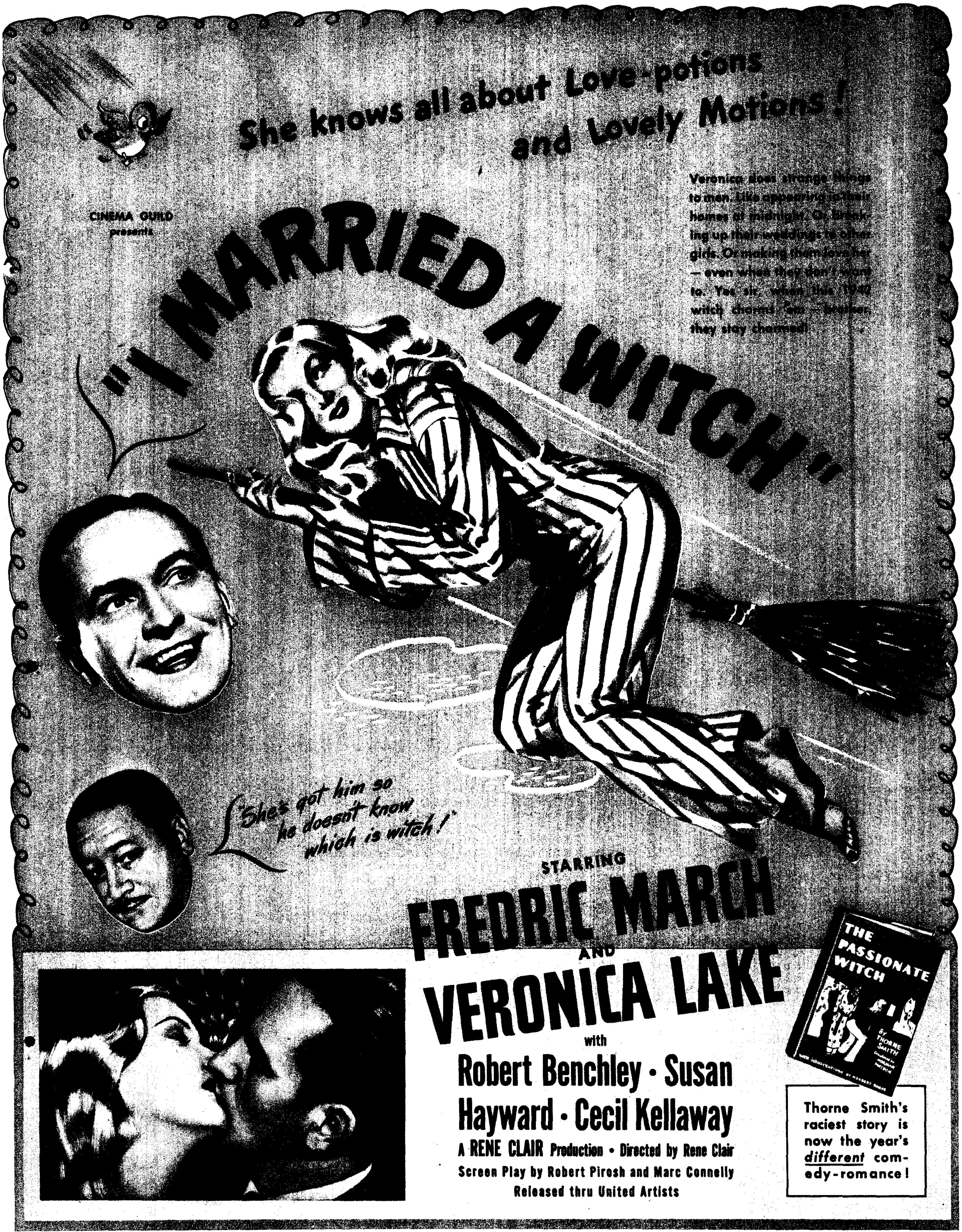
At any rate, pushing a glider around is no job for a sissy. Before the war is over, glider pilots will probably be among the romantic groups of the services. They will be in the exact center of things most certainly and will get there fustest, with—we hope—the mostest.

THE END

A. ERISS



American glider-borne troops practice an invasion maneuver



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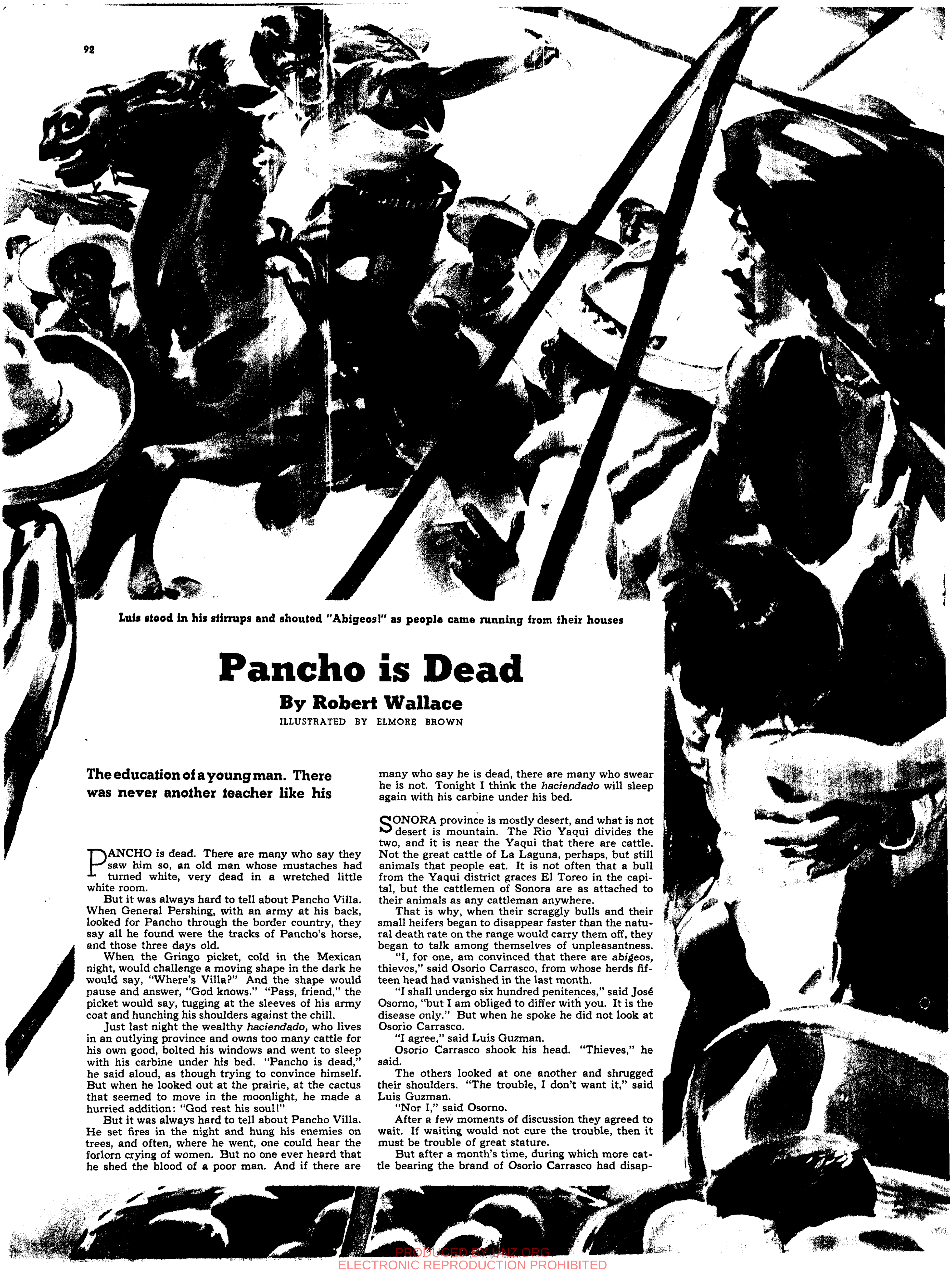

Luis stood in his stirrups and shouted "Abigeos!" as people came running from their houses

Pancho is Dead

By Robert Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The education of a young man. There was never another teacher like his

PANCHO is dead. There are many who say they saw him so, an old man whose mustaches had turned white, very dead in a wretched little white room.

But it was always hard to tell about Pancho Villa. When General Pershing, with an army at his back, looked for Pancho through the border country, they say all he found were the tracks of Pancho's horse, and those three days old.

When the Gringo picket, cold in the Mexican night, would challenge a moving shape in the dark he would say, "Where's Villa?" And the shape would pause and answer, "God knows." "Pass, friend," the picket would say, tugging at the sleeves of his army coat and hunching his shoulders against the chill.

Just last night the wealthy *haciendado,* who lives in an outlying province and owns too many cattle for his own good, bolted his windows and went to sleep with his carbine under his bed. "Pancho is dead," he said aloud, as though trying to convince himself. But when he looked out at the prairie, at the cactus that seemed to move in the moonlight, he made a hurried addition: "God rest his soul!"

But it was always hard to tell about Pancho Villa. He set fires in the night and hung his enemies on trees, and often, where he went, one could hear the forlorn crying of women. But no one ever heard that he shed the blood of a poor man. And if there are many who say he is dead, there are many who swear he is not. Tonight I think the *haciendado* will sleep again with his carbine under his bed.

SONORA province is mostly desert, and what is not desert is mountain. The Rio Yaqui divides the two, and it is near the Yaqui that there are cattle. Not the great cattle of La Laguna, perhaps, but still animals that people eat. It is not often that a bull from the Yaqui district graces El Toreo in the capital, but the cattlemen of Sonora are as attached to their animals as any cattleman anywhere.

That is why, when their scraggly bulls and their small heifers began to disappear faster than the natural death rate on the range would carry them off, they began to talk among themselves of unpleasantness.

"I, for one, am convinced that there are *abigeos,* thieves," said Osorio Carrasco, from whose herds fifteen head had vanished in the last month.

"I shall undergo six hundred penitences," said José Osorno, "but I am obliged to differ with you. It is the disease only." But when he spoke he did not look at Osorio Carrasco.

"I agree," said Luis Guzman.

Osorio Carrasco shook his head. "Thieves," he said.

The others looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders. "The trouble, I don't want it," said Luis Guzman.

"Nor I," said Osorno.

After a few moments of discussion they agreed to wait. If waiting would not cure the trouble, then it must be trouble of great stature.

But after a month's time, during which more cattle bearing the brand of Osorio Carrasco had disap-

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peared, he rode into town with a rifle slung across his saddle. His boy Luis was with him, carrying a gun also and it was not difficult to see that they had made up their minds. Their home was far from the town, farther than those of Osorno and Guzman, and they had not ridden that great distance merely to talk further.

"*Abigeos!*" shouted the elder Carrasco down the long and dusty street. "*Abigeos!*" shouted the son.

Heads poked out of windows. Figures appeared in vacant doorways. "Oho, the trouble," sighed José Osorno. The Carrascos were not known for their ability to leave well enough alone. Certain evil tongues even whispered that they kept only half, the first half, of the siesta.

OSORNO and his friend, Luis Guzman, went to speak to them. It would be better if they were told now, before they made trouble for themselves and the town.

"Don Osorio," began Luis Guzman, "how many beefs have you lost in the fortnight? A few, yes?"

Carrasco nodded, his face expressionless. "Go on, Don Luis," he said.

"A few, only, here and there. A few from so many," inserted Osorno.

"I will tell you, Don Osorio, the plain and simple truth of the matter, and there will be no trouble about it. There are what you call *abigeos*. I myself have seem them and talked to them."

Osorio Carrasco looked at his son. The boy was perhaps sixteen, very brown, with close-cut black hair. The morning sun was in his eyes, but he did not blink. "Go on," said the elder Carrasco.

"But I should hesitate, in fact I might say that it would give me pain, to call them, as you say—*abigeos*. That is a hasty word, Don Osorio."

Carrasco had known Luis Guzman for many years. He knew when the man was frightened.

"How long, Don Luis?" he said.

The other scraped in the dust of the street with the toe of his boot. "Two, three months," he said. He knew what Carrasco was thinking. "Don Osorio, please," he said. "As Don José Osorno says, only a few from so many."

Carrasco repeated the sentence slowly: "A few from so many." He was thinking about the uneasiness in the eyes of Luis Guzman. "You have seen them, Don Luis, and talked to them. I understand what you mean." Then, for the first time, he grew angry. "Am I to understand also that each has three heads, and the strength of the devil in each of his ten hands?"

Guzman and Osorno shrugged.

Carrasco looked again at his son. The boy looked back stolidly for a moment and then grinned, showing his white teeth.

"I ask you both, as friends and gentlemen," said Carrasco. "Will you come with us, yes or no?"

The two men shrugged their shoulders again. "My wife is for the fourth time about to bear me a son," said Guzman. Osorno said nothing.

"It is good to be a provident father," said Carrasco. He was smiling because he had been insulted. Everyone in the village knew that the Señora Carrasco was the mother of three daughters and only one son. "So you will not?" he said at length.

"For the love of God, have a care, Don Osorio," said Luis Guzman. He extended his hand and Carrasco shook it. "I might say," Guzman added, glancing to left and right, "that these men, whom you call by that word, do not ride horseback, Don Osorio."

Guzman stood in his tracks watching the man and boy ride off. "A few from so many," he muttered. "And now it begins, the trouble."

Carrasco and his boy Luis were stiff with waiting, lying flat on the pasture land. For three nights they had watched and not once had the fences been crossed.

Luis was asleep when his father plucked at his shoulder. He woke up quickly and felt for his rifle in the dark.

They were there in the moonlight, not two hundred yards away. A truck, or to be precise, a van had backed up to the fence. One or two men were standing beside it, waiting, and in a short time others came out of the darkness leading a few cattle. The fence had been cut and a board ramp had been let down for the animals to climb into the van. Luis raised his gun.

"Hsst!" said his father. "Softly, softly. There is no need to shoot." He stood up then, in plain view under the moon, and shouted. The boy could see the men near the truck scurry to cover behind it. "They will go away," said Osorio Carrasco. However, he flicked back the hammer of his gun with his finger and stood with it in his hand.

For a moment nothing happened. Then a great light shot out from the roof of the van. It was a powerful searchlight, and, as the Carrascos watched, it prowled close past them and then returned, stopping. The elder Carrasco shouted again and waved his gun.

The boy stared at the source of the light, blind to everything else. Suddenly he heard a noise, a savage noise that boomed out across the whole prairie, and beside the light he saw a smaller, vicious orange flame that flickered.

"Run!" shouted his father. "*Run!*"

Luis got up and staggered out of the blinding light, ran a few steps and turned to look for his father.

The man was still in the center of the light, dodging and twisting. As he raced over the pasture the light followed relentlessly, never leaving him for a moment. His father emptied his gun at the searchlight. Luis raised his own gun and shot at the light but, when he heard his father scream, he stopped firing.

The man was standing still, or at least it seemed to the boy that he stood still for a long minute. Luis could see little patches of his father's coat flapping as though plucked by a wind. Then Osorio Carrasco fell backward, the light still on him. The gun in the truck continued to fire.

Luis shut his eyes and screamed.

Then the gun stopped firing and the light moved on, fingering among the cactus. Back and forth it went, pausing at each object that could be a man, or could hide a man. Luis knew they were looking for him.

There was no moisture in his mouth. He ran as fast as he could, away from the light, and at length he found a stone and hid behind it.

The light swung back and forth for some minutes more. Then Luis heard the van's motor start and saw it swing away from the fence. He followed it with his eyes as long as he could, then lost it in the night.

He got up and stumbled across the pasture toward the spot where he had seen his father fall.

ALL he could do, he knew, would be to shame them. He looked from face to face, staring deep into their eyes, looking for what he hoped was there. Luis Guzman, José Osorno, José and Mario Sanchez, all of them were in front of him. All of them had known his father well, had called him their friend.

They stood before him in a semicircle, grown men listening attentively to a sixteen-year-old boy. He told them simply and quietly what had happened. Toward the end of his story his voice broke and he did not finish. Instead he stretched out his hands toward them.

Slowly, in groups of two and three, the

men turned their backs on him and walked softly away, shaking their heads and whispering among themselves. Only Luis Guzman remained at the end.

"For the love of God, Don Luis Carrasco," said Guzman, "and I shall call you Don Luis now, for you are a man, have a care. It is sometimes wise to fight, and wiser sometimes to bear in silence." He put his hand on the boy's shoulder. But the boy pushed it away savagely and turned his back.

IN a week's time everyone knew of it, and if they forgot, for a moment, the memory of the recently deceased, they snickered. "Oh, *si, si*," said Luis Guzman, "he was standing there like a young rooster who would fight the world. Little Luis Carrasco will kill all the *abigeos,* if someone will be so good as to be of assistance. Otherwise, he will kill them himself."

Everyone laughed, and the more they laughed the farther the news spread, until the whole province knew of it. Probably even the *abigeos,* who must have laughed as hard as the rest.

When Luis bought cartridges and a water canteen in the town it was not long before everyone knew the caliber of his gun and the size of his thirst. When he had his horse reshod, they knew that the shoes were for traveling over rough terrain. When he put his gun in the blacksmith's vise and corrected the sights they knew that he was an earnest young man. There were even a few who talked of going with him, but that was only when he was at a safe distance. No one really thought of accompanying him, no matter how often he asked.

But there was one who came, near the end, and announced that he would ride with young Luis Carrasco. And when people saw him, their laughter, which had been subterranean before, came out into the open. The man was very old. Some said he was an old beggar—and he did not deny it—who had ridden up from the south on some small errand of his own.

But Luis was not in a position to quibble. When the old man found him and talked to him he shook his hand gravely, as though he were Bolivar shaking the hand of a general; and, on the morning that he had established for his departure, he went, with the old man ambling behind on a horse that seemed as old as himself.

When they had left the town behind, Luis spoke to the old man.

"What is your name?" he asked.

The other shrugged. "What matter? If you will call me anything, call me Sancho Panza."

Luis laughed. "*Bueno,* Sancho Panza. You know what has happened?"

The old man nodded, pulling at his white mustache. "I have heard," he said. He carried a carbine in his saddle. "Boy," he said, "do you have a plan?"

Luis shook his head. "Only to wait at night for them, and then to shoot out the light quickly."

"That is no good, boy," said the old man.

They rode in silence for most of the afternoon. When they stopped at dusk Luis turned to the old man. "Tie up the horses and bring them feed," he said.

For a moment Sancho Panza stared blankly at Luis, and then threw back his head and began to laugh. It was a terrible thing to hear.

"Stop laughing, old man," said Luis gravely.

The other laughed harder for a moment, and then stepped up and struck Luis a blow on the ear that sent him flopping on the ground like a big salmon. Sancho roared with laughter, his hands on his stomach. Luis, on the ground, glanced up and thought that the man did not seem so very old.

When he got up he went silently to tie up the horses himself, while the old man sat beneath a tree and smoked.

"Make me supper, boy," said the old man. Luis frowned and Sancho Panza raised himself on one elbow, smiling as though in a moment he would laugh again. Luis lit a fire.

"You will find water yonder," said the old man, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

"Water?" said Luis. "There is no water here, so far from the river."

"Water," said Sancho Panza, smiling again. Luis went to look where the other had pointed, and presently found a small spring. He filled his canteen and shrugged his shoulders.

After supper Luis took some warmer clothes from his pack and examined his rifle.

"Where are you going, boy?" asked Sancho Panza.

Luis was puzzled. "Where but to look for them?"

The old man smiled again. "Go to sleep, boy," he replied.

"But—" In the beginning Luis had been very determined, but when the old man looked at him, and particularly when he laughed, he could think of nothing to do but to obey him.

As he dozed he heard the old man singing softly:

"Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O."

He sat up. "What is that?" he asked. The old man looked far away into the night and spoke softly: "They used to sing it, a long time ago, when I was not so old as I am now. Not here, but where they were fighting. *Muy hombres,* but stupid."

"Who used to sing it?"

"The Gringos, boy." The old man would not talk any more, but as Luis went to sleep he heard him singing the same song again.

"Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O."

Sancho Panza woke him up at dawn. "Make me breakfast, boy," he said. "And then we will hunt for them, after I have finished smoking."

As he smoked, the old man loaded his carbine. "How far will your gun shoot, little boy?" he said.

"It is a good gun. Two kilometers, I think."

"*Bueno.* If you were to shoot it, which of course you are not going to do, the bullet would fall beyond the place where the *abigeos* are."

"Where?"

The old man grunted and finished loading his gun. "Leave the horses here," he said.

THEY climbed on foot for half an hour, working higher into the foothills and finally up the side of a mountain. For some distance the mountain was heavily wooded, so that it was difficult to see very far ahead.

"Where?" said Luis.

Sancho Panza turned and spit into the air. "I could spit on them," he said.

They climbed higher. Suddenly, in front of them, a huge hollow appeared in the side of the mountain, sinking in at such an angle that it could not be seen from the prairie below.

"*Bueno,* no?" said the old man.

The boy peered into the ravine. He could see nothing there. "There are many places like this," he said. "I am not sure that the *abigeos* would hide here."

Sancho Panza smiled. "I am," he said. "Follow me, and quietly."

Together they went around the rim of the depression, keeping back of the lip among the trees.

At length the old man stopped and

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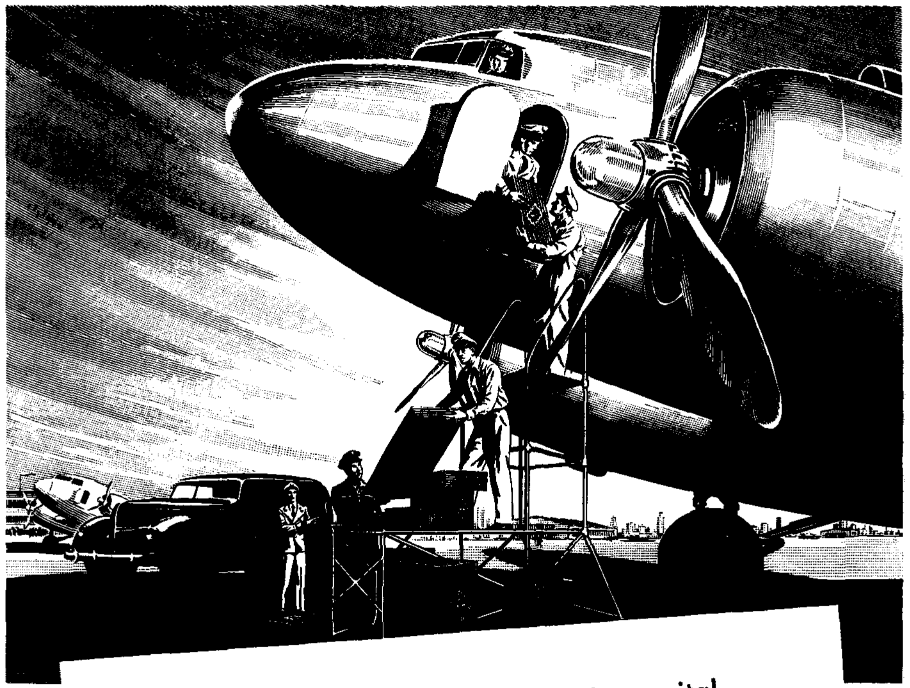

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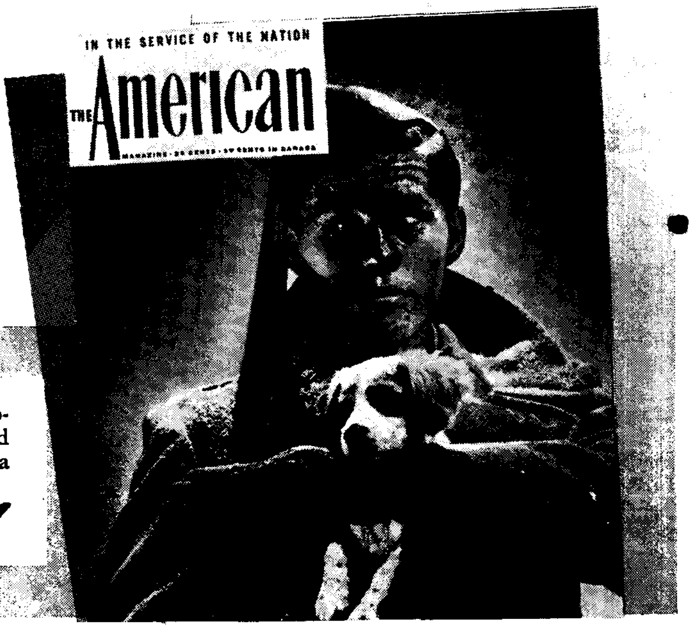

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RED TAPE MUST GO by General Somervell is a vital article giving an answer to democracy's biggest headache.

CARTOONS, Interesting People, quizzes and photographs, plus a wealth of other articles and short stories, make the December American a new high in magazine publishing.

GET YOUR COPY *Early!*

stared at Luis. "Give me your belt, boy," he said.

Luis gave the belt to the old man, who spit on the buckle—which was silver—and began to polish it on his sleeve. In a few moments it gleamed brightly. "Stay where you are, boy," he said, and began to walk toward the edge of the ravine.

When he reached it he paused for a moment, watching the scrubby bushes around him quiver gently in the breeze. The wind was freshening. Then he selected a slender bush, pulled its limbs together and fastened the belt around them, the bright buckle facing into the ravine. As the wind blew, the bush moved a little. "*Bueno,*" he said, and went back to where the boy was waiting.

Then he pointed to a spot above Luis' head. The boy looked up and saw a huge rock which was smooth and flat, and leaned toward the ravine at a dangerous angle.

Luis flinched. "Will it fall?" he asked.

The old man was forced to put his hand over his mouth to smother his laughter. "Stupid little boy, like a Gringo," he said. Then he began to walk softly around the ravine, the boy following.

It grew hotter as the sun came up. Luis began to tire. But Sancho Panza did not pause. "Faster, boy," he said.

FINALLY the old man paused and pointed down. There, in the bottom of the depression, was the van that Luis had seen before. Farther down the ravine there was a great pen made of barbed wire, in which a number of cattle were walking about. Near the van a little fire was burning, beside which sat two men.

"How many were there?" asked the old man.

Luis counted on his fingers: "One for the light, one at least for the gun, one to drive the truck and three to steal the cattle."

Sancho Panza reflected for a minute. "That makes eight," he said, grunting.

"Six," said the boy.

"Eight." Then the old man sat down on the ground and began to smoke. Luis crept closer to the edge, his gun in his hand. He lay flat on his stomach.

"What are you doing, little boy?"

Luis turned to the old man. "What else," he began, "but to—?"

"Come here. Put down your gun. Do you smoke, boy?"

"A little, Sancho."

"Here. Have a cigarette. We have half an hour to wait." The old man produced a licorice-colored object made of tobacco and gave it to Luis, who lit it and sat down.

Sancho Panza stared across the ravine. They were exactly opposite the point where he had left the boy's belt. The sun had crept halfway down the flat rock toward it. He closed his eyes and hummed the song Luis had heard him singing before.

"SANCHO! Wake up! They are all out of the truck, cooking breakfast."

"How many, boy?"

"Eight."

"*Bueno.*" The old man raised his head and looked across the ravine. "Not yet," he said. "But soon." He closed his eyes and smiled, humming again. Then he spoke: "Tell me, boy, did they shoot your father from the back?"

"No."

"How, boy?"

"When he fell down they kept firing. There were twenty holes in him."

The old man smiled broadly. "It is the same thing," he said. "Tell me, boy, have you ever killed anything?"

Luis reflected. "Bulls," he said.

"Men?"

"No, Sancho."

"Then you will not begin now, *verdad?* I, myself, shall do it." He smiled again and sang to himself:

"Green grow the rashes O,
Green grow the rashes O."

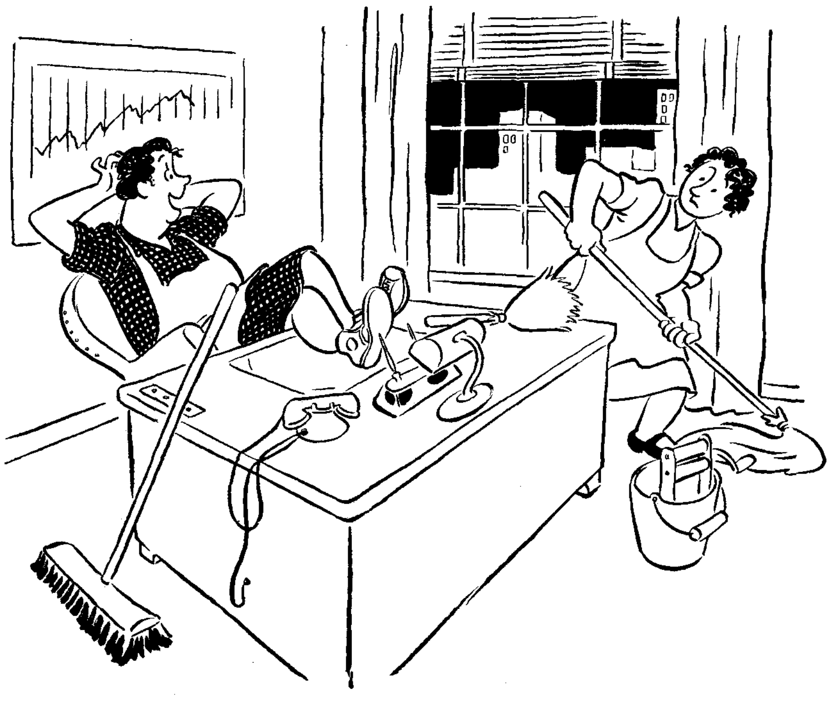
In a little while the wind began to blow stronger. The old man muttered about it. "It is lovely, the wind," he said. "How cool it is! See how it makes to dance the tops of the trees." He glanced across the ravine and saw what he wanted to see.

"You would no doubt like to watch, boy?" he said. "Come beside me." Together they crawled to the edge and lay down. Sancho Panza unlimbered his carbine and began to fondle it, making little clucking noises and caressing it.

Luis stared at the eight men below them and for a moment he grew ill. He knew that Sancho Panza was not playing a game, although he seemed to be. The men below moved about, each with his own distinctive motions, not like cattle or bears.

"Killing is not right," said the old man. "Indeed, it is not right. But there is a time, boy," he went on, his voice full of a whimsical humor, "there is a time for everything, *verdad?*" He laughed a little, a very robust and healthy laugh. Then he raised his carbine, aimed for a long moment and fired.

The report of the gun stung Luis. He had not thought it would be like this. He shuddered and sickeningly turned away while the old man fired again.



COLLIER'S "Look, Nelda! I'm a career woman" CLAUDE SMITH

"Boy," said the old man, "look down there."

Luis looked. Two men lay motionless beside the fire.

Sancho chuckled. "An eye for an eye," he murmured. "Those times are passing, boy, and we will not see them again."

The boy stared down, incredulous. He could not understand what the remaining six men were doing. They had gone to the truck and taken out the machine gun, and now they were setting it up under the truck. They worked with frantic speed, but even as they worked the old man fired again and another of them fell over.

They began to shoot the gun, and as they did so Sancho Panza laughed his terrible laugh. They were firing it directly away from him and the boy. He shot once more and turned to Luis.

"Look, boy," he said, pointing across the ravine. The sun had reached the belt buckle, and as the wind tossed the bush where it was, it caught the sunlight and reflected it. There was a strong wind now, and the buckle seemed to bob and weave like some part of a man moving about rapidly.

"*Bueno, verdad?*"

Luis nodded silently. The old man took careful aim and fired again.

"But the sound of your gun, Sancho? Why do they not hear?"

The old man was enjoying himself immensely, and was too busy to answer. When he shot again Luis listened carefully and heard a sharp echo. He looked across and realized that the noise had flown from the face of the flat rock, behind and above the belt.

The three men below still fired the machine gun. Bullets struck the flat rock and whined away up the side of the mountain. The bushes around the belt buckle were alive with hissing motion. Leaves fell away and branches cracked.

"The gun is magnificent," sighed the old man. "Such a gun!" He grinned and shot his carbine once more.

Luis turned away. He no longer felt like a man.

"But—you are shooting them in the back," he said.

The old man paused for a moment. "No," he said, squirming a little on the ground. "No, boy, it is more—it is more—a little from the side, no?" He fired again. "Yes, from the side, not the back, boy." Then he shot his gun for the last time.

He rolled over on his back. "A cigarette from my coat yonder, boy," he said.

There was only quiet now in the ravine.

LUIS CARRASCO rode into town, with the old man following behind. The boy stood up in his stirrups and shouted "*Abigeos!*"—grinning as he saw people come running from their houses.

"*Abigeos!*" he shouted again, and men gathered around him to hear what he had to say. When they were all there he began to talk:

"I found them in a ravine in the side of a mountain. There were eight of them, as I noticed that night." He told the whole story, and as he spoke the others listened. When he had finished they cheered and threw their hats in the air. Luis Guzman proposed that the cattlemen make an expedition to the ravine to claim the beefs that bore their respective brands.

"It will of course be difficult to find again," said the boy, "but Sancho will—" He turned around to look for the old man, but there was no one there.

Far down at the other end of the street they saw him, going away on his horse. He did not even turn around to wave. . . .

Pancho Villa, as I said, is dead. But even so, there are many who swear he is not. It was always hard to tell about Pancho Villa.

THE END

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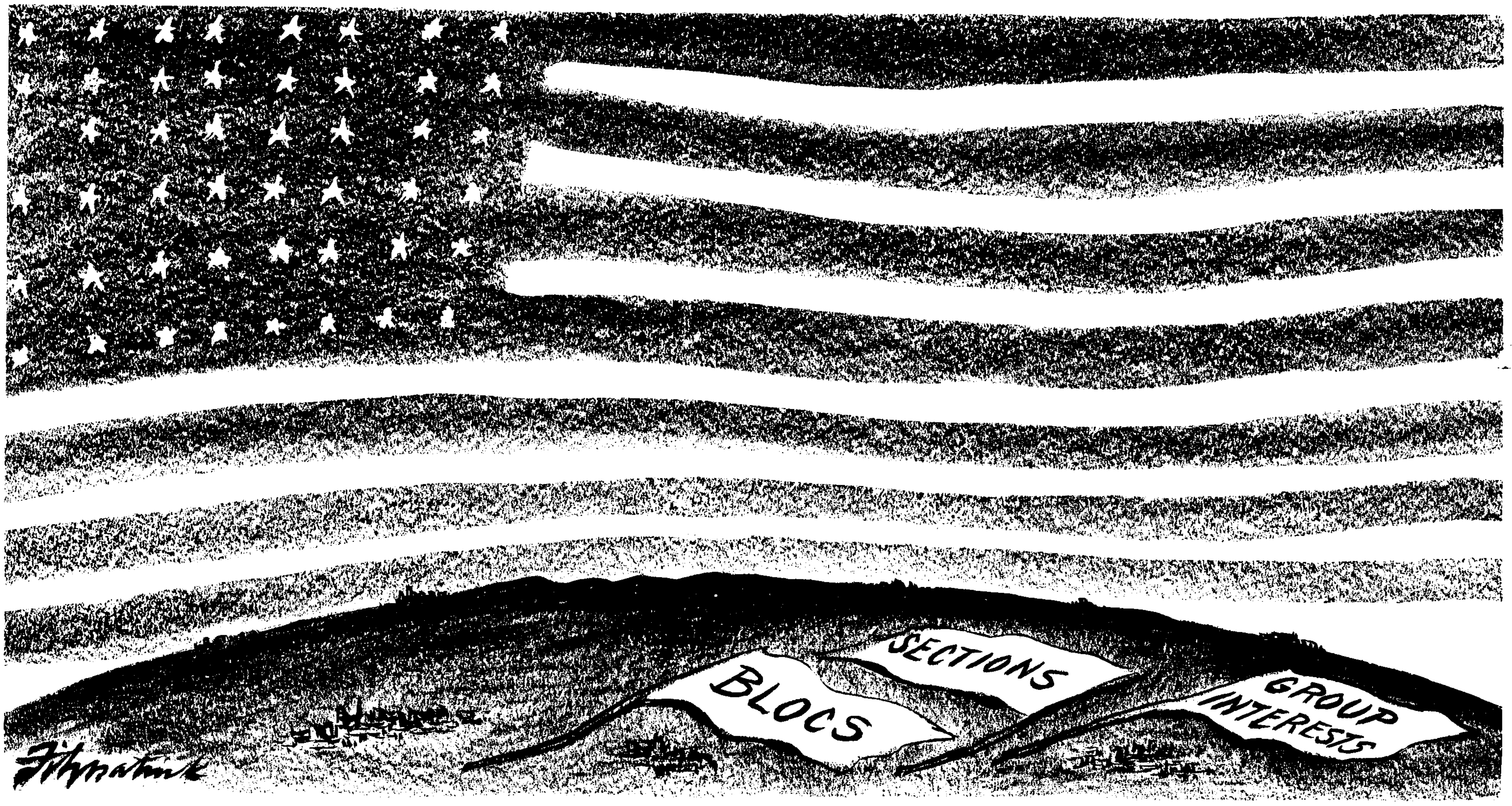


Inflation Coming—And Why

FORMER Supreme Court Justice James F. Byrnes and his thirteen colleagues on the antiinflation board (Office of Economic Stabilization) have gone manfully to work at their appointed task. Almost nobody doubts their integrity and good faith; but almost nobody expects them to be able to halt inflation in its tracks.

Inflation already has made considerable headway. The best that the Byrnes board is likely to do is to prevent a runaway inflation.

Why? Why did this malady get a hold on us? Why can't we root it out now?

The answer lies partly, of course, in the fact that we are at war. War always pushes up money wages and prices and at the same time sucks more and more raw materials and finished goods into the war machine.

But that isn't the whole answer. The rest of the answer lies in the fact that we are a huge nation in which many sectional and local interests are in continual conflict. The farm bloc senators and congressmen fight for the farmers' interests, or for what they believe to be those interests—and too bad about the rest of us. Organized labor's champions at Washington fight to keep wages uncontrolled, caring not a finger-snap about the inflationary effects of ever-rising wages in wartime. The silver bloc acts like the proverbial dog in the manger regarding silver. States battle to keep interstate trade barriers intact.

And so it goes. What a lot of us need to learn, we believe, is to think nationally. That's a rather vague phrase, but it's important. What it means is that one strives earnestly to think now and then as a citizen of the United States, instead of thinking first, last and always as a citizen of New York, Sangamon County, or Las Vegas. You don't lose sight of your own community's welfare; but you do keep in mind the continuing welfare of the larger community which is the United States of America, and which is no stronger than the total strength of the local communities that make up this larger community.

For the safety of the country, we recommend more and more national thinking by all of us who can lift our imaginations over our own home horizons.

P.S. When peace comes we shall have to stretch our imaginations further and begin to think internationally. There is no place for narrow minds in the world ahead.

600,000 Fewer "Enemies"

THE Department of Justice hit two birds with one barrel, we think, when it announced that the 600,000 unnaturalized Italians in the United States were no longer to be regarded as enemy aliens.

For one thing, the announcement underlined anew the world-known fact that the Italian people's hearts are not in this war against their first World War allies. Therein, it was a smart piece of international politics.

For another, this relaxation of official surveillance of these people showed that the American government knows as well as do the rest of us that the vast majority of the Italians among us are entirely loyal to this country, even though we are officially at war with Italy. Realistic public authorities—General John L. De Witt, for instance, in charge of the West Coast defenses—have been proceeding on that theory ever since Pearl Harbor and have not been disappointed, to our knowledge.

Save the Little Fellow

WE'D like to bespeak a little more offi[illegible]ia co-operation and public understanding of what Senator James E. Murray (D-Mont.) is up to, as chairman of the Senate Small Business Committee.

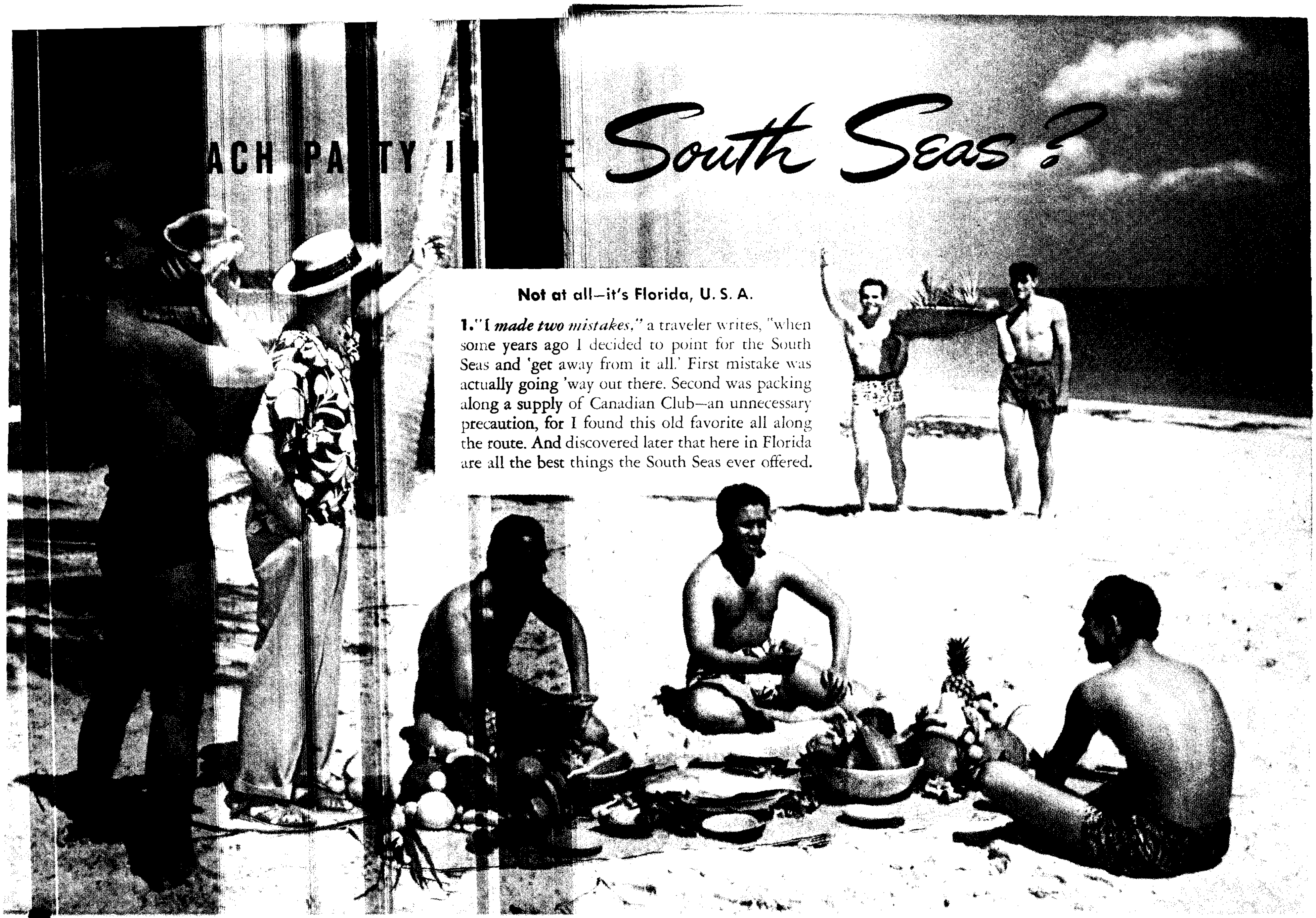
This committee's job is of top importance to the survival of the much-discussed American way of life. It is charged with doing what it can to safeguard the nation's 2,000,000 or so small manufacturing and selling concerns of all descriptions, now suffering from growing shortages of raw materials and finished goods because of the war. Undersecretary of Commerce Wayne C. Taylor predicts that 300,000 of these firms will go broke by the end of 1943 unless they are buttressed somehow—by some sort of insurance scheme, by government loans, by war contracts large enough to keep them afloat, or by some other means.

If these little fellows do keel over in any such numbers, our economic system will take a serious blow. These people are the little manufacturers, merchants and electrical appliance shop owners, makers of 1,001 gadgets, etc., etc., who in the aggregate pay such huge ta[illegible]s, own and improve so much property, boost the home town and keep the churches and civic organizations going so energetically. Let them fall, and our middle class, so-called, will be decimated.

We couldn't do without big business but neither can we do without the little fellows and their enormous contributions to our social-economic setup.

That is what Senator Murray's committee is up to; and it merits the support of everybody who means this talk about fighting for democracy.

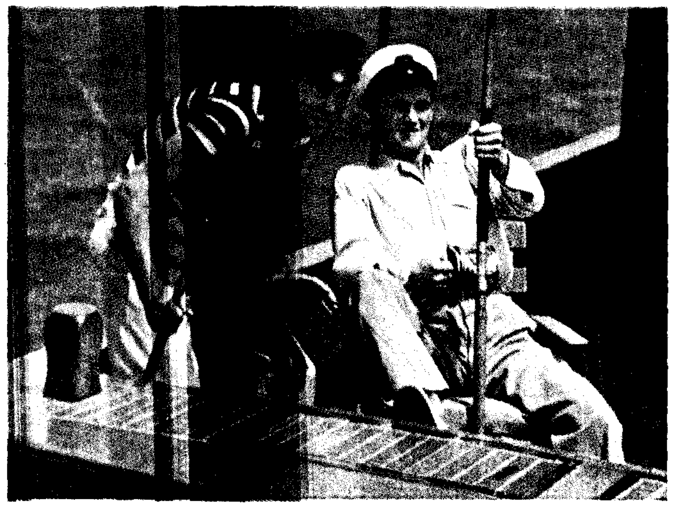
ACH PA TY I E *South Seas?*



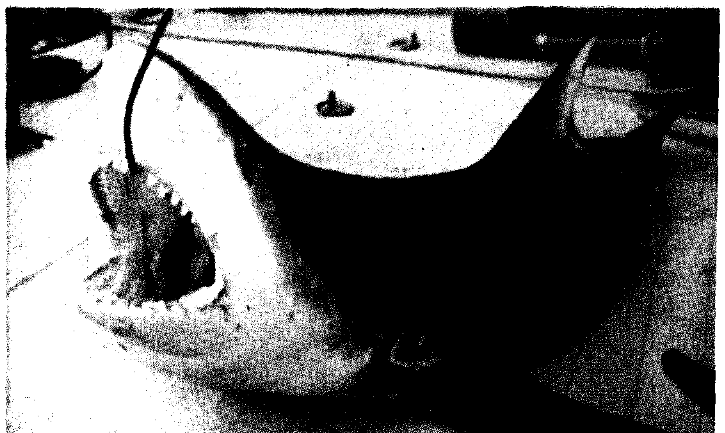
Not at all—it's Florida, U. S. A.

1. "*I made two mistakes,*" a traveler writes, "when some years ago I decided to point for the South Seas and 'get away from it all.' First mistake was actually going 'way out there. Second was packing along a supply of Canadian Club—an unnecessary precaution, for I found this old favorite all along the route. And discovered later that here in Florida are all the best things the South Seas ever offered.

. "*Two essentials* of every self-respecting tropical aradise are towering palms and exotic birds. Darned I've *ever* seen any to beat the Florida specimens—hese at the Hialeah track, for instance.



3. "*I'll never forget* my first taste of Florida deep-sea fishing. First day, no more luck than a mousetrap at a cat show. But the second day—whew! We switched to heavy tackle and went 'way out after the big fellows.



4. "*Big? Imagine* battling a tiger shark like this for three hours. I was so proud when we towed him in I felt like a superman...albeit a wilted one.

5. "*Number one memory,* though, is of the returns from such trips—of blissful relaxation... the matchless flavor of Canadian Club. South Seas? Mister, I'll take Florida *any* time."

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!)

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When the Garands give—

"COMMANDO-TYPE" TRAINING is geared to split-second time in battle conditions imitated with complete realism.

You're working in split-second time in a job like this, too.

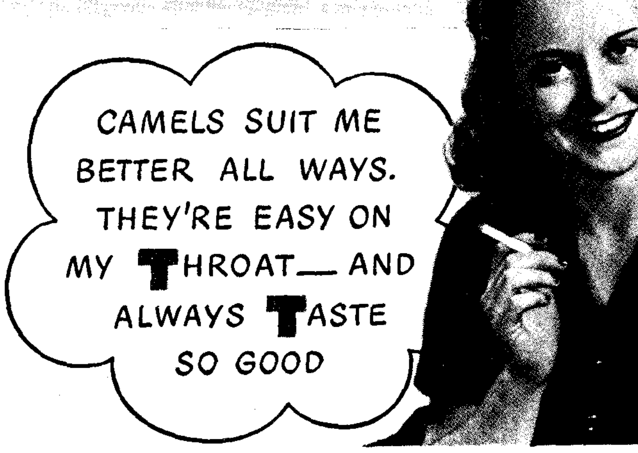
YES, whatever your job, make every second count—even those leisure moments—those moments you smoke.

That's when those men on the front line can tell you there's nothing like their favorite—Camel. That goes for "soldiers in overalls"—like Margaret Smith *(left)*. She agrees—Camels are easy on her throat—swell to taste.

But in *your* smoking—it's *your* taste, *your* throat that matter to you. Even more, if you're smoking more. So try Camel. Put Camel to the "T-Zone" test described below. Let *your* taste, *your* throat decide.

FOR STEADY PLEASURE, GIVE ME CAMELS. THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'

WOMAN AT WAR—Like the men in the services . . . in the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard . . . her favorite cigarette is Camel. Arms worker Margaret Smith doesn't smoke behind her machine (*above*), but when there's time, it's time for a Camel as you see below.


CAMELS SUIT ME BETTER ALL WAYS. THEY'RE EASY ON MY THROAT— AND ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD

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